

HASKELL C. CARTER AND SARAH E. CARTER

THEIR
LIFELONG MEMOIRS

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PREFACE

These Memoirs are being completed in August of the year 1982, in my eighty-fifth year. All of the history was taken from memory and it might not be perfect but accurate enough. I do apologize for it being out of sequence in a number of places, but I doubt if this detracts too much from its interest.

You will note that in some cases, "Family Affairs" and "Trips" are interwoven into the work history. In other cases, it is in separate sections so I have not tried to be consistant. I hope this procedure does not detract from the readers' interest. These are my memoirs, but you will note that my wife of almost sixty years is included, and she has helped with a considerable amount of the material.

I wish to give credit to Bert Winter and Dolores Carscallen, for all the work they have done in taking my dictation, corrections and typing. Without this help, I could not have accomplished this work. I'm glad to note that this was done at a time when their regular work had slowed down.

Please note also, that the period of 1917-1918, my two years in the Army, is in printed form, in a separate "Book".

These memoirs may seem to make quite a volume but I am sure you can readily imagine that they only cover a summary of my long history. I have not tried to make this a "family tree" nor have I endeavored to give a complete history of each member of the family. If I had done so, I am afraid it would be too big a volume and would never get completed.

CHAPTER I

EARLY LIFE IN TENNESSEE

I was born close to the village of Piedmont, Tennessee, January 15, 1898. I believe I received the name of Haskell after a Congressman from that area. The nearest town of any size, and it is not much of a town, was New Market. Tennessee, through which at that time, the Southern Railroad went. I remember later seeing topographical maps showing an area called the Piedmont area. It was many years later, when I studied French. and I saw that this was the foothills area of the Appalachian mountains. "Piedmont", this in French means foot of the mountains. I understand from some old history also, that many places in that area were called crossroads. and there were SO crossroads that the locations became very confusing and I read that my Grandfather suggested that this crossroad be named Piedmont.

I am getting ahead of my story and I may do this from time to time. My memory goes back to a very early age, since we left this country not long after my fifth birthday. My parents, as many others during this time, were very independant and almost self sufficient. On a few acres of land, Dad raised practically everything we needed to exist. I recall so plainly where the sweet potatoes were, where he had the corn. Incidentally, this was to be the backbone of our food, both for us and the animals. He raised practically all the vegetable crops. Then came the popcorn for wintertime and finally last but not least important, sugar cane. I can still see the sugar cane being harvested and vertical wheels driven by mules going around in a circle, crushing the juice out of the cane. Then the big evaporator, a shallow tank with a fire under it. The water was evaporated until we had a molasses. This molasses gave us practically all the sweets we needed for the rest of the year. Many times it took the place of sugar. All of the equipment was owned by a man who would move it from farm to farm and probably get paid mostly by a portion of the final product.

As I mentioned before, corn was the basic part of our food. It was the practice to have so

called social "husking bees"; a group would gather around for coffee and cake in the evening at a farm and husk the corn. The next night it might be at some other farm. They would end up with a lot of bare corn ears, and have a social time and fun in so doing. I remember so well one Fall. I must have been four years old, when I rode with Dad to a mill. This was a water powered mill, with revolving stones, and it would grind the corn into corn meal. This corn had been earlier shelled by all of us, to remove the corn cobs. Again the payment was made with a partial amount of the end product. Almost seventy years later, Sally and I visited relatives and I am sure it was the same mill, which they owned and operated.

I will not go into more detail, but I will say we had two mules, and chickens, and pigs, all which made this farm a self-sustaining property. I have since learned that Tennesseans are a very restless lot. They have left there to go to all parts of the country. The area was settled in the late 1700s. There were Tennesseans at the Alamo. Some of my parents' acquaintances had moved to Oregon. I believe there was one family that was a distant relative. They made up their minds that Oregon was the place for our future. What nerve they must have had. There were four brothers, and a half brother, and two sisters. The oldest was about ten and the voungest, a baby in arms. Looking back, I can't imagine them coming to this decision.

My ancestors all had their origin in England. Names were Carter, Larrance, Austin, and Curry. Our former President Jimmy Carter said that the first Carters came thirteen years after the pilgrims. I met a lawyer in Portland by the name of Carter. He had made quite a study of the Carter ancestors. He claimed, they all came from an area of Eastern Tennessee, Virginia, West Virginia. There is a Carter in Knoxville, Tennessee, who is raising funds to renovate an old waterpowered Grist Mill in "Strawberry Plains" located between Knoxville and New Market. I contributed to this cause.



A PICTURE OF THE FARM HOUSE NEAR LAUREL, OREGON AND SOME OF THE FAMILY. EMERSON AND I ARE MISSING FROM THIS PICTURE. GRANDMOTHER IS IN THE PICTURE. THE SMALL FIGURE ALONG SIDE LEONA IS A DOLL. THE YEAR IS ABOUT 1905.

CHAPTER 2

TRIP TO OREGON AND FARM LIFE

We prepared enough food to last us for the entire trip. In fact, I think we purchased very little on the trip and it was to require almost a week of train travel, travel which was to be entirely in daycoach. We took very few possessions with us, so luggage was no big problem.

It was the practice then, for railroads to route a party over as much of their lines as possible. Consequently the Southern Railroad routed us by way of St. Louis. This increased the travel time. My oldest Uncle lived about mid-way between Piedmont and New Market where the depot was located. We stayed overnight at his place and he took us the next morning to New Market where we boarded the train.

I don't remember much of the train ride from New Market to the Mississippi River; I do remember that it was early spring and the Mississippi was in flood stage. There was some problem in crossing the river and the train traveled along its banks until it could come to a bridge suitable for crossing. I am sure the Southern Railroad ended at St. Louis. I don't remember what railroad we took to Denver. We finally came to Denver, and we laid over in the depot for a few hours to await the next train. I don't know the railroad we took out of Denver. I do remember at some point coming to a railroad called the Oregon Short Line, which went down the Columbia River to Portland, Oregon. Incidentally, I learned from history that the line had only been built about thirty years before. We arrived in Oregon in the spring of 1903.

We were destined to go to a farm about six miles from Hillsboro, Oregon. Just how we got there I don't remember. This farm was owned by a man whose name was Cates. He had come from Tennessee and I believe was a distant relative.

Dad worked for him for a few months. I believe it was until past harvest time. Then we moved into a house in Hillsboro. Father worked at whatever job he could get, but we weren't to stay very long at this location. I remember very well after my sixth birthday, I went to school along with my two older sisters.

After something less than a year, we moved to a farm close to Laurel, Oregon, about six miles south of Hillsboro. Dad was to be a "sharecropper", running the farm for the owner, who lived in Hillsboro. In some manner he also got the equipment to haul milk from the farmers to a milk condenser in Hillsboro. This "sharecropper" deal was not too satisfactory, especially for someone as independent as Dad was. I believe we only stayed on this farm about two years. I attended school in Laurel which was about a one and a half mile walk from the farm.

One night we had a very heavy wind storm. When we had the Columbus Day Storm much later, I was reminded of that blow we had many years ago. At that time there was a great deal of timber in the Willamette Valley. On this farm, and near by, were many trees, and this heavy blow laid many of these trees to the ground, some very large.

I had a very foolish accident on this farm. It must be remembered, I was only seven years old. It happened during the hav harvest season. The hay was being hoisted into the barn. The rope, which hoists the hav fork, ran through a closed-in shed. I very foolishly was pulling down on the rope unobserved, and my hand, between the thumb and forefinger went down into the pulley. I could not take it out until the horse which pulled the rope had stopped. As a consequence I had a very bad rope burn and the scar shows to this day. In France, anytime this scar was observed. I would be asked, "bayonet?". I wish to add here also, that Dr. Bailey who treated it, drove six miles from Hillsboro, driving a horse and buggy. What a change in medical practice compared to today. No house calls and most doctors won't even go to more than one hospital.





ANOTHER VIEW OF THE FAMILY IN FRONT OF THE LAUREL FARM HOUSE. WE ARE ALL PRESENT. THE FIGURE AT THE EXTREME LEFT, IN FRONT OF THE TREE, IS A DOLL. THE YEAR IS ABOUT 1905.

CHAPTER 3

"MOVE TO HILLSBORO"

There came a time when Father had his fill of this kind of farm life and he bought a house in Hillsboro. This house had been owned and built by an early pioneer by the name of Milne. His family, I don't know how many there were involved, had come to Oregon quite early and they had prospered. I really don't know how many real estate holdings they had. I'm sure the house that Dad bought was built about the same time as Milne had built a very large flour mill across the railroad tracks from it. This house was located in back of the railroad depot and across the street from the milk condensery.

A few words regarding the flour mill. It was about five stories high. It would be my guess, it was as large, perhaps larger, than any mill west of the Rocky Mountains, at the time it was built. At this time, and for many years afterwards, canned condensed milk was used in quite large quantities. It is my guess that refrigeration eliminated a lot of its usage. The Carnation Company eventually bought this plant and it and Bordens were two of the largest manufacturers of condensed milk.

Father and my older half brother continued to operate the "milk route", hauling milk from the farmers to the Carnation plant. As I have mentioned before, my Father and Mother were very energetic people. They did most anything to make a living and raise a family. We had a very large house, they took in boarders, men who worked at the plant across the street. I still remember the going rate for board and room was \$15.00 a month. It must be remembered, however, that the dollar in those days was worth about fifteen times what it is today. The boarders and our family had very good meals. Mother was a good cook and we had plenty of beef. Dad would buy a fourth of a beef, sometimes a half a beef and Dad and Mother would cut it up on the kitchen table. We always had plenty of meat.

Dad started a milk route around town, buying milk from a nearby farmer, bottling it and selling it to people in the town. I still remember the pride he took in selling Jersey milk that tested 5% butterfat. Father did not hesitate to take on any kind of a job. He did not have very much education. I believe not

more than the fourth grade in school, but he did have a lot of native intelligence. I don't know how it came about but I believe he was among the crew that last operated the flour mill across the railroad tracks. He fired the boiler and operated the steam engine. This mill was destined to remain idle many years. The owner had grown old and seemed content to operate his large farm north of Hillsboro. I'm really sorry I did not have pictures of the mill before it was demolished.

Dad and the older brother, Emerson, finally became involved in the horse drawn drayage business. It was quite a natural, since practically everything, all the provisions for the grocery stores, was brought from Portland by rail, and as I mentioned before, the depot was just across the street from the house we lived in. The business was eventually to become a trucking business. Father bought the first truck to operate in Hillsboro. He and Emerson eventually had a number of trucks, and not only did the local business, but also were the first to do hauling, to and from Portland, Oregon.

I'm getting ahead of my personal story. All of the family worked at whatever work was available. At a very early age, I worked at the Carnation plant across the street. All of the tin cans came stacked to the ceiling in box cars. I, together with a number of other boys around town, worked at putting these cans into travs. making them ready for the filling machines. I must add here also, that this was the beginning of a great variety of work on my part. The pay was ten cents an hour, a wage I was to earn at many jobs. Again, I must add, it was worth more than fifteen times what it is worth today. We worked before school and after school and on Saturday, and also most of the summer. The work day was a ten-hour day.

Not far from home the Tualatin River flood plains began. This was very rich farm land. In those days a large amount of this farm land was used for raising onions. In the springtime, when the young onions were growing, there was work to be had by the boys in the area "weeding onions"; again the wage was ten cents an hour. I did a considerable amount of this work.

A few miles, about four, as I remember it, to the Northeast was a very large tree nursery. It would be considered large even to this day. They grew and sold all over the west, fruit trees, a large portion of which was peach trees. The company was called the Oregon Nursery Company and the little village and depot was Orenco. Quite a number of us boys from Hillsboro worked there during the summertime "wrapping buds". After a budder had slit the bark and inserted a bud into the seedling, it had to be wrapped to seal in the juices and moisture. This would enable the bud to grow.

Since I have casually mentioned budding, I will explain it more fully. The budder would make a vertical slit, then a cross slit. He had already been supplied with twigs from the type of fruit that was wanted. He would then remove a bud which had been a leaf from the twig. Removing the bark only he would then insert the bud into the seedling and both the bud and the bark being very juicy, the bud would stay alive and grow if it was properly sealed by wrapping.

The seedling was, as the name implied, grown from seeds, any kind of seeds. After the bud had obtained sufficient growth, the old seedling was cut off just above the bud. I have covered the details of this procedure since most people would not otherwise know what I was talking about.

My brother, Russell, and I worked many summers at this nursery. We had many means of conveyance. We started off by riding the Oregon Electric Train. Some summers we rode bicycles over the dusty dirty roads. One summer we had a pony and buggy. One summer at least, we had a motorcycle which I was able to obtain at a very reasonable price. It was a Harley-Davidson. It was quite a feat to learn how to drive a motorcycle down the rut of a dirt road. Sometimes the ruts would be quite deep and if the front wheel ever started to climb out, you might land up in a ditch across the road. However, all together we really enjoyed this work and at the end of a six day and ten hours a day, work week, we were always glad for payday and go to the nearest soda fountain for an ice cream soda.

I will add here also, that when I became older and strong enough I took care of the job of spading the land and making the family garden in the springtime. From all of this you might guess I was a very busy boy and I was. I

learned early the value of time and what it means to work. It is too bad today, that most boys and young men when applying for work, about the second question is "How much pay do I get?". Little do they realize that learning to work at an early age means more for their future than the amount of pay they get.

At a very early age I became a stutterer. I don't know how or why. For that matter I don't think even the experts know. I believe it was a matter of nerves. I do know the longer I did it the worse it got. This was especially true when I knew that in school I would be called on to recite. At the end of the eighth grade in school for the final exam in reading, the teacher, a very understanding woman, took me into a separate room for my reading exam.

One can realize that due to the amount of work my parents were doing, they were accumulating a fair amount of money. A good amount for those days. They decided they wanted to visit the relatives in Tennessee, again. They hired a woman to do the cooking, while they were gone, and the rest of us were old enough to look after ourselves, and they took the trip to Tennessee. It was to become one of numerous trips.

In the early days of our stay in Hillsboro, it was like many western towns. The main part of the town, I mean in the section for stores, etc., the streets and sidewalks were covered with heavy lumber. As soon as you got away from the center of the town, the streets were plain dirt and in the wintertime, mud. There would be raised crosswalks for pedestrian traffic, and the mud periodically shoveled off of these crosswalks. Eventually a complete sewer system was installed in the town and the center of town was paved. Many of the streets were graveled. What an improvement, compared to what we had been having.

The Southern Pacific Railroad was the rail line from Portland to Hillsboro, then continued down the valley. Finally, like in many areas of the United States, I later found out, electric lines became the vogue. The Southern Pacific was electrified and a switch was made to bring it right down to the main street of the town. Another electric line, the Oregon Electric, was built from Portland to Hillsboro and on down South. I'll say again, that those were the wonderful days of the electrified interurban railroad. They continued until the automobile and buses, along with greatly

improved roads, became the vogue throughout the country.

Eventually there were quite a few Tennesseans who moved to Oregon. Some of them later returned. My Mother's brother, Will Larrance, was one of these. Another was a family by the name of Curry; I believe he was Father's cousin. He had a grocery store in Tennessee and he either started one or bought one out in Hillsboro.

As I mentioned before, the Tennesseans were a restless adventuresome lot. Either Curry or my Father, or both, heard about the rich farm land of Mexico. I don't know where they got the information. It may be some real estate salesman promoted the idea; at any rate Curry sold his grocery store. But before he could move to Mexico a revolution started up and it was decided that Mexico was no place to go to. The Curry family, since they were now footloose, moved to Plant City, Florida, where he bought a produce farm.

Dad and Mother decided that come summertime we should all make a trip to visit Tennessee and then go on down to Florida to visit the Currys. As I remember it, I was about thirteen years old and we did have quite a trip. We went to Tennessee and Dad rented a horse drawn rig, big enough to take all of us and we visited a lot of relatives.

I had remembered an old waterpowered sawmill which my Grandfather Larrance had built. He had died before I was born, but I remember seeing this sawmill. It was just across the road from my Grandmother's house and I had seen it many times, but on this trip I was able to look it over more closely. There was a very small stream with a dam. This dam accumulated the water in a pond and even though the stream was very small, it could easily accumulate enough water to do a sawing job. I understand that my Grandfather built this by himself. It was practically all wooden except such things as the saw mandrels. It had an "overshot" water wheel. I am sorry to say that I never had the opportunity to see this mill in operation. In fact, I think it never operated after Grandfather died.

Years afterwards, when I visited the old home place, the mill was just a pile of rubble and the last time I went by there, even this had been removed. I wish to remark here, that my Mother always claimed I got my mechanical ability from my Grandfather Larrance.

After this visit to Tennessee we went on down to Florida and had a nice visit with the Currys. They had two sons who were about the same age as one of my brothers and me and we had a nice time fishing for a type of perch found in almost stagnant pools around the area. As I mentioned before, we were down there in the summer time, and it was a hot humid time of year. Practically every day we would get, not just a shower, but a heavy downpour. At the end of the downpour there would be water all over, but it would suddenly stop, the sun would come out and due to the sandy nature of the soil, the water would run away and shortly thereafterwards one could not tell it had ever rained.

We had a nice educational trip, but we were all very glad to get back home again and get settled down to the normal job of living.

I wish to relate here something which was of great deal of concern to me at a very early age. It is out of sequence, but I will inject it here anyway. In my early school years, as soon as it was known that I came from Tennessee, some of the boys, only a few, would call me a "Rebel". It must be remembered that at this age the Civil War was still in the memory of a great many people. Furthermore, it is also true that young boys can be cruel at times. I soon ascertained from Father that we were from "East Tennessee". All of Eastern Tennessee had been very strong Union territory.

I have been to Tennessee many times and even today, those living in the Eastern part of Tennessee call it East Tennessee! I am sure this is a hold over from Civil War days. Looking back, I can be more or less impartial. It was really a matter of self interest. The Western part of Tennessee was lowland and had big plantations. They also had many slaves. Whereas, the Eastern part of Tennessee was foothills and mountains. Consequently they had comparatively small farms and had no need for slaves. I'll admit this is a generalization and there may have been more motives than I am expressing here.

I learned early that my Grandfather Carter had been in the Union Army and I had heard that he was a Commissioned Officer. Not too many years ago I had a search made of the National Archives, and I finally got the records of my Grandfather's service. I wish to express here however, that there were many Carters in the Union Army and it took con-



THE HODGES' WATER POWERED GRIST MILL. COUSIN LUTE HODGES IN THE LEFT BACKGROUND



WATER WHEEL WHICH POWERED THE GRIST MILL



LEFT TO RIGHT SALLY; COUSIN LUTE HODGES; COUSIN MAUDE HODGES; COUSIN JESSIE LINE AND YOURS TRULY



TENNESSEE HOUSE IN WHICH I WAS BORN

siderable correspondence to finally obtain the record of my own Grandfather. He had served about two years in the Union Army, in the 9th Tennessee Calvary. He had become a Corporal and was discharged, I believe at about the age of twenty-two years.

I mentioned earlier that my Father and Mother had very little formal school education. This was not unusual in that area, in fact it was normal. The education became less as you approached the mountains. I remember so well, a soldier I later met in the hospital in France. He was from the mountains of West Virginia and was I surprised one day, when we went to draw some clothes from the commissary. He couldn't sign his name, all he could do was put an X instead of his name.

Out of sequence, but again on the same subject: Not too many years ago, Sally and I visited a cousin of mine about fifteen miles from Knoxville, Tennessee. She had married Lute Hodges, and what an interesting time we had. Lute soon told me, he "had no larnin". His wife Maude was the educated one in the family. I think she went through the fourth grade.

Lute owned a waterpowered grist mill, which his son was operating. He told me they sold their product in Knoxville at a premium price, because it was packaged as "Stone Ground Corn Meal". The mill was still operating by waterpower but I noted that the old round stones formerly used for grinding were now only stepping stones to his home. He had installed modern grinders, still powered by the big water wheel.

He told me about the three farms he owned, "Clean over to Puddin River" (Pudding). He told me, he once had only two farms but a neighbor wanted to sell an adjoining farm and he told him (I'll leave out the southern talk) "I have two farms already. I don't need another one". The neighbor said, "Lute, name a price anyway". Lute said, "I named a price half of what it was worth and he sold it to me". I well remember what I told Lute. I said, "Lute, you don't need any larnin. You have enough shrewd native intelligence to make up for all the school you have missed", and I meant every word of it.

I have related this since I have observed many times, that the people from the Appalachian Mountains and the foothills have a great deal of native intelligence, which their ancestors brought with them from Europe, especially England.

Before I leave this subject, I wish to say that my Father and Mother had enough education that they could read and write and do ordinary arithmetic, and I am sorry to hear that, even today many students are leaving high school without having learned these fundamentals.

Before leaving the subject of East Tennessee, I wish to comment about another family. One of Mother's oldest sisters, by the name of Sally (I found out later, her given name was Sarah) married a man named Newman. There was a son, Russell and a daughter, Jessie, that I know of. Where and how they obtained their education I do not know. I believe that Jessie taught school for awhile. They finally moved to Knoxville. Many years ago I visited Cousin Russell who had a good sized grocery store in Knoxville.

Cousin Jessie married a man named Line. They had three sons and they made sure that their sons had a complete education. I had heard Mother mention many times, the name Jessie Line. Since Mother was the youngest member of her family and Sally was one of the oldest, her niece Jessie was not much younger than she was. Mother and Dad had visited with them in Tennessee a number of times. I am sorry to relate that I did not come to really know them until much later.

I have since become acquainted with two of Jessie's sons. Dr. Felix Line and his wife, Mary Lee, also a doctor, practice in Knoxville. Another son, whom Sally and I met once, has a doctorate degree in chemistry from a university, the name of which I don't remember. When we met him he was Chief Chemist for an oil company. I believe now he is a professor at the University of Virginia. A third son, whom I have never met, also graduated from a university. I mention this family, well educated by any standards, in order to make a comparison between various relatives in the same general area.

I shall now get back into proper sequence of my life. At an early age I was very much interested in things mechanical and electrical. First, I obtained from some source, a number of items. A small gasoline engine that had been used to power a washing machine. Even though we had electricity in those days, there were many places which did not. I obtained



THE ENTIRE CARTER FAMILY IN HILLSBORO ABOUT THE YEAR 1910

some small electric motors. The only use I made of them was to just run them. From some source, I do not know where, I obtained the engine from an Indian (brand name) motorcycle.

During these times most of the homes used wood as fuel for heating and cooking. After it was sawed to length it was the job of us boys to haul and stack it in the woodshed. We normally used wheelbarrows for this purpose, but one year I obtained the wheels and axles from a push cart, that was supposed to run on tracks. I made wooden tracks and at one point we had to turn at right angles and I made a turntable. I remember Dad saying, "you took as much time building your equipment as it would have taken you to haul the wood in a wheelbarrow". I must say, however, the job became more fun. Furthermore, we used quite a volume of wood, about ten cords, as I remember it.

As I mentioned earlier, my brother and I later had a Harley Davidson motorcycle which was the start of things automotive.

About the time I was ready for high school, Dad sold the home we had, just back of the depot. He then bought or rented another place, until we could build a house of our own. He finally bought an old pioneer house, with plenty of grounds and a large old orchard. Since we wanted to build a new house on the site, I took it on myself to demolish the old one. I did this during the weekends, and I must admit sometimes I skipped school to work on it. I ended up with a large pile of lumber and debris in the backvard, which I later turned into firewood, but this is the subject matter for a later date. Dad had the house built on contract and it was a large house, plenty of room for a large family, and it was to be our home until sometime after I returned home from the Army.

I got a job with the plumber who did the plumbing for the new house, as a plumber's helper. (Incidentally, this man was also a local hardware merchant). This work enabled me to learn the fundamentals of plumbing. I'll never forget a remark Mr. Corbin made to my Father. "Your son knows before I do, what tools and materials I am going to need next, and he has them ready for me". I naturally felt very complimented by this remark.

The time came when the new cement sidewalks could be built. The handyman around the town, actually he was more than a handyman, he was a man of many trades, including cement work, was hired to do the work. I got a job with him and I still remember what a hot summer job it was. Again, we worked a ten-hour day, but I was paid twenty-five cents an hour, a real wage in those days.

We had no concrete mixer and all the mixing was done by hand. A wooded deck was built on the ground, a layer of a certain number of wheelbarrow loads of gravel was put on this deck with a required number of wheelbarrow loads of sand, on top of this was placed the required number of sacks of cement. I'm sure that using today's figures, it was a good mix of 1-2-4. A man on each side of the pile went to work mixing. They would shovel and turn with a straight-nosed shovel. It was turned twice dry, then the hose was turned on the pile, and it was turned twice wet. It was then ready to be hauled to the forms. With this mixing, you can well presume it was well mixed, also you can presume that it was a lot of hard labor. Concrete is very heavy; this type of work made men out of boys. Many times in recent years, when I visited Hillsboro, I have driven by this location and even though the house is now demolished, this sidewalk is still there and in good condition.

CHAPTER 4

HIGH SCHOOL

I liked high school very much. Very early I took extra subjects. I took bookkeeping, it was a basic subject which enabled me to understand, much later, accounting. This was taught by the principal of the school, who had been an old time bookkeeper. He also taught mental arithmetic, which I won't completely cover but it was a matter of taking tens or one hundreds and making the multiplication and then using the remainder and adding them together.

I also took Latin and German. At various times, foreign language had a fascination for me. I'm now sorry that French was not taught since it would have been very useful to me later. Besides the above optional subjects, I took all the available mathematics, physics and chemistry. It became very clear to me that I was headed for engineering and this is the profession I was to adopt.

Sometime during my sophomore year in high school, I acquired my first automobile, if you can call it that. It was an old "Apperson Jack Rabbit". It was old even for that time, but still in good running order. Not long afterwards, I have forgotten just when, I bought an old wood saw. This was a gas engine driven circular saw. As I said before, wood of all kinds, at that time, was the primary fuel. The wood was split direct from trees in the surrounding area or, since there was a saw mill in town, slab wood was plentiful (slab wood being the bark and outer part of the log when lumber was being sawed). This wood would come normally in four-foot lengths and was then sawed to sixteen-inch lengths. This wood saw was old when I bought it, but it could still operate and from time to time, I made the repairs on it. I also learned a lot about the idiosyncrasies of horizontal gasoline engines, the spark being the "make and break" type.

The saw was mounted on a horse drawn type of wagon but I pulled it by means of the old automobile which I had purchased. I operated this saw until about the end of high school, during the summer and weekends during school. Sometimes the brothers would help me run it, at other times I would hire two men, since the operation was a three-man job. As I mentioned before, when I had

demolished the old pioneer house I had a big pile of old lumber in the back yard. After I had purchased this saw I turned the entire pile into firewood. I made quite a spectacle pulling this outfit around town.

I was called upon to saw a great variety of wood. The oddest lot was for a retired old banker, who had quite a grove of trees. He had collected a large pile of limbs, roots and anything that came from the grove of trees. I'll never forget sawing the entire pile into usable firewood.

Sometime during my Junior or Senior year in high school, I turned the old car into what was called, in those days, a "bug". I stripped the old body off and everything that went with it and built, in what was in those days, what might look like a racing car. I still remember Dad asking when I got through "Can that thing still run without all that stuff you removed from it?". The old wood saw, I parked in an alley, where it was to remain until I returned from the Army.

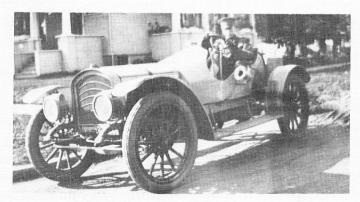
During my Junior and Senior years in high school, I was persuaded to play on the football team and the basketball team. I must admit that in those days, none of our teams was very proficient. Nobody, including myself, found time to practice like they do today. We only practiced and played during the season. Consequently, we were not nearly as good at scoring as they are today. This, however, was also true of the opposing teams so, as a rule, we were quite evenly matched.

The game of basketball was played quite differently then. The guards, as a rule, confined their efforts to our opponents' side of the court, the forwards stayed practically all their time on our side, the centers had to be all over the court. Since I was taller than anybody else on the team, I was always chosen for center, and believe me, covering the whole court would make me quite breathless after awhile. I still remember that Verne McKinney, whose Mother owned the weekly newspaper, the Argus, was the rooter and the reporter for all of our games, and watched them all from the sidelines.

How well I remember the last game of football I played. It was at Washougal, Washington.



HILLSBORO HIGH SCHOOL BASKETBALL TEAM OF 1916-1917 HASKELL CARTER AS CENTER



APPERSON JACK RABBIT
REBUILT IN 1916
THIS PICTURE WAS TAKEN AFTER I HAD JOINED
THE OREGON NATIONAL GUARD, AND THE SIDE
VIEW OF THE NEW HOUSE WE BUILT A FEW
YEARS BEFORE IS IN THE BACKGROUND.

A newly built high school and the football field was bare dirt. It being late in the season, the field was covered with puddles of water. I played the position of tackle, and all too often I had to hold my breath under water until I was free to get up. The opposing team, on the average, was older than we were. Many of them did logging jobs, and only attended school during the winter months. Needless to say we did not win the game. I'll never forget, that when it came time to take a shower, at the end of the game, all we had was cold water. The next week, I had one of the worst colds I had ever had.

I must relate what happened on our return to Portland. We came to Portland by train, after the game was over, and the only train to Hillsboro was a late one. Some of the team, to kill time, took off for parts of the town where they wanted to go; some of us went to a pool hall. I believe it was about nine o'clock when a plainclothes policeman came by and told us it was after hours for us to be playing pool, and he had to get something on the owner, and it was necessary for us to go to the police station and report.

This, as it turned out, was quite an adventure. The police station is the same old station as it exists today, and when we arrived there, it was plain to be seen that we were not just to report, since we were thrown into the "bull pen" and we were asked if we could furnish bail, which of course none of us could. I'll never forget the night we spent in jail. The next morning, we got word to the school board in Hillsboro and one of them came down and bailed us out. He also made quite a fuss at the police station, but to no avail. It became known around town where we had spent the night, and we were met by a crowd at the station, including the balance of the football team, who gave us the razz berries.

Even to this day, when I go by the old police station, I remember that night.

What a change has taken place in our moral and social life. Those under eighteen years of age can do most anything, short of murder, and not even spend one night in jail. Some boys and men of all ages can smoke

marijuana and even worse types of dope.

During these times, even those who have committed more or less minor crimes, served but very little, if any, time in jail.

During this winter season, there was more and more agitation about how the war in Europe was progressing, and the part we would eventually be playing in this war before it could end. Late in March, it was quite evident that we would be declaring war on Germany. The National Guard was recruiting to full strength. On March 28, 1917, two of the men who had been in the 3rd Oregon Infantry, since the Mexican Border incident of the year before, were assigned to recruit in Hillsboro. Between March 28, 1917 and March 29, 1917, they recruited twenty-five from the high school, including my younger brother and me. Verne McKinney was the first to enlist, and worked to recruit others.

I had been out of school that day, working at something, I don't remember now just what. Russell came home and told me what was going on, and that we should both enlist. Father and Mother were hoping we would not, but before the day was over, we had enlisted in Company B of the 3rd Oregon Infantry.

I had had my nineteenth birthday in January and Russell had his seventeenth birthday in July of the previous year, and we were not the youngest in the lot. Archie Pitman at the age of, I believe sixteen, was the youngest member of the group.

My older brother (half brother), Emerson could not join the Army or be drafted, since he had lost his index (trigger) finger. He was helping me run the wood saw one hot summer afternoon, a fly or bee buzzed by his face and he swung his right hand at it, and his finger went into the saw. It cut off part of the finger. The medical practice today would be to sew the finger back on, but this was not true in those days. In fact, I remember the surgeon cutting away more of the bone and lapping the flesh over the end and sewing it closed.

During the entire war period, he operated a truck and supervised the operation and use of other trucks.





SALLY ON THE LEFT AS A RED CROSS VOLUNTEER DURING WORLD WAR I



HASKELL AND SALLY ON MY FIRST TRIP TO ELLENSBURG AFTER RETURNING FROM FRANCE



FATHER AND MOTHER APPROXIMATELY 1920



IN THE ARMY—DIGGING A PIT FOR KITCHEN REFUSE FROM LEFT TO RIGHT; HASKELL C. CARTER, RUSSELL E. CARTER, ELMER BATCHELDER, GLEN SWIFT

CHAPTER 5

HOME

Sometime during the month of March, I have forgotten the exact date, I received my discharge and returned home. I had already had my real homecoming when I was on my way from San Francisco to Camp Lewis. Consequently, when I made my final return home, I made it unannounced. What a joy it was to get out of uniform and back to the real job of living.

It was not long before I was invited to give a talk before the assembly at my old high school. I accepted with misgivings. I decided not to cover subjects that were very painful to me, and this I did very well. I was also concerned about my stuttering, but I had very little trouble in this respect. The two years in the Army and the war had given me much more self-confidence, and if I started to stutter, I would stop and no matter how long it took, I would only start talking when I knew I could.

I had not been home very long, before I put an ad in the local newspaper, advertising the wood saw to be for sale. About the same time. Sarah Eidal and Nona Reed came down for a visit, "presumably" to meet my sister, Addie. During the visit a prospect arrived to buy the wood saw. What a pitiful sight it was. Weeds had grown up all around it. It had not been operating for more than two years, and when the prospect saw it, he said "I'm going up town. I'll be back in about an hour. If you have that thing running when I return, I'll buy it". My old experience of running gasoline engines helped me a lot, and long before the hour was up, I had the machine running in . fine shape, and true to his word, the man returned and bought it.

Sarah and I had a nice visit, in fact the whole family enjoyed her visit, before she returned to Ellensburg.

My visit with Sarah, although seemingly quite casual at the time, was much more than that. Through our correspondence, we had developed a strong feeling for each other. I think much more than we realized, at the time. It was also our first visit since I had become a civilian.

I kept myself occupied, partially due to the fact, I wanted to forget all about the war. I mentioned much earlier, in my history, about

there being an old pioneer orchard on the home property. The trees hadn't been pruned, nobody knows how long. I was no expert on such matters, but little did I realize, till later, that I followed the best practice in pruning. I cut off a great many limbs, and opened up the center of the tree, so that sunlight could get in. When I got through, the ground was literally covered, three to four feet deep, with limbs. This orchard came to life again.

I soon was involved with an automobile truck and car dealer, Harley Peterson, in fact he had farm tractors as well. I became involved in sales, although I will admit I was a poor salesman and it was mostly in the mechanical end that kept me occupied. One day he had to reposess an old automobile. In fact, it was down at the beach and no payments had been made for quite awhile. The dealer and I went down and I drove it home.

This automobile was a Stevens Duryea; it was an old car but what an automobile. In its day, it ranked among the best. Had I been able to keep it in its original state, today it would be worth a fortune. Even in its day, new, it was about a forty-five hundred dollar automobile. It had originally been owned by a nearby rich farmer. The entire body was made from aluminum. Even the floor-boards and running boards were cast aluminum. It must be remembered that in those early days, aluminum was a comparatively scarce metal, compared to today.

The engine was a six cylinder with a large bore. As I remember it, it was over a four inch diameter. The car was a crank starter. Electric starters had not yet come into being. I mention all this, since the starting was quite a feat and it took some experience to be able to "spin" the motor. I will say the motor also had petcocks in each cylinder in order to prime it for starting on cold winter mornings. I've even put a few drops of ether in each cylinder. All one had to do then, was to merely pull up on the starting crank.

I've gone into considerable detail about this car, since I bought it, and from that time on, a large part of my Spring and Summer, was spent on remodeling it. By that, I mean removing the body, building a new low slung body. When I got through, it had the appearance of a racing car.

First, I had the help of a sheet metal shop; in fact the brother of the owner liked automobiles himself, and gave me help and enjoyed it. We did a complete sheet metal job, even a new cover for the radiator. Disc wheels were starting to be the vogue. This, like most of the automobiles of the day, had wooden wheels. We made sheet metal discs and screwed them on to the wheels. This voluntary help of mine was also good at upholstery, so we removed some of the leather upholstery from the old body and put it on the new.

I had access also, to a woodworking shop, a cabinet shop. I was able to make all the wood framework for the body in this shop. I found out quite early, that older men are only too glad to help a young man, who was trying to do something different. I was surely thankful for this help.

Many years later, when my son Roy was with Chrysler in Detroit, I told him, "Roy, older men are always glad to give the benefit of their experience to young men. Never try to be a 'know-it-all'. Always try to honestly seek knowledge and it will be freely given. But just act like you know it all already, and you will soon find out how quickly you will be left alone". He replied, "Dad, I've already found out these things".

I have elaborated about this automobile, since it was to occupy a considerable amount of my spring and summer. By the end of the summer, I had it ready for painting.

In the meantime, in fact in early spring, some of us had heard about the American Legion, which had its origin in Paris, France, organized by veterans of the war. We heard that Posts would be formed in this country. Some of us got together and signed an application for a Post. We were among the very early ones, since we formed Hillsboro Post No. 6. In other words, number six in the state. Later they were to be numbered in the hundreds.

Hanging on the wall, even today, in the building of the American Legion, there is this original application and my name, as I remember it, is about the fourth on the list. For some reason, I believe I was too busy otherwise, I was not a charter member, but for

many years I was a member of this Post. Years later, I joined a Portland Post but in later life, I was reminded that my name was on the original application and I must join my group again, which I did.

I had always planned on going to Oregon Agricultural College in Corvallis, starting in the fall term. (This later became Oregon State College and is now Oregon State University, since Agriculture became a minor part of the entire curriculum).

Sometime during the summer, I heard that any Veteran who had been discharged with a twenty percent disability could go to college at government expense. I had been discharged, for what it might be worth, with a fifty percent disability. So it was very evident, I could take advantage of the program, which I proceeded to do.

I still remember making the statement during this program, that after the next war, all veterans would have this benefit, which proved to be true. But, little did I dream that the same program would be carried over into all young people, and we hear now, that many have been sustained in their graduate work. It is true, that all this was supposed to be a loan, to civilians, but we know that many have not paid this loan, how many, I don't know.

I finally received word from the Veterans' Bureau that while in college, I would receive ninety dollars per month, plus tuition and books (please remember, that the dollar was worth much more than today).

I had two brothers younger than Russell One of them, Earl, became eighteen years old, draft registration age, before the war ended, and since the war ended, he was never called upon for service. By the time I arrived home, he had finished high school. While in high school, he had been a star basketball player. During the first summer, after I had returned home, he obtained a job with the telephone company, digging post holes. In those days this was a hard, laborous job. I bring out these facts now, in order to explain his conditions at a later date.

He wanted to go to college also, and my sister, Addie, who was of an age just older than me, thought she wanted to go with us. Even though she hadn't finished high school, she wanted to take some subjects at the college and keep house for Earl and me.

APPLICATION FOR POST OF AMERICAN LEGION

Provisions of Constitution Adopted at St. Louis Caucus, May 8-10, 1919

ARTICLE II. MEMBERSHIP.

All persons shall be eligible to membership in this organization who were in the military or naval service of the United States during the period between April 6, 1917, and November 11, 1918, both dates inclusive, and all persons who served in the military naval services of any of the governments associated with the United States during the World War, provided that they were citizens of the United States at the time of their enlistent and are again citizens at the time of application, except also those persons who separated from the service under terms amounting to dishonorable discharge, and except also those persons who refused to perform their military duties on the ground of conscientious or political objection.

ARTICLE VI.

THE LOCAL UNIT.

The Local Unit shall be termed the Post, which shall have a minimum membership of fitteen. No Post shall be received into this organization until it shall have received a charter. A Post desiring a charter shall apply to the State Organization and the charter shall be issued by the National Executive Committee whenever recommended by the State Organization. The National Executive Committee shall not issue a charter in the name of any living person.

INSTRUCTIONS (Read carefully).—Each local group will designate a representative to sign the certificate at the foot of this application and to receive the charter when issued. No application can be considered unless properly executed by at least fifteen men. Applications must be made in triplicate, one original and two copies. All three will be forwarded to the State Chairman. The original application will be returned by indorsement to the Local Post with the charter. One copy of application will be retained by State Headquarters, and the other by National Headquarters.

quarters, and the other by National Headquarte	1.56	
To Eiver	ر و	
State Chairman of the American Legion (State We, the undersigned, hereby certify that we he United States, between April 6, 1917, and November 11 AMERICAN LEGION under Article II of the Constitution	ive served@in the military or . 1918, and are entitled to	naval torces of the membership in THE
issuance of a charter for the formation of a Post at		
known as Hillshoro Post, State of (Name of Post)	/	
issuance of a charter we hereby agree to organize and minimum membership of fifteen. We hereby further ag LEGION and to comply with all rules and regulations pr of the Legion.	ree to uphold the principles o	OF THE AMERICAN
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I hereby certify to the accuracy charter when issued is to be mailed to me at the address	and good faith of the aboves below.	ve application. The

N. B.—This copy will be returned by the National Executive Committee through the State Organization to the local Post when charter is granted.

(Address) (Address)

CHAPTER 6 COLLEGE

Addie, Earl and I piled everything we needed into the automobile I had rebuilt, and headed for Corvallis. We were able to rent a small house and Earl and I registered at College. I registered in Mechanical Engineering and Earl, in a business course.

Since Earl had become quite a basketball player in high school, he went out for the Freshman team and made it. I'm sorry to say, however, that after one term or maybe a term and a half, he developed tuberculosis. He had driven himself too much: Basketball in high school, working hard during the summer and then basketball again. Furthermore, I was too busy to pay much attention to what he was doing to himself. It was something over two years later, that this disease was to take his life. Our parents sent him to Tucson, Arizona for one winter. At that time this was thought to have the best climate, but I doubt that it made much difference.

Sometime during that first year, Addie also decided to return home. Consequently, I decided to move into a local fraternity. The members were all ex-servicemen and a number of them I knew who were from Hillsboro, including my old friend Verne McKinney.

I will also add here, that the Freshman class for the year 1919 had about one thousand ex-servicemen in it. This was out of a total enrollment of something like thirty-five hundred. We were all trying to make up for the two years we had lost.

Needless to say, I was soon anxious to finish up the rebuilt automobile which I had been working on so long. Again, I got acquainted with a man in Corvallis, who had an all-around shop, including a good paint department and again, when I drove my car up to their place, I received the best of attention, and I'm sure a better price than anyone else could have obtained.

I had the automobile painted lavender. (I' had seen a fleet of delivery cars painted this color) and when it was finished it surely was a spectacular sight. Someone in this shop or maybe one of my friends suggested that such an automobile should have a name. Somebody said it would certainly vamp the girls. So "VAMP" it was named. In this shop was a

good sign painter, and he did a very neat job of painting "VAMP" on each side of the car. I became known as the owner of this outfit and even today, when I meet some of my old college friends, they remind me of what I was driving.

One might think by all of my talk of this automobile, that it was my main concern. This was not the case. An Engineering education was my main concern. I registered for Mechanical Engineering.

I soon found that having a good ground work, especially of physics and mathematics in high school, made it comparatively easy for me to learn my college subjects. Also I will add, all my experiences in work, my little knowledge of electricity, my automobile mechanics and my use of horizontal gasoline engines was very good basic knowledge. In fact, many of the subjects came so easy for me that I did not hesitate to skip class when I so desired.

One of my first required courses was gasoline engines. It was mostly laboratory work. I went to class the first day and saw about a dozen engines. I thought to myself, this class won't teach me anything and I didn't go back for a considerable length of time. Finally, I received a note concerning my absenteeism, and to appear and give the reason why. I went to see the instructor, a comparatively young man. I told him about my experience with gasoline engines. I told him, matter of factly. I wasn't trying to be cocky. He said, "Go out into the other room until I call you". He soon called me and said that, "I have fixed these five engines so they won't run. Let me see how long it will take you to get them running".

He had done very simple things to them, and very shortly I had them running. He very grudgingly said, "Ok, but you come to class from here on". I believe the instructors had like experiences from other veterans, since they were older and more experienced than the normal new students.

My first two years were more or less leisurely for me, and although I had taken a few extra subjects such as French, the courses had not been that difficult. So, I decided that during my last two years I was going to take a

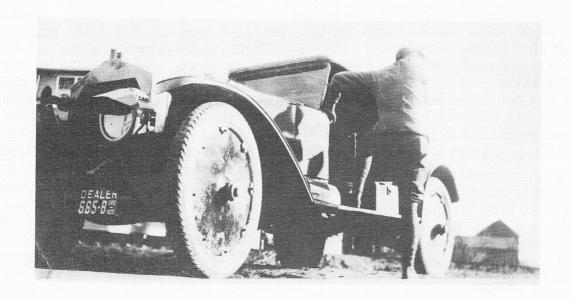


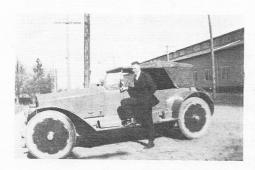
From the desk of W. VERNE McKINNEY

HASKELL:

RAN ACROSS THESE OLD PICTURES OF YOUR CAR AT OLD OAC IN OUR COLLEGE DAYS AND THOUGHT YOU MIGHT LIKE THEM.

REMEMBER NAMES AS FOLLOWS: (1) JOHN KENNEDY, TUFFY COMAN, FRANK ROLLINS; (2) CHARLES OLSON, JERRY HESTON, MARSHALL DAWES, ?, LEON ALLEN.





"VAMP" THE FLEUR de Lis TAXI FLEUR de LIS WAS THE NAME OF OUR ORIGINAL VETERANS CLUB, BEFORE IT WAS GIVEN A GREEK LETTER NAME



"VAMP" BEA CREWDESON ON LEFT, CHARLES DEICHMAN'S

74330

FRIEND ON RIGHT



VARIOUS VIEWS OF THE "VAMP"
THE BLACK & WHITE PICTURES DON'T DO IT JUSTICE,
SINCE IT WAS PAINTED VERY BRIGHT LAVENDER

great deal more extra work. Speaking of French, after I had taken the course for a short time, I would occasionally write to the French girl, Louisette Masson, in St. Nazaire, France. My French was not fluent, but she seemed to understand what I was writing. I carried on this correspondence for a year or two, but finally I quit, since she was so far away.

I had a very good French teacher. At times, she would insert a certain amount of wit, which made the class more interesting. I wish to add here also, that I had not completely gotten over my stuttering, but by this time I had control of myself. I might be reading aloud an assignment in the class, and come to the simplest word and feel like I was going to stutter. I would just stop completely, regardless. I can still hear the instructor saying, "Carter, you should know that word". When I felt like it, I went ahead. In fact, I realized fully this is the only way anyone can cure himself.

In my Engineering classes, there was a stutterer who couldn't really talk. I told him about my own experience and what he should do. I told him when he went home during the vacation, he should work it out. He would come back in the fall, almost cured, but soon when he had to recite and knew he had to, it would all come back. I really don't know whether he ever cured himself.

During the first two years in my Engineering, I had a great deal of required mathematics. including calculus. Mathematics was not too difficult for me, but very honestly, higher mathematics did not especially appeal to me. I had taken a large part of this with one Professor, Van Gross, and I remember an incident during my last examination. The Professor was paying a lot of attention to my work and finally when I was almost through with the list, he stopped beside me and in a low voice said, "Carter, you have always amazed me. Here again, you have done a good job on this final test. I know that most of the time you have come to class without studying your lesson, but when it comes to the end of the term, you seem to know your subject matter". I replied to him, "Professor, long ago I found out I didn't need to study too much. You always give such a good lecture at the beginning of each class, that it takes the place of study for me". I honestly meant it, but I can still see him, with an odd look on his face, when he said, "Carter, you will never change".

My story here is going to be out of sequence in many places. I will now revert back to my Freshman year. Among other subjects. I had a class in Surveying. In our field work, we had a team of two. I liked nothing better than to use the instruments while my partner, carefully, made his notes and he did a nice neat job of it. At the end of our session. I would hurriedly copy his notes, and as a result my written matter was anything but neat. However, in reality I was able to get more out of the assignment, due to the use of the instruments, than my partner was. As a result I was getting poor grades, while he was getting good grades. I finally went to see the instructor and I told him, I was learning everything that was to be learned in this work and why were my grades so bad? His reply was, "All you have to do is look at your penmanship". My next question was, "Is this a penmanship class or a surveying class?" I'll admit I was a little too cocky, but again, the instructor was about my own age and he had gone on to college, while I was away in the Army. It would be better if I didn't relate some other incidents, but needless to say my term grade, although passing, was not very good.

While on this subject of grades, I must say it was far more important for me to learn a lot of subject matter in a great many extra courses, than it was to get the best grades. I think my overall average for the four years was no better than a "B".

Since I had entered college under the Veterans' Bureau program, I was subject to periodic examination by Veterans' Bureau Doctors. I will never forget one such examination I had in my Freshman year. This examination was primarily on my heart. At that time, there were very many unknowns about the heart; in fact I find that there are still a great many unknowns, but doctors have learned a lot in the meantime. Getting back to the examination, at that time when the doctor got through he told me, don't take gym (a required activity), don't overexert vourself, in fact, his advice was full of don'ts. I knew I had an erratic heart and it must be that his examination was at a time when it was most erratic. This could come on for no apparent reason. Needless to say, that I paid very little attention to his advice, and many years later a heart specialist told me that I had followed the proper course, and I still remember his statement, "The heart is just another muscle and within reason it must be given exercise".

Getting back to my college studies. Among other subjects during the first two years, I had a course in Hydraulics. This included hydraulic power plants. In other words, waterpowered turbines, driving electric generators. In that time period there were not a great number of waterpowered power plants in the Northwest, or for that matter in the country. The first one on the Columbia was Bonneville, which was to be built many years later.

There was one on the Clackamas River. I believe today it has been rebuilt but at the same site, and as a class, we went to see it. It was large for its time, but considered very small today. There was also one in Seattle, which a number of us had an opportunity to see. Some of the city water supply went through the water turbines driving the generator.

What a change has taken place today all over the world. The Columbia River has been fully developed. In fact, all the power plants are being greatly increased. The original design was always to be the maximum power at the lowest stream flow. Today this rule has completely changed.

Getting back again to my classroom work, I remember so well, the final exam. A typical problem was, "On top of the mountain was a lake of water, containing so many acre-feet of water. This flowed down to a water turbine, a given number of feet below the lake. The water turbine had a certain efficiency, driving an electrical generator with a certain efficiency and the problem was — how many kilowatt hours of electricity could be generated from this lake?"

There are formulas that will give these answers, but I never liked formulas; it is too easy to pick out the wrong one. Many of the members of the class spent a lot of time looking through the book for the right formula. I soon saw that the problem could be solved by simple arithmetic. Calculate the water in the lake into pounds, the drop of the water in feet, you have foot-pounds. Using the various efficiencies, one had foot-pounds which could readily be translated into horse-power or kilowatts. Throughout my Engineering career, I have always tried to find

the simplest answer, many times unconventional answers.

I remember yet, a friend of mine in the same class, asking me, "Was the examination too tough? You left early". I replied, "It wasn't too tough. I completed the whole examination, but I used simple arithmetic while the rest of you were searching for formulas".

Life in the fraternity was quite interesting, and especially so since practically all the members were ex-servicemen. As I mentioned before, some of these men were from Hillsboro; one of them being Verne McKinney, and the other being Charles Deichman. Charles was a year or two older than me and he had joined the Army sometime after Verne and I had. He went to Officers Training School, and became a Lieutenant. He also was assigned to the Motor Transport Corps. So he was always interested in cars and trucks. He liked nothing better than to ride in my automobile and we spent many happy hours together.

I wish to mention here also, that he was the son of the owner of the farm, South of Hillsboro, on which we had been "sharecropping", and very frankly, he and Father never got along very well together. With Charles and me it was a different story. We never referred to the previous arrangement. His Father was secretary of the local Masonic Lodge. Charles had joined the Masons during his period in the Army. During the vacation time after my sophomore year, I also joined the Lodge and Charles was my Tutor in all the rites. Incidentally, I have always kept my membership in the Hillsboro Lodge, but I have not been a very good attending member, more of a dues paying member. In 1972, I received my fifty-year Gold Pin, and just recently I was presented with a life membership card.

I will add here that I joined the Scottish Rite, about the middle of the 1930s and also Al Kader Shrine shortly thereafter. Before many years went by, I was invited to join the Jesters, a fun order of Al Kader. I have been a member of these bodies since that time, but I must admit I've been very poor in my attendance. Nevertheless I have enjoyed these memberships.

Charles had a friend at the University of Oregon. He persuaded me, one weekend, to drive down there and we met her at her sorority. She had a friend by the name of Bea



This Certifies that Brother Taskell C. Carter IS A LIFE MEMBER CHALLY LODGE NO. 6 AFEAM.

LOCATED AT
IN THE
GRAND JURISDICTION OF OREGON
AND IS HEREBY RELIEVED OF ALL FUTURE LODGE DUES
IN WITNESS WHEREOF

WE HAVE HEREUNTO SET OUR HANDS

AND AFFIXED THE SEAL OF THE GRAND LODGE

THIS DAY OF DETERMINET

A.D.19 8/ A.L.59 8/

ATTEST

E. E. Phillips

GRAND SECRETARY

James Robber GRAND MASTER



No. **15212**

Crewdeson. I remember yet, everybody climbing into the "Vamp" and Bea remarked, "This car is hard to get into" I still remember my answer, "It's only because your feet are too big". What a way to start a friendship.

Charles and I went to Eugene a few more times, but since these girls had been going to college while we were in the Army, they naturally graduated ahead of us. Nevertheless, we did have an opportunity to be together a few times. Once, I remember, when there was a football game between University of Oregon and Oregon State University, a number of Bea's sorority came down for the game. They all insisted on getting into and onto the car. I don't know how many I had, but the whole car was covered.

I well remember another incident when we drove to Eugene. It was during a gas shortage, but I had found out that, if I got the engine warmed up on gasoline, I could burn kerosene. I can still see the look on a grocery store owner's face, when I would fill my tank with kerosene.

In those days also, the young fellows would challenge each other to a race. (Not confined to those days). Some group in a car, more modern than mine, went by Charles and me tooting their horn. The old Stevens was slow on the pickup, but had speed, if you kept pumping, (pouring on the coal). I finally passed this car, I don't know now, at what speed, and he never passed me again. The next week I met this driver on the campus, and his question was, "What do you have under that hood, anyway?" I replied, "I was burning kerosene. If I had been using gasoline, I would have passed you much sooner!"

As I mentioned once before, my first two years at college were too easy for me, and I decided that during the last two years I would take a lot of extra subjects. The Mechanical Engineering, for example, only had a term or two of electricity. I decided that I wanted much more than that. So I started with the beginning courses of Electrical Engineering. In fact, had I gone another term or two, I could have had a degree in Electrical, as well as Mechanical Engineering. I've never regretted this decision, to study more Electrical, although I have never had a lot of occasion to use this knowledge I gained.

In my Mechanical courses, I had a number of electives and there was a Professor Sam Graff, who was a professor of a number of courses I liked very much. Some of these were prescribed courses and some were not. This professor and I got along very well together. In fact, anyone who showed a lot of interest in his courses got along with him. Some of the extra work I took was Metallurgy, Pyrometry, Metallography. All of this work gave me an insight into manufacturing material, which I have dealt with all my business life. This professor also had charge of all the materials testing laboratory, for testing the strength of materials such as steel, cement, etc.

comparatively new Engineering Building at Oregon State University is named after this professor, and he well deserves it. Later, he aspired to become Dean of Engineering, but I believe some of his very positive mannerisms kept him from this office. Much later in life, when I had charge of Engineering. at the Iron Manufacturing Company, a manufacturer of heating equipment, including coal stokers, I had occasion to hire Professor Graff for summertime work, on various types of tests. He enjoyed it very much, and I enjoyed working with him again.

Sometime after this, I was asked to give a talk, here in Portland, to a group of Engineering students. A number of the professors were also present. I remember that the theme of my talk was, "It's not what you learn in college that counts. It's how well you can apply it in your work, after college". I must have overstressed the application and not given enough credit to the college work, since the professors present got the wrong meaning from my talk. I must say however, that I have seen so many men finish college, and still get lost in applying this learning.

At the beginning of my Junior year, my youngest brother, Conway, everybody called him Connie, had finished high school and was ready for college, so we went down together. Getting ahead of my story somewhat, I will say the Conway really didn't belong in Engineering, and when I was later in the east, he wrote to me, asking if he shouldn't change his course to a business course. I told him, by all means. He later became a Sales and Service Engineer. He was a born salesman and the engineering he did get, served him well in Sales Engineering.

It would be in order for me to comment on my work, on summer vacations. One summer, I worked in a garage that was also a machine shop. By this time, I had become a fairly good automobile mechanic. Also, I loved very much, to do lathe work, when such work was available. This, together with my college courses in machine shop, as well as other work later, made me a fairly good machinist. I well remember one job, of making an axle, for two automobile wheels. I turned and threaded each end according to the dimensions given to me, but when it was done the customer was chagrined to find, he had given me the wrong length dimension. I told him not to worry, and in record time I made another axle.

I well remember a garage owners' picnic. Among the events was a "slow car" race. In other words, you showed how well you could tune the motor to run slow. Dad had bought a Studebaker, soon after I got out of the Army. I tuned this car so that it would barely crawl. I had this race won, the others were much ahead of me, but I was over zealous and went too slow and the motor died on me.

One summer, maybe a part of it, I worked for Harley Peterson again, the dealer from whom I had purchased the Stevens Duryea. He was a number-one salesman and business man, but disliked any type of shop work. I mentioned before, he also sold tractors, crawler tractors and wheel tractors. One day, he told me, "I have sold one of my biggest tractors to a Hungarian farmer, out at Orenco. I want you to go out there with me, and teach this farmer how to run it". My reply was, "I've never driven a tractor in my life. How can I teach anybody?" His only answer was, "You can do it".

The tractor had already been delivered. and was hooked up to a wide disc plow. Harley had told me how many speeds it had, and helped me start the engine, and took off. "I'll be back in about three hours to pick you up". I started out driving the tractor like an automobile. Starting in low gear, and then trying to shift to a higher gear. I soon found out that a disc plow has no momentum. As soon as you shift out of gear, you stop and you are "dead in the water". This was the first lesson I learned, and the next time I started up, I started in a gear I was going to stay in. I was able to teach this farmer how to run his tractor, (teaching myself in the meantime) and finally Harley showed up and we went back to town. From that time on, when any unusual job came up, I was assigned to it.

next assignment was really something. Harley told me he had sold a Cleveland Crawler Tractor to an Orchardist. in the foothills, about ten miles south of Hillsboro. Something had gone wrong with the tractor and Harley said, "Take the flat bed truck and go out and pick it up". Little did I know what I was getting into. I arrived at the farm, and the tractor was on a side hill, on cultivated ground. It so happened there was an embankment to which I could back the flat bed truck. I put the tractor into low gear, and since the engine was a hand crank engine, I cranked it down the hill (it was a good thing it was down hill) and onto the truck.

I thought I had it made, but my troubles had just begun. It was starting to get dark. I switched on the truck headlights, and found I had no lights. In those days, the roads were gravel macadam roads with a lot of "crown" in the center. So I drove by what little sight I had, and by the feel of the crown.

I remembered that I had met two nice looking sisters, at the 4th of July celebration in Hillsboro, about two weeks before, and I knew their farm was on my way back to town. I managed to make this farm, and met the family and was invited to stay overnight, an invitation I gladly accepted. To my regret, I never saw anything of this family afterwards. I arrived back in town the next morning, and Harley's only remark was, "I knew you could do it". However, I must admit, I never took on anymore such assignments, unless I did a good planning job in advance.

Another summer job I had was in an old machine shop. Vinty Boyd was the owner and operator. His father had built the shop, and I think all the machines were old when he built it. His father had learned to be a Chiropractor and was practicing the profession. He left the machine shop to the son. Incidentally also, I had become acquainted with Vinty in high school, and had bought the Harley Davidson motorcycle from him.

The old machine shop was quite complete, but I can't overstress the "old". The lathe, for example, had had so much usage that you had to turn the hand wheels almost a full turn, before you took up the "slack" in the parts. Nevertheless, Vinty could do excellent work on these machines. I could operate them, but not nearly as good as he could.

One day he said, "Haskell, I've never had a vacation. I'm going to take one. I've seen you in operation and you run this shop while I'm gone". Regardless of my telling him no, and all the misgivings I had, he went.

It was at a time when the most unusual jobs came in. I made some new parts for horizontal gasoline engines. I had to make the adapting fitting to put an engine in a truck. But the oddest job of all came about, one day, when I had a telephone call from a sawmill owner, who was located in the foothills of the coast range. He said, "Take your lathe carriage off the lathe and be here with it at 5 p.m., our quitting time". I still remember my astonishment and he said, "Just do as I say and it will be all right". I arrived there at 5 p.m. and soon found out that I was to face the stationary flange of the main saw mandrel. We placed the lathe carriage in position with the mandrel, held it in place by a wooden beam to the ceiling. The owner started up his steam engine at the speed I wanted, and in a few minutes I had machined a new face on the flange. Of all the unusual assignments in my life, this was the most unusual, but from it and many others, I learned a great deal and I learned to improvise when necessary.

I wish to inject here, a story out of sequence. I mentioned before that from the third or fourth grade in school, I started stuttering. There was in my class, a girl by the name of Florence. She was to become my "secret sorrow". She was in my class from about the third grade through high school.

I'll never forget what she would do, should we have a new teacher or a substitute teacher. She would go to her and I knew she was telling the teacher that I stuttered, so I would be called upon as little as possible. I remember well that I thought a great deal of this girl. Perhaps she only had sympathy for me. At any rate, when I gave the talk at the high school, after returning from the Army, she was present.

During one vacation, I dated her a couple of times and I still remember telling her about my appreciation for what she had done for me in the past. We went our separate ways, and I have never thought about what might have been.

I will always remember one year, when Verne McKinney, "Rosie" Rosenthal and I were roommates together. It was really a study room, since we all slept on a big sleeping porch. Rosie and I all too often would engage in a "rough house". We were always pretty evenly matched, so it would become quite a tangle. I can still see Verne McKinney, who was considerably smaller than we were, getting up on a table out of the way, while the fracus was going on.

One summer, I thought it would be nice to go to summer school for six weeks. I must admit, also, that I was persuaded somewhat. by some of the fraternity brothers saving, you can have more fun in the summertime and many of the sorority members take summer classes. At any rate, among other subjects I took were swimming and typing. I had never learned to swim and I haven't learned to this day. As a boy, I had played around the Tualatin River, in the summertime, but the cold water seemed to "jolt" me when I got into it. I played around at swimming but I'll admit, I skipped as many classes as I went to, much to my regret. The last day, I arrived late, as usual, and found the class all lined up alongside the pool. I got into line and soon found out that the final exam was to dive off the deep end. Since I was at the end of the line, I figured out what I was going to do. When it came my turn, I dove in, and I purposely dove towards one side, which I intended to crawl up and out. This I was able to do, but it seemed like I would never quit going down. I'll admit also, that I was given a hand to help me out. I got my credit in swimming.

At the Multnomah Club, I swam across the pool, at the shallow end, holding my breath all the way. Never have I gone the full length of the pool. Because I could not swim, I made very sure early in the life of my sons, that they did learn to swim. I always had a dread of one of them falling into water and I could not rescue him.

You can imagine I did not learn much typing in this length of time, and I have not tried since.

As I have mentioned before, Bea Crewdeson became a long time friend. We did not see each other too often, but we had many pleasant hours together. She had her first two years of college work at Reed College in Portland, Oregon. This was during the time I was in the Army. In reality therefore, she started at the University of Oregon at the same time I started Oregon State University. However, she was starting her Junior year. After she graduated we would occasionally meet during

my vacation period. Take a drive together or go to a moving picture show. We never did get very serious.

She was a very smart capable girl. Her parents were of Irish descent. She had flaming red hair and I believe, all the temperament that went with red hair. I've often wondered if she did not scare men, who thought she was too capable and independent. Had I not had Sarah always in the back of my head, I might have been tempted to pay more attention to Bea.

Bea became a teacher at Washington High School and she taught Latin. Sally met Bea and we were together on numerous occasions. She always had at least a little twinge of jealousy and any time the question arose, I closed it off with the remark, "Sally, would you rather be the mother of our sons or their Latin teacher?" That always ended the discussion.

Bea married a young man who had always lived in her neighborhood. He was a nice fellow, but they were ill suited for each other. So the marriage turned out to be an off-and-on affair.

The vacation period between my Junior and Senior year proved to be the most eventful. Sarah Eidal and an older friend were driving to Los Angeles. The lady, an older woman, a school teacher, was on the way to Los Angeles to meet her husband, where they were to spend the time together. At any rate, they stopped in Hillsboro, I'm sure at Sarah's insistance, and we had a nice visit. When the time came to leave, it was also time for me to go to summer school, so they dropped me off at the fraternity house in Corvallis. I later found out from Sarah, that I did not make a very good impression on her friend. She said that I was very lacking in social amenities. Being that as it may, she didn't impress me too much, I think my mind was too much on Sarah. The short visit with her brought to mind, that it had been about five years since I met her, many things had happened, and she was always in my mind. Even though I had met numerous girls, Sarah was always the one in the back of my head.

As I said before, we had not been together a great many times. One vacation period in my college days, we did meet in Centralia, Washington. She was teaching not too far away. We had a nice weekend together but I assure you, it was not the kind of weekend too

many young people have together these days. It was just a nice visit, reminiscing, about the days we had known each other.

While going to summer school, I made up my mind it was about time Sarah and I got together, and "made it permanent". She had told me she was going to return to Seattle by ship, and she must have given me an address to which I could write. I did write, and let her know I was going to meet her in Seattle. Someway, we decided to meet on the library steps in Seattle (where everybody had his rendezvous). This was to be at a certain hour, on a certain date, and we did meet.

Did I give her, her big surprise! I told her we were going to get married, and that was it. She told me about a new job. She was teaching a class at the normal school, teaching teachers. It was really a nice new position.

Her Mother and Father met her in Seattle, and since I hadn't gotten my answer, I went to Ellensburg with them. Arriving at the farm, I still persisted. I remember yet, walking down the railroad track, which was nearby, practically muttering to myself. I finally convinced Sarah, that it was going to be soon, or else! She finally relented and said we would make it after Christmas time. She has told me afterwards, that she didn't dare go to her immediate supervisor, who was a stern woman. She finally went to the president of the school and unburdened herself. He told her, he would never stand in the way of a young woman getting married, so that was that.

I arrived as soon as I could, after my Christmas vacation was started, and before Sarah's school term was completed. So she worked right up to our wedding day. I had already learned that her younger sister, Marie, was going to return with us to Corvallis, and go to college there. All the family was looking forward to this, since she was dating a young man of whom they did not approve. Also, my younger brother, Conway, was to be with us. So we were to be quite a foursome.

I wish to add here, that by this time Sarah had become Sally. When I told my friend, Charles Deichman, about our coming marriage, and her name was Sarah, I can still remember him saying, "Oh, she is a Sally". I found out afterwards, in many parts of the country, especially the South, the name Sarah seemed too severe, and they were called "Sally". It was many years later when I looked in the old family Bible, and found that one of

my older aunts, my Aunt Sally, had been really christened Sarah. Sally it has been all these years. Although, once in awhile, fun or otherwise, I will say "Sarah!" and she knows what I mean.

Please excuse this out of sequence narration. I have mentioned before, about the Gates brothers, who were both killed in France, and now buried in Arlington Cemetery. I will never forget visiting the father and mother and younger sister, after I had returned. It was not a very easy visit. This was a very proud family and they seldom showed their feelings. I was very glad to have made the visit and I'm sure they were pleased. Mr. Gates was a very successful businessman in Hillsboro and I well remember that his wife had the first and only electric driven coupe in the town. In fact, I don't think very many were built and used anyplace.

Mr. Gates was always very active in World War I and World War II in service activities.

Olive Gates was a tall, beautiful girl and we had two or three dates, but never went any further. She went to the University of Oregon, while I was going to Oregon State University. She married a lawyer here in Portland, whom I met and is now deceased. Sally and I visited with Olive and her family after her husband died.

I well remember our trip on the train, going back to Seattle, then on to Corvallis. The trip to Seattle was somewhat unusual. Sally felt like she was going into a very unknown future, and was quite sober about it. Her sister, Marie, was somewhat mournful because she had pulled up stakes, and left a boy friend behind. I guess I was the only one who was levelheaded. I kept making jokes, to cheer everybody up. I still remember one story I pulled out, that got a laugh and helped to change the atmosphere. It was a story about the "side hill Golywampus", an animal with longer legs on one side than the other. They had grown this way because they were used to grazing on hillsides and they could never turn around so they had to graze completely around the mountain. If they tried to turn around they would topple over. Sally just told me that this story got a wry smile, but at the time, it did relieve some of the tensions.

Conway joined us someplace, and we all arrived in Corvallis. I had made arrangements before, for all of us to board and room with an older couple. This arrangement did not prove to be too satisfactory, so we soon rented a house almost across the street from the Engineering Building, which made it very handy for us who were attending the University.

Perhaps you are wondering what happened to the "Vamp". Right now, I wonder myself. I believe it became too expensive for me to operate, and also go to college and look after a new family. It is possible also, that some trouble of some consequence may have become its lot. I do know that about a year earlier, I had to buy a new tire for it and it cost ninety dollars. A real sum of money in those days, but all tires were far more expensive, comparatively, than they are today.

At any rate, the "Vamp" was parked at the home of my folks and remained there until I authorized its sale, to an automobile used parts dealer. Much later when I was in Detroit, Sally reminded me several times that she never had a ride in the "Vamp" and much to my regret she was right. Frankly, my mind was too full of building a future to think about funny automobiles.

While on the subject of the "Vamp", I wish to comment, out of sequence, that all of the aluminum from the original Stevens Duryea, I put into the melting pot at the foundry, at Oregon State University. A foundry course, at that time, was a requirement for Mechanical Engineering.

At this point, Sally tells me that I must relate another incident on our wedding eve. So, since her every word is my command, I shall do so. Just as it was getting dark and the lights were turned on, all the electric power was turned off. We all presumed it was the transformer, on the pole in front of the house. They were not off just momentarily, they stayed off. Did I create a sensation, when I said I would climb the pole and fix it. Everybody took me seriously, and I knew I had opened my big mouth the moment I said it, since I had no intention of fixing it. I wouldn't have known what to fix anyway.

I still remember Sally's remark, "I've gone to all this trouble to have a wedding and I'm not going to lose you, before it even starts". Needless to say, I was very easily dissuaded but even to this day, no one present considered my remarks to be just idle talk.

I have been lax in giving dates. Our marriage took place on December 27,1922.

Very close to this date in December 1972, we gave a 50th anniversary party at the Multnomah Club and we had fifty guests present. On December 27, 1982 it will be our 60th wedding anniversary. We now plan to have another party at the Multnomah Club, and we hope to have sixty guests present, sometime in December, not the exact date. On the last anniversary, the party consisted primarily of relatives, a number of whom are now deceased. It is our intention to invite a number of friends to our next party.

I wish to get some more dates on record, some of which might have already been given. I was discharged from the Army in March, 1919. I registered at Oregon State University in September, 1919. I was there continuously, for four years, consequently I graduated in June, 1923. While on this subject of dates, I wish to add, that our granddaughter, Marilyn, registered at Oregon State University, September, 1969 and graduated in 1973, exactly fifty years later than I.

I will resume my story in sequence. Sally, Marie, Conway and I had a very enjoyable life in the small house we rented. Very naturally, Sally did all the cooking, but during the last term, she did take a few subjects at the college.

I was very much involved in planning our future. I wrote to a number of large companies in the East, giving each of them my resume. I finally got replies back, but there was only one, Fairbanks Morse in Beloit. Wisconsin. who offered me a definite job. I realize now that companies like Westinghouse General Electric base their judgment on the college grade average more than anything else. I realize today that this had to be their judgment. However, in reality, I had much more to offer than grade average. Such as, a great variety of work experience and a great many extra subjects I had taken.

Be all that as it may, Sally and I decided we would go East after graduation. I even built a trunk on the back porch. I had obtained the hardware from a trunk manufacturer in Portland, as well as the covering fiber. I obtained light plywood packing cases from stores downtown. I might say that when I got through I had a very strong usable trunk.

I mentioned earlier that my sister, Addie, went with me to Corvallis when I started at Oregon State College. After the first year, she was married. A marriage that did not last very long, but it did bring about the birth of my niece, Winona (Nona) Curtis. She was born during my last term in college; Addie was living with her mother-in-law, who lived some distance south of Corvallis. Sally and I drove down to visit with Addie and the new baby at that time.

Addie later had a second marriage to a man who worked for the Railroad and moved about quite often. Addie died of pneumonia in a Los Angeles hospital, at a time I was attending a Sales Convention in Cleveland. Ohio.

As I have mentioned previously, I was under the sponsorship of the Veterans' Bureau. During my last term, namely March 14, 1923, I was called in to take a test. This test was not explained to me. In fact, I don't believe I had ever heard of an I.Q. Test. The explanation was not very clear or fully expressed (perhaps this procedure is part of the test). At any rate I got going on it and I was never told about my grade; all I got was a somewhat quizzical look. It wasn't until recently that I obtained from the National Archives a complete record of my Veterans' Bureau file, and included in this file was the results of the test; the first time I had seen these results. The following page shows the I.Q. Test report. Bear in mind the somewhat dim words are part of the form itself.

I wish to mention here, a small incident that pleased Sally very much. When Memorial Day arrived, I went alone to Hillsboro, for the exercises at the Pioneer Cemetery. cidentally when I am in the vicinity, even in Portland I have always tried to attend these Memorials. On this trip, strawberries were in season very early. I bought a crate of them and took them with me to Corvallis. I can still see the light in Sally's eyes when she saw them and ate some of them. It was the first time that

I realized they were her favorite fruit.

The final day, the graduation day, arrived and we all first went to Hillsboro and Sally and I, on to Ellensburg, Washington. Incidentally, both Conway and Marie attended the college at Corvallis for one more year, Marie in a sorority house and Conway at a fraternity house. Marie later completed her college work at the University of Washington. Conway's courses were interrupted and he completed his final two years at a later time.

My position with Fairbanks Morse was to be at a somewhat later date. So Sally and I stayed at the farm in Ellensburg for a few weeks. I spent the time driving a truck on road repairs. Incidentally, Dad Eidal was Assistant to the Road Commissioner for the county.

Driving the truck gave me some extra money, which I so badly needed for our trip East.



U. S. VETEFLAS' BURNAU 13th District

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CHAPTER 7 GOING EAST

One hot August day, we boarded the train for Wisconsin. We arrived there early in the week, ahead of my appointed time. I was taken for a trip through the plant. Fairbanks Morse, at that time, was building scales and gasoline engines among other things. I must say that I was not impressed. I thought the company was dead, but not buried. I must add however, that I was very prejudiced; my mind was on automobiles and Detroit. After the visit, I told Sally to stay in Beloit and I was going on to Detroit, and either get a job or return for work the following Monday morning.

I got a job at the Chevrolet Gear and Axle plant. It was a job of inspection in the heat treat department at seventy-five cents an hour, (please remember the comparative value of money). I wired Sally "Come on to Detroit" and I met her at the depot. We obtained a place to stay, in a private home. A bedroom, a kitchen, and the use of a bathroom. Detroit, at that time, was booming. Living space was scarce. Even for these limited facilities, we paid seventy-five dollars a month, but we had a place to stay and I had a job. Sally and I still remember the fruit and vegetable huckster wagon, driving through the streets and yelling "Razziberries". He used the same cry, whether he had raspberries or not.

My job at Chevrolet, as Inspector, was inspecting the hardness of the case-hardened differential gears. In those days, this was done with a file. What a monotonous job it was, trying to file something that wouldn't file. Regardless of this work, I had the opportunity to observe all the heat treat done in the facility, and without my realizing it, it was educational.

I soon started making inquiries about transferring to another department. I wish to add here however, "I had gotten my foot in the door". I soon got a transfer to a machining department. The job was, finish turning of cast iron bushings on the O.D. This was to a tolerance of plus or minus .001. The bushing went in the upper end of the drive shaft. Using a special arbor I would load four at a time and then turn them in a lathe. The standard output for an eight-hour shift was twelve hundred. I

was not happy unless I could turn out sixteen hundred.

My shift was the afternoon shift. So one morning I decided to go down to the General Motors Building, to get an interview with the man who had responded to my letter of application while I was still in college. The letter had merely said, "If you are ever in Detroit, come around to see us". I found the man who had written the letter, (I believe long afterwards he became President of General Motors). We had a nice talk. He asked me how long I had been in town. I told him and told him where I was working. He said "Oh, I think I have an Engineering job for you, at the same plant". With that, he telephoned the Chief Engineer at the plant and told him, "Schumaker, you have the Engineer you have been looking for, right in your own plant".

With that, I went back to the plant and met the Chief Engineer, and what an assignment he gave me. He handed me a big roll of blueprints and told me, "Our axles are breaking down, and being returned here by the carload. These are the blueprints for a new axle. Out there is the plant. You can have anything done anywhere in the plant. Give me an axle in two months". I remember I said, "I must go out and tell the foreman I won't be back to work". He said, "Forget it, use every hour you can". What an assignment. Had I not already had experience as an automobile mechanic, and machining, etc., Engineer or not, I could not have done this job.

This work took me all over the plant. I had the opportunity to see every manufacturing operation. Little did I realize what an education I was getting in manufacturing, and I was like a sponge in absorbing it. Years later, I would recall, when needed, many operations in this plant. Needless to say, I had some difficulties, especially in the heat treat department. It was headed by a very capable, but temperamental, Irishman, who remembered my job in his department. I remember one incident, when I needed some heat treating done, and he refused to give it any preference. I told him, I would have to report it to the Chief Engineer, and I still remember how promptly I got the work done.

I well remember the day I had the first

axle completed and on the test stand. Mr. Knudsen, who was then President of Chevrolet, came out himself to test the axle. He wanted more refinements made, and over a period of time, I made at least six test axles before the job was completed. I was asked if I had any ideas. I threw in a few; replacing stampings with more expensive forgings, was one. Every time an axle was ready, Knudsen came to test it. Many years later, during World War II, Mr. Knudsen was then President of General Motors, and he visited the Iron Fireman plant where I was Production Manager. I reminded him of the work I had done and his own testing. We had a nice chat concerning this work.

The main body of the Chevrolet axle was much the same as it is today. A few years earlier, Chevrolet had designed and built an air cooled car; it turned out to be a "lemon" fifteen hundred had been after manufactured, they recalled the whole thing. However, the new axle embodied a number of features from this automobile. This was especially true of the main housing, stamped out of heavy sheet metal and then butt welded along the horizontal plane. As I remember it, this metal was between one eighth and three sixteenth inches in thickness. There was installed in the plant a very unique machine, to do this butt welding. Incidentally, this type of welding is used a lot in automobile manufacturing. Two pieces of metal to be welded are brought in contact with each other and then electric current is applied, enough to the metal. The parts then mechanically pushed together, and a weld takes place.

In order to weld this axle housing, a very heavy current was needed. The power company wouldn't allow this to be done directly from their line. As a consequence, a special machine was built. A four hundred horsepower electric motor was used to drive a fifteen hundred kilowatt electric generator. In between, was a large fly wheel. This apparatus worked very well. It had already been built for the air cooled car, so it was ready to go for the new axle housing.

Chevrolet in designing their axle had copied the Ford axle, but what a poor copy. I had been asked to go out and buy a few axle parts, and I soon saw the mistakes that had been made in the copying. Among other things, the maleable cast iron housing around

the differential was a much larger casting, and heavier, than Ford's. Consequently, at every bump in the road, and in those days, there were plenty, this heavy casting would cause the axle to bend slightly. At one time a truss rod had been placed under this housing, but someone, in order to save money, had it removed. I told the Chief Engineer they had better put it back. After considerable testing they decided to do so.

I soon saw that the new axle was nearing completion in design, and I did not want a routine job around the plant. Incidentally, I want to add here, I had a pass to enter the plant, at anytime, day or night. I had plenty of occasion to use it, and it added considerably to my income.

I decided to look elsewhere for work. To this day, I do not know why I did not return to my contact at General Motors. I decided one day to go visit the Packard plant. Packard, at that time, was the outstanding car in the country. I well remember the man whom I first contacted in the personel department. On the wall, back of him, was a large sign, "Interesting if true". In other words, you were called a liar before you started. He guided me to the Engineering Department, and I was seated awaiting an interview.

I had the opportunity to talk to a man at a drafting table close by. The room was filled with men at drafting tables. I remember, I remarked to this man, "You have many draftsmen. Where are the Engineers?" His reply was, "We are all Engineers. I'm from Purdue, that man is from Cornell", and he started to enumerate the most prominent colleges in the country. How well I remember saying, "I thank you, very much", and picked up my hat and left.

As I early suspected, I was soon on routine work, such as tool design, etc. I did have the opportunity to learn tool and fixture design. I also came in contact with time and motion study. All of which was a great deal of help in my future work.

One day, I was told we were going to install a new assembly conveyor. I wish to add here, that the output at that time was thirty-five hundred axles per day. Knudsen had sworn that he was going to equal Ford sales, but during his lifetime, this never happened. I was assigned the job of designing an automatic paint spray booth, for the painting of the axles.

I was told to go to a certain company that had designed and was building the conveyor. This was necessary for me to get the dimensions I needed. When I returned to our plant, I soon saw that the conveyor was headed for the main pilaster of the wall, leading to the loading dock, instead of a window opening from which the window could be readily removed. I called this to the attention of my immediate supervisor, and in turn he went to the Master Mechanic. In those days, the Master Mechanic was the boss of everything mechanical. My superior was told, "Tell Carter to forget it. The conveyor people know what they are doing".

Eventually, the conveyor was in process of installation. It was headed exactly where I said it would go. The General Manager blew his top. The Master Mechanic used me as a scapegoat and said it was my fault. My superior told me, "You can carry this thing to the General Manager, and prove yourself right. But if you still want to work in this plant, I wouldn't advise it". This was my first lesson in buck passing. All too often in cor-

porations, this practice goes on. Soon after this, I applied for work at the Ford Motor Company, and I was soon accepted.

Sally and I soon got tired of living in this private home, and paying the high rent. I wanted a home of my own of some type. An Engineer at Chevrolet told me about a vacant lot across the street from where he lived with his parents. This was on Hershey Street, just off the Seven Mile Road. I soon purchased this lot and had a house of sorts built on it. It was the most meager of houses. The practice in those days was to build such a house on cedar posts, sunk into the ground. We had it completed in time to move in before winter time. The winters in Michigan are very cold, but we were comfortable with a potbellied stove.

We had moved in by September, and one day Sally went out to buy a couple of gallons of paint. That night, Russell was born, I believe, in the new house. Be all that as it may, Sally and I were plenty tough in those days, and with it all, we had a comfortable winter.



CHAPTER 8

FORD MOTOR COMPANY

Sometime late the following year, I went to work for the Ford Motor Company. I was to the so-called Engineering Department, but among over two hundred men, one other man and I were the only graduate Engineers. Henry Ford was an eccentric genius. He had no great liking for Engineers and Engineering design. He had done everything by the cut and fit and recut, if necessary, methods. In many ways, I admired him, since I had done the same thing in rebuilding my own automobiles. I remember so well one Engineering Professor in college, asking me if I had made drawings of the "Vamp", before I built it. My reply was, "I had the thing made complete in shorter time than I could have made the drawings".

I was amazed at what the men in this Engineering Department were able to do. They might be given an unusual assignment and they would go to the library and study every book they could find. They came up with some very good design, but at other times colossal blunders.

I was soon involved in checking some of these designs. One of the first ones was a large heat treating furnace. This was for the heat treating of big dies. This was a movable car type of furnace. It had wheels like a railroad car. The big dies were loaded on the car; it was then pushed into the furnace and the electric heat turned on. Incidentally, Ford used electricity for a great many things. He liked direct-current; at that time it was the easiest method of varying the speed of motors.

Getting back to the furnace, it was to be heated by electricity and as I mentioned, I was told to check it. I had never designed an electric furnace, but by the use of my handbook, I soon saw that the electric ribbon for the heating element was far from being right. I told my supervisor about it, and he said, "redesign it". Which I soon did. I learned from my handbook that only so much heat could safely be given off by each square inch of heating element.

I was soon involved in a new and unusual design. It was the baking oven for baking the varnish on the coils, for the generators and starters. This was really a very large project. The oven was some five hundred feet long and

had a conveyor chain through it, in four passes. I believe the conveyor, by the time it made its passes on the floor of the plant, was something over a mile long.

Incidentally, the coils were all placed in a big closed tank, and all the air exhausted before the varnish was allowed to flow in. In this manner, all spaces throughout the coils were impregnated with varnish before they were sent through the oven.

The design of this whole unit was quite complete, before I was assigned to it. It was elevated from the floor about ten to twelve feet. I was first given the job of designing the trusses built into the oven, which supported the structure of the oven.

Finally came the day when they started up the conveyor. I soon heard of troubles. First, my supervisor asked me to calculate what torque it would take to twist and break a cold rolled shaft, two and seven sixteenth inch in diameter. With the aid of my handbook, I checked it out and gave him the answer. I remember yet, the look on his face. He asked, "Are you sure of it?" I said, "Yes". I knew there was only one man in the whole department who could check me on it.

He then proceeded to unload his whole problem. Ford, and probably no one else, had ever built a chain conveyor of this length. It had six caterpillar drives on it. Called caterpillar because, an endless chain with the proper teeth on it, could be mounted alongside the conveyor chain and do the pulling. Incidentally, the conveyor chain was made from steel drop forgings. The drive units were driven by direct current motors, and through numerous reduction gears, drove the final sprocket which was mounted on the two and seven sixteenth inch shaft.

I soon heard what the trouble was. All of the drive units were independent of each other. One might lag behind the rest, or a number of them might. In this case one drive unit might be trying to pull and push the conveyor chain at the same time. It could pull all right, but it couldn't push. That is when it would twist the shaft in two

Needless to say, everybody involved in this big installation, was very much concerned. I was asked to work out an answer. I





RUSSELL CARTER IN FRONT OF HOUSE IN DETROIT, MICHIGAN AT AGE OF ABOUT $1\frac{1}{2}$ YEARS



RUSSELL E. CARTER IN DETROIT AGE 10 MONTHS, WEIGHT $18\frac{1}{2}$ POUNDS



RUSSELL ERNEST—AGE 2 MO. SALLY AND RUSSELL SITTING ON THE STEPS OF A NEIGHBOR'S HOUSE

soon saw the answer was very simple. My study of electricity in college, especially of direct current, came in very handy. My answer was, "You have 240 volt direct current in the plant. You have six drivers. Put on new motors and wind them for 40 volts each, and place all of the motors in series with each other." I was told, that if one unit stalls, the motor will burn out! I said, "No. It will just pull more current through the rest of the motors, and it can just stop and give a constant pull on the conveyor chain, until the slack chain ahead of it is taken up, then it will start turning again." This must have been the answer, since I heard no more about it. I was working in Ford's Highland Park plant, and the installation was in the new River Rouge plant.

The River Rouge plant, at that time, was getting to be a very large plant. Eventually, Ford moved all of his operations to this plant, and he closed down the Highland Park plant. I wish to add here also, that when I was with Ford, he was turning out ten thousand sets of parts for automobiles per day. Eight thousand to be shipped to all the assembly plants around the country, and two thousand for spare parts. I was working at the plant when they assembled his ten millionth automobile.

Again I was able to see manufacturing in large volumes. My problem, much later, was to learn to adapt methods used in large volume to very small output. This was quite a transition.

I have covered my work on this conveyor and oven very completely, since it was the biggest project in which I became involved. After it was completed, I did have the attention of the head of the department, as well as other supervisors. I well remember the head of the department coming around to my drafting table and talking with me. He was a comparatively old man of German descent. He still spoke broken English. He told me he had been with Ford since he helped him build Ford's first automobile. I still remember his remarks, about it takes the "vim and enthusiasm" of youth to do big things.

I heard a great deal of Ford's previous operations. He had very little use for banks. Everybody was paid in cash. History tells us that a Senator Cousins, who I believe was also a banker, was very much involved in the early Ford operation. Finally Ford was fed up and I understand, from the old timers, Ford decided

to turn all of his raw material inventory into automobiles, even to the last scrap of sheet metal. He then shipped these cars to the dealers with a Sight Draft attached to the Bill of Lading. In this way he raised a great deal of money, paid off all bank loans and had everything to himself.

Getting ahead of my story somewhat, I wish to relate some history which very few people now living know or remember. During the big depression, Russia wanted to start building automobiles. Ford had been building the Model A car. He had long since abandoned the Model T. He had a new model automobile he was going to build. Russia made him an offer to buy the Model A, complete; every machine tool, every jig and fixture, every drawing. Also, Ford was to send to Russia a machine operator familiar with the operation of every machine. This operator was to stay in Russia until he could train a Russian to take over his job.

The transaction was completed. It was a great aid for Ford during the depression days. It was also a big aid in teaching Russia volume manufacturing, and how they did learn it and apply it. A recent television program, in fact, a program on May 23, 1982, reminded me of this whole transaction. It was called, "Coming out of the Ice". It related to a family which had been moved to Russia for the purpose I mentioned. I must say however, that it was a story quite divergent from the transaction I had mentioned.

I'll get back into sequence again, the job of living in Detroit. I was determined to have a basement under the house, and a furnace installed, before another winter came around. With only a shovel and wheelbarrow, I dug a basement. In fact, I not only did this, but in the backyard, I dug up the good dirt as I went along and covered up the clay from the basement. Before I got through, I planted a garden. I ended up with fully two feet of very loose earth and did the carrots go deep! My neighbor next door was renowned for his garden, but he surely took his hat off to me.

I was determined to have the basement and furnace by wintertime. Every available hour during the week and weekends I worked at this job, and before winter, I had put in a basement floor, and foundation and a concrete block wall. The house was down on this foundation and the furnace installed. Living was much better than the previous winter.



BOEING AIRPLANE GOMPANY

Georgetown Station

SEATTLE, WASH.

February 18th, 1926.

Mr. H. C. Carter, 727-Baseline Street, Hillsboro, Oregon.

My dear Mr. Carter:-

I have been advised that you called at the plant recently and interviewed Mr. Marsh regarding employment in the Engineering Department. At present we are planning to increase the number of employees in this Department. Not knowing the value of your services as a designer of aircraft, it is difficult to decide upon a suitable salary, and we can only cover this by offering you a starting salary of \$140.00 a month. If this is of interest to you, we would be able to start you as soon as you report here.

Kindly advise your reaction immediately.

Yours very truly,

C. L. Egtvedt,

Chief Engineer.

CLE: SI,

When you look at the salary mentioned, one must consider what has happened to inflation since that time. During this time period, a skilled machinist was not getting more than \$110.00 per month. Whereas, today the best machinist is getting close to \$1750.00 a month. It is admitted that inflation is not the only thing that has caused this increase, Any salary at that time, must be multiplied by some figure between 10 and 15 times.

The following summer, I had a letter from Father and Mother, asking me to come out. Conway was very ill. Sally and I made a hurried trip to Portland. I sent a letter to the head of my department at Ford just before I left. Conway recovered nicely and we returned to Detroit. The trip did convince me of one thing, namely, I doubted if we wanted to make our permanent home in Detroit.

I carried on my work at Ford Motor Company. Who knows where I might have ended, if I had stayed with this company. Early in 1927, we decided to sell our house and go West. We were able to sell the house to a young family, an Englishman and his wife, who had come to this country. I still remember that I got \$4500.00 for this very livable, but small house. Carrying on for awhile out of sequence: The Englishman was also a pretty good builder of sorts. He made a nice addition to the front of the house with a brick facing to it. Really, greatly improved the property. Later the big depression came on and he was unable to keep up his monthly payments. Sally and I, on one of our many trips East, called on this family. I surprised them, very much, by lowering the price \$1,000.00 and telling them, they could resume monthly payments when they were able to. I well remembered a recession that occured when I was in Detroit and we had to make do, as best we could.

I wish to add here also, that while we were building this home, we ran short of funds, and I was able to borrow \$700.00 from Dad Eidal. It surely came in handy, and I was able to repay it, at a later date. We moved West, with a few possessions. We were able to sell all of the furniture and again, we returned temporarily to Hillsboro, Oregon.

I was content to relax for a few days, but Sally, as usual, was impatient for me to get going. As a result, I applied for a job at Willamette Iron and Steel with no immediate results. I then went to Seattle to apply at The Boeing Aircraft Company. Well I remember, my first interview with Boeing. This company, at that time, had only the old Plant I. The man I interviewed in the Engineering Department, who was later to become the Chief Metallurgist, first gave me the answer of, "No, we aren't hiring anybody". When I think back, my carrying on this interview could be a model for many men to use. I did not take "No" for an answer. I started in telling him my educational background, and where I had been for almost three years, and what I had learned about manufacturing. We had a nice pleasant conversation, and at the end I thanked him for his time and for the interview, and I started to leave. He said, "Wait a minute, give me your address. You may have a letter from us soon". Within a few days, I did have a letter from a Chief Engineer. If I can still find it, it will be a part of this story. I was offered a job at \$150.00 a month. Please remember, a dollar in those days was worth many times what it is today. I thought this offer over very carefully, but I finally decided that it would take Boeing a long time, before it would really become a prosperous company. It did take World War II, before it really got going.

Long afterwards, I enjoyed showing this letter to Boeing men that I met, and telling that I had seniority over them. Needless to say, we all enjoyed it.

My application at Willamette Iron and Steel had a very useful "side effect". I found out afterwards, that the Iron Firemen Company had called Willamette and asked about any Engineering applications they had which they could not use. My name was given and I had a letter from this company.



CHAPTER 9

IRON FIREMAN MANUFACTURING COMPANY

I went for an interview with this Company, and I was interviewed by Captain Gray. Incidentally, I never did find out how he got the name of Captain. I suppose it was a title like, "Kentucky Colonel". Captain Gray was a very fine gentleman, but very loquacious, and never was a manufacturer.

When I told him my story, he immediately wanted to hire me, but I wanted to find out more about the company. I was then told the entire story up to that date. The company was owned by Parker and Banfield, one of Portland's top general contractors at that time. They had just built the Multnomah Stadium. They were just completing the Vista Ave. Bridge, and not long afterwards they built the bridge at Newport, Oregon, across Yaquina Bay.

These were only a few of their construction projects. They had purchased the Grand Sheet Metal Works, to manufacture sheet metal for their various projects. In one corner of this plant, they found a primitive coal stoker, which someone had designed and built, and probably sold a few for greenhouse heating. They hired an Engineer to redesign this equipment, and started to sell it. In fact. they already had a sales manager, and had sold a number around Portland. automatically firing boilers used in heating. They also sold a few in the East. In fact, the sales manager was back there at the time of my interview.

I thought I saw possibilities in this new company. So I decided to give it a try, and I was hired as an "efficiency expert". The manufacturing plant had been a typical old jobbing shop, the same as all other shops in the area. They knew nothing about production methods.

I immediately started using real production methods, adapting to a maximum volume of only five units a day. You can imagine what a transition I had to make to change over from slow jobbing shop methods. The two foremen present couldn't go along and they soon quit. Captain Gray appointed two more, who were willing to learn new ideas, and we managed to get along fairly well.

Jury Parker was the real head of the partnership. He and Banfield worked real well together. But there was no question about who was the top man. Mr. Parker soon saw what I was doing to the plant, and became very much interested. He was also a veteran of the Spanish-American War, so we had a lot of common interests. In fact, we spent a lot of time together, just talking.

At the end of the year, I had shown a thirty percent reduction in costs. I mean complete costs, in the manufacturing. I even had to show the foundries how to cut their costs, even though I was never a foundryman. Incidentally, the bulk of the materials used on the stokers was iron castings. In effect, changing the procedures of the foundry I was dealing with, made a change in the whole area.

At the end of the year, Mr. Parker asked me what savings I could make the next year. I told him another thirty percent. By this time, he knew I could deliver on any promise I made. How well I remember his next remark, "In that case, I'll put an addition on this plant". (It was to be one of many additions). He followed his remark by saying, "I had planned starting a plant in the East, since, that is where our sales volume in the future will be. However with your help, I would like to keep it in Portland as long as I can. (Very few every knew, what was to become a famous company, was kept in Portland by me).

After the drawings were made on the new addition, I was asked if I wanted any changes made. I did suggest some, and Banfield resented these changes, but Parker said, "Haskell wants them, then you give them to him". It did not help me later with Banfield since it was one of a number of such incidents.

Jury Parker soon changed my title to Production Manager, and also Chief Engineer. He told me he had other plans for Captain Gray. In fact, he moved him to Cleveland. Ohio, to have charge of a warehouse for all the Eastern shipments. As the result of these changes, I had charge of all manufacturing, as well as Engineering Design.

As I have mentioned before, it is no easy matter to adapt production ideas from big volume, such as I had been with at the automobile plants, to as small a volume of five to ten a day. However, with certain innovations of my own, I did this. For example, we had a gear case casting, weighing something over one hundred pounds. It had four milling machine operations on it. It had been the practice to put these through, one hundred at a time, and mill one operation at a time. This meant lifting these heavy castings onto the milling machine table, four times. Furthermore, no other operation could be performed until the milling was done. With very simple tooling, I milled all four operations in a row. Having each casting in the proper position, for its operation, in other words, in one pass, all four operations were performed, but on different castings. While still on the table, they were shifted from one position to the other. At every pass, one casting came off complete. This saved a lot of backbreaking labor, and time, and the casting was ready for the next operation, after the first pass and having gone through the four positions. Frankly, I've never seen this idea used in any other place, but I have used it or its variations, many times, only recently on some airplane parts.

Another early idea I used was an assembly table on wheels. The output did not warrant an assembly conveyor, such as used in automobile manufacturing, but with my movable assembly table, all material could be stored along the line in the proper sequence, as could be done with an assembly conveyor. I had never seen this done, but it worked out very well.

I could see I was somewhat of a mystery to Frank Hecox, who was the head of the Accounting Department for the company. He didn't tell me, till a few years later, that he had written to the Accounting Association, storage and concerning my assembly methods. He had been taught that all material should go through a storeroom, and issued out for proper accountability, and I was not doing this. He was told, "Your Production Manager is using the latest methods. You better leave him alone". It wasn't until years later, when our output was up in the hundreds per day, that I installed an assembly conveyor. A conveyor that I had bought at an auction sale, at a cost of a few cents on the dollar.

After that first year, we had need of some machine tools. Jury Parker at first asked Captain Gray what was needed, and he was advised that certain conventional tools like horizontal boring mills, radial drills, etc. were needed. Mr. Parker then came to me. I then fell back on my own experience of using tooling and machines, such as was used in the automobile plants. I also told him they would be only a fraction of the price as suggested by Captain Gray. I also told him that, with our limited output, I would buy good used machines, and I had a listing from used machine dealers in the East, especially Chicago.

He then said, go East and buy them. Which I immediately did, in the winter of 1927. This was to be the first of many such buying trips, as well as attending Machine Tool Auction Sales, and in so doing, I obtained machines that were adequate for our purpose and with a low investment. In this manner, I was able to obtain production machines, such as 24 spindle drilling machines, that couldn't have been justified, if I had to pay new prices.

Sometime in the fall of 1928, Jury Parker, Harry Banfield, and Larry Teeple (our automatic control manufacturer) were on a trip together, in the East. They decided to charter a plane, I believe in Detroit, and fly to Fort Wayne, Indiana. The pilot had some difficulty and was going to land in an open field. He ran the length of the field, making a survey and then made a turn too low to the ground, and one wing tip struck the ground, and caused the whole plane to crash. Jury Parker and the pilot were killed instantly. Harry Banfield had both legs broken and Teeple came through with only minor injuries. Needless to say, the whole future of the company was changed. We had lost the real guiding hand and founder, and I not only lost a good friend, but at least my immediate future was to change.

Harry Banfield had learned by this time how I had benefited the company. However, there was still some carry over of resentment, from the time when Jury Parker would overrule him in my favor. Frankly, I don't know how long this feeling continued, but eventually we did have a good working relationship.

I do know that he never did like the idea of having so much responsibility, and the

we had numerous requests by foreign buyers to buy our equipment. This soon led to foreign dealers. foreign franchises. to foreign manufacturers or at least partial manufacturers of our products. We alwavs manufactured the reduction gearing assemblies and some other more vital parts of the machine. We had sales in Australia, New Zealand, Japan, France, Holland and England.

In Japan, we set up our own small factory. The foreman whom I had put in charge of sheet metal, was sent to supervise this plant. It was in operation only a few years until a fire started in the neighborhood and it burned down and we closed the operation.

In France and Holland, it was more of a dealership. In England a franchise was given to Ashwell and Nesbitt for manufacturing and sales. This was a very competent manufacturing organization. They were located in Leichester, England. They sold all over the British Isles as well as Ireland and South Africa. We always sold them the reduction gear transmissions.

The General Manager of Ashwell and Nesbitt soon made it a habit of coming to our Cleveland Sales conventions. At least one time he came to our Portland, Oregon, convention. Even during the wartime period, when it was practically impossible for a person to book passage from England to the United States, he managed to make the trip one way or another. One time he even paid his way by stoking coal into the boilers aboard a freighter. Walter Charles and I had a great deal in common. We spent much time together and later when I was operating my own company, Sally and I visited England four times. We always had a nice visit with Walter Charles and his wife, either in London or Leichester, England.

On one of his trips to this country, Walter Charles saw how we were fabricating our own feed screws from cold rolled steel. He observed the operation for some time, and I presumed he thought how he would be able to duplicate the operation in England. A few weeks after he returned home, I had a letter from Walter. In his letter he said, "Haskell, what is there that I didn't see? I thought I could readily duplicate the operation in our factory here, but I have made a miserable failure of it".

I wrote Walter about the details of the operation and how we had learned to guide

the bar onto the arbor. But, I also told him I found that we must use cold finished steel which normally has a content of .025 carbon. The carbon content could vary somewhat from this figure but it would be best if it didn't vary too much. With this information, Walter was able to fabricate his own feed screws.

It is amazing to me, the lifestyle changes that have taken place in my lifetime. Automobiles for example. I did not see the first one, but I did see the very early ones. They have been a big part of my life from the time I saw the first one. Automobiles in the first half of the century did not have a great deal of "mileage" built into them. This is partially due to the type of manufacturing, but also due to road conditions at that time. Automobiles of that period required more mechanical maintenance per mile than they do today, even though they were a much simpler mechanical machine. Very early, I considered how they might be put through a factory for rebuilding on a production basis. This was brought about in part, due to my rebuilding my own cars, and also due to my working as an automobile mechanic. In reality this thought was what took me to Detroit. I wanted to learn automobile manufacturing so that I could apply it to rebuilding. As my history will show, I never did get to remanufacturing. Perhaps that is best, because it would have required a much greater investment than I could have made.

I have seen two different variations of the same idea. At Fort Lewis, Washington, just before the Korean War, a rebuilding setup was made to re-habilitate all the equipment for an Army Division. I never saw this operation, but I heard about it. I believe in this manner, they refurbished all the equipment for a Division that was sent very early to Korea. At another period, in this city, a man well known to me did a production job of rebuilding automobile engines only. This operation carried on for a number of years, but it was gradually phased out.

Automobiles, as they are built today, are good for many more miles than they were in the early days. It is true that they require a certain amount of a mechanic's time, but not complete rebuilding. In fact, desirable model changes alone would eliminate the idea.

It is obvious, I did not see the first airplanes built by the Wright Brothers. But I did see some of the early, very crude biplanes.

Then came World War I, and I saw airplanes by the hundreds. Very crude compared to today's airplanes, but very efficient fighting machines in their day. Nevertheless, they still had a wooden framework, covered with fabric, mostly linen. I've also flown in many types of airplanes starting with the DC3s up to the Boeing 747. Added to all this, very much of my manufacturing life has been manufacturing of airplane parts, starting with the Boeing B17 Flying Fortress up to and

including the Boeing 757.

Getting back again to history, I saw the first moving picture in Hillsboro, Oregon. I well remember the nickelodeon, including "The Great Train Robbery". What a sensation it was in those days. Today, moving pictures have almost been superseded by television. Television and all of its aspects, including sending pictures via satelite. How our life has changed!



CHAPTER 10

IRON FIREMAN WORLD WAR II MANUFACTURING

As I mentioned before, we kept increasing our business and plant expansion, during the depression days. Then came 1939, and it was very evident that the way the war was going in Europe, we would be called upon to furnish more and more armament and perhaps get involved in it. Banfield wanted me to look into the possible manufacture of cannon and trench mortars. I told him I would do this, but I felt our big job would be on airplanes, since there were so many airplane factories on the West Coast, including Boeing. Nevertheless, he wanted me to check with our arsenals. I made a trip back to Watervliet Arsenal. There. I saw some manufacturing I had never seen before. From small to large cannon, as I remember it, up to twelve inch bore.

I was put on the bid list, and eventually we got a request to bid on a "Pack Howitzer", a very famous cannon which got its name because it could be disassembled, in suitable units to be carried by pack animals. We had an Engineer who was in the Army Reserve, and he could find out something about the value of this equipment on his Army records. We used this as a guide and submitted a bid, and lo and behold, we were low bidder. I had a letter from the Arsenal, asking me to come back to see them. They were nice and courteous and showed me what it took to manufacture these cannon. I soon found out that General Electric was the next lowest bidder and it was very apparent that they wanted this big company to make this cannon for them. Very frankly, I did not want to manufacture the cannon, and after an appropriate time, I told them I would relinquish any rights we might have had, to General Electric. Frankly I was really glad to get rid of this "Hot Potato".

As time went on we had a request from the Frankfort Arsenal to bid on a 40mm trench mortar. This trench mortar was French design. In fact, all the drawings were in French and I was told when the French made them they were apt to disregard the machine tolerances and use two or three times the amount specified. I was also told the Frankfort Arsenal would inspect very closely to the drawing. It was a weapon we could

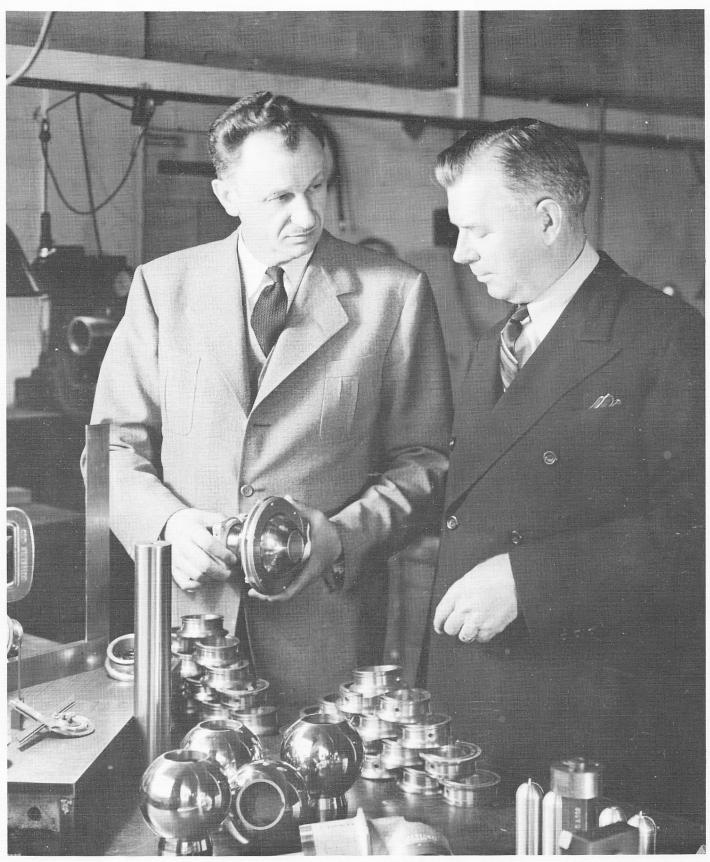
have manufactured, but we were not low bidder. A large company in the East, I have forgotten the name, was low bidder and I heard from time to time, the troubles they were having. They were many months behind schedule when they finally delivered.

I knew we were best equipped for airplane parts manufacturing. I wrote a letter to Boeing, and finally had a reply, asking me to come to Seattle for an interview. I promptly went up and met the buyer, Norval Grigg. He had a pile of drawings in front of him, and started handing me drawings. "Can you make this? Can you make that?" I had my choice. After I had about twelve, I told him, "That is all I want. I want to make them and show you what we can do, before I will take on more".

Boeing had just received the go-ahead on thirteen of the Flying Fortress, the B17 bomber. Up to that time, it had been called the Flying Fortress by the Air Force. The Air Force had refused it saying, it was too big, it was a Flying Fortress! However, as time went on and the war progressed it was evident they needed this big bomber.

We made the dozen parts and believe me the boys not only did a nice job of machining, but polished them up like jewels. We shipped them to Boeing and how well I remember, just as I was heading for the train to take a trip East, I was informed that one of the parts, that had to be heat treated was not up to the proper hardness. Imagine my feelings. I promptly wrote a letter to Boeing before I left, telling them how chagrined we were, that one part was improperly heat treated.

I went to Cleveland and on to Toronto, and within a few days I had a telephone call from Mr. Banfield. He told me, that the Boeing buyer, Mr. Grigg, had arrived with a load of blueprints under his arm, so big he could hardly carry them, and since I was in the East, he was on his way back to see me. He arrived at Cleveland and I still remember, in my room at the Cleveland Hotel, his first statement was "It wasn't just the eleven good parts that impressed us the most, and they were good, but the one heat treated part which was improperly heat treated, and you caught



MR. T.H. BANFIELD, PRESIDENT AND GENERAL MANAGER, AND MR. H.C. CARTER, PRODUCTION MANAGER OF IRON FIREMAN MANUFACTURING COMPANY, DISCUSS THE INSPECTION OF MACHINE GUN MOUNTS MANUFACTURED FOR THE AIR CORPS, USED ON THE EARLY B17 BOMBERS

it and advised us before we could reject it. I'm instructed to give you orders for any parts you want out of this entire lot".

I studied these drawings, and picked out a very large share of them. But, I told the buyer, Mr. Grigg, that I did not want to take on any more than I could deliver, which he appreciated very much. This was the start of a long relationship with Boeing. Many times I have taken only a portion of the work that was offered to me. In fact I have the name, long established, of not overloading and for meeting all my commitments. I'm sorry to say, this is not the case with many of the Boeing suppliers. All too often they have the viewpoint, "We'll take all we can get".

How well I remember one visit to Boeing with Mr. Banfield. On our way back to Portland he remarked, "Haskell, you could have much more work than you took. Why did you refuse it?" My reply was, "We have a name at Boeing for meeting our commitments. I want to keep that name. If we find out later that we can take on more load, we will get as much as we want. Perhaps some of the work from suppliers who have overloaded themselves". How well this policy has paid off, over a long length of time.

Eventually the B17 was manufactured by three different companies. and it grew into a big volume. We were able to obtain work from all these companies, including Douglas Airplane Company. I well remember a trip to Douglas at Boeing's request, also at the request of the United States Steel Corporation. The Douglas Metallurgical Engineers were refusing to accept certain steel wing attachment fittings, because of poor grade steel. I met with the U.S. Steel man and my knowledge of metallurgy came in very handy. They told me what to expect at Douglas. They told me that all steel was dirty, due to the very nature of its manufacture. It was only a question of how much dirt.

They were able to convince the Douglas people that their steel should be acceptable, since the inclusions they brought up were within manufacturing limits. It wasn't until at a later date that the vacuum melt steel process came into use, and this method did practically eliminate all dirty inclusions. At a later date Boeing specified vacuum melt steel for many of their steel parts. However, for a long time there was confusion between Engineering

specifications and Quality Control requirements. I, at one time had gotten caught in the middle of this. I made parts using steel as specified by the engineering drawing. But Quality Control, at that time, was checking the steel to requirements that only vacuum melt steel could have satisfied.

engania and

How well I remember taking my story to Frank Dobbins, Vice President in charge of materiel and we went to the head of Quality Control. Frank told them my story, and we got the answer that Quality Control was responsible for the end product and regardless of Engineering specifications, they were going to inspect to their own standards. This amazed both Frank and me. From that time on, I kept away from aircraft parts made from steel, especially those parts that might be considered highly stressed.

Referring again to this trip to the Douglas Aircraft Company, Boeing had offered to fly me down in a B17 and fly me back. I did not go down on their plane, but I did come back on a B17. It was a complete plane except for the armament. How filled with equipment was this plane! This airplane had started off with a gross load weight of seventeen tons. But, with design change after design change, it had become a twenty-eight ton airplane. It was so filled with equipment, it was hard to move around in it. There was only one other passenger besides myself. I wandered all over, from the tail gunner's seat to the bombadier's seat. The space for the tail gunner was so small that only a small man could occupy it. I was in the bombadier's seat with vision in all directions when we passed Lake Tahoe and the snowcapped mountains. A view I had never had before.

I was told that when we landed in Portland, to be ready to get out as rapidly as possible, since they had no clearance to land. This was war time and they had to take off as fast as they could after landing. When the time arrived, I wasted no time in getting out of the plane and it immediately took off. I soon met the Military Police on the way out to the field and I assured them that no harm had been done.

Boeing continued to load us up with work. In fact, we were fast getting to the limit of our machining equipment, even though we were on a three-shift basis. New machine tools were almost impossible to obtain and deliveries were too far into the future. I made numerous

trips East, buying used machine tools. I attended one auction sale in Minneapolis, and bought five carloads of machine tools. I bought one, four spindle large bar automatic machine that caused a good deal of amusement among the men in the shop. It was supposed to run left-handed instead of right-handed. Regardless of this, we were able to keep it busy. In the meantime, we were expanding our building. In fact, we used all of our available land.

We came to the point where we no longer could obtain experienced machinists. We therefore went out seeking Benson High School graduates who had machine shop training. (I think some of them had not even graduated). Benson High School, at that time, had a four-year course in machine shop. These men therefore had good basic training.

I wish to add here also that our manufacturing at Iron Fireman had in reality also taught most of the city machine shops production methods. Especially after the war, when our former machinists obtained work around town. Many of them became foremen, supervisors and owners of shops. I am proud to say that I had a hand in this. In fact, many of these men thanked me later for what they had learned from me.

It came to the point where we had to train women to operate machines. They, very naturally, were put on simpler operations and the machinist called them "lever pullers". The women, soon after they had learned to run a machine, called themselves machinists, and from their viewpoint, it was a very obvious statement.

We really made a name for ourselves at Boeing. Very early I met the head of materiel. In other words, the man in charge of all purchasing, Mr. Clelan Gracey, competent man and a fine gentleman. Soon afterwards. I met Mr. Frank Dobbins and numerous buyers. Because of the type of work we were capable of doing and the quality of the work, as well as our overall operations, we were soon considered almost as a department of Boeing itself. Many times I met with these men at a hotel, including Mr. Gracey, and we talked business as well as had dinner together. At home with Sally, I sometimes talked about meeting Gracey in Seattle. At first, she wondered why I was referring to some woman in Seattle. One evening in my room, after dinner, I called Sally at home and Mr. Gracey assured her that he was not a woman and I could freely use his name.

We were a very early or perhaps the first major sub-contractor of machine parts for Boeing. At that time, Boeing specifications were very loose. For example, all they specified on a drawing was cadmium plating. I immediately asked, "How thick?" That posed a question to them and perhaps started the complete specifications they have today. What a change! Regarding the thickness of cadmium plating, they told me that the drawings were made for their own factory usage and the plating department knew what was expected.

Boeing designed and was soon to be heavily involved in the manufacture of the B29 bomber, which was to play such a very important part in the war. We at Iron Fireman were asked to bid on machining the large forging, which attached the main landing gears to the fuselage, a forging about four feet long, heat treated to a high strength. Boeing was to furnish the forgings and we, to do the heat treat and machining. I still remember, we bid \$60.00 for this work, but for the first time, we requested machine tools to do a production job. Not too special, since we used mostly elements of regular machines.

About the same time we were advised that a major division of General Motors was machining these in Detroit. I was told to go back there and see what they were doing. I made this trip and the plant manager showed me through the plant. They were turning out a comparatively small output, but they were using expensive government furnished machine tools, such as numerous horizontal boring mills, large radial drills, etc. They were also using hi-speed steel in their machining. There wasn't a carbide cutting tool in the entire shop.

After the trip, the manager asked me if I had learned anything. I didn't go into details, but I thanked him for his courtesy and I told him very frankly, I had learned what not to do. He asked, "Why?" I merely said, "Mr., you don't have a carbide cutting tool in the whole place, and we intend to have everything carbide". His answer was, "We have been considering that". Again, I thanked him and left.

Shortly after I returned home, Mr. Gracey called me and told me the Air Force had turned down my request for machine tools and told him to look elsewhere for machine

capacity. I promptly forgot about the job and put my mind to work on other things.

Three or four months later, all hell broke loose. Mr. Gracey telephoned me and told me to get back to Wright Field, posthaste and help their representative at Wright Field. Frankly, I didn't know why. I am going through this whole incident at great length, to show what can happen in wartime.

The Boeing representative and I met and he told me that the officials at Wright Field were all upset about the B29 landing gear supports. We were to meet with them the next morning.

What a meeting! First, 2nd Lieutenants came in, then Captains, then a Major, (Incidentally, the Major I had met once before and from whom I had requested new machine tools.), finally an older Colonel. There must have been at least a dozen officers. I saw at once that the Colonel had all kinds of campaign ribbons on his chest, including a World War I ribbon.

The Colonel opened the meeting by asking if the Boeing representative was present. The Boeing representative answered "Yes, Sir". He then asked if the Iron Fireman representative was present. I believe, I gave the old Army answer of "Yo", or something of that nature. He then proceeded to bawl us out for holding up landing gear supports. He especially looked at me. I replied, "Colonel, you are looking at the wrong man. I bid on those parts months ago and asked for a few machine tools. I was promptly advised to forget it, the Air Force would go to sources that had machines, and Colonel, I did forget it". He turned to his Major and said, "Is this man telling the facts?", and the Major begrudgingly said, "Yes, Sir". The Colonel was then at somewhat of a loss and without thinking, he turned to me and asked, "Where's your patriotism, why haven't you done more?" I quickly gave him back an answer, "Colonel, I see from all those ribbons you have, you were in the first war. You probably know what the 1st Division Infantry was; I was in it. Let's not talk patriotism anymore, and get down to business".

Needless to say, there was complete silence in the room; to have a Colonel told off in this language, in wartime, was really something. I'm giving this story at quite some length to show how much authority the Military can have in wartime. After this brief exchange, the Colonel became a real gentleman. He said, "Mr. Carter, you are right. Now what can you do for us, because we are in a bad predicament?" I replied, "We can make these parts for you and make them on time. Just get us some machines you might have available. We can't make them for the price we quoted, but we will make them". He turned to his men and said, "Give this Company any machines you have that they want". That was that! It would do the Military good to have people stand up to them as I did. In fact, it would help the whole country.

After the meeting, the representative (I'm sorry to have forgotten his name.) was really elated. He said, "Nobody else could have done what you did". The fact of the matter is that the story was heard throughout the Boeing organization. I must relate here also, that for the benefit of the Boeing representative, he had to live with these people day in and day out. So he could not have handled the situation as I did. I had everything to gain and nothing to lose. I will admit that especially in those days, I wasn't much over forty years old, it really fitted my temperament. I had seen that the Military needs to be told once in awhile. I had met a number of them, including two visits to the Aberdeen Proving Grounds.

After the above meeting, the Boeing representative asked me to call on a few other offices, in which he could use help. I said. "First, I want to find out what General Motors is getting for these landing gear support forgings". We did find out. They were buying a \$75.00 forging and for sometime, had been getting \$900.00 per piece for them. Incidentally, there were four of them used per airplane. They had lowered their price to \$450.00, but that was as low as we could ascertain they had ever gone. It showed me what I had found out a number of times. Too often large corporations get jobs handed to them without bidding and without regard to price, whereas small companies have to bid on practically every job they get.

I did visit some of the other offices with the Boeing representative and was of some assistance, but I had already completed the major work of my visit. Ending the whole deal, we got our machine tools. We did deliver parts to Boeing, and as I remember the first lot was at \$175.00 each. We did eventually get production machines and made these parts throughout the B29 program, at a price not equal to our original bid, but approaching it.

I will relate here another very interesting incident, during the B29 program. The first B29 to fly was due to show to the Air Force, including many Generals at Wright Field. The airplane performed nicely, but when it went in to land, in front of the grandstand, the landing gear mechanism wouldn't work. The plane had to land on its belly. You can just imagine how many faces were red and chagrined.

Boeing immediately designed hand mechanisms for extending the landing gear. This meant about a half dozen gear mechanisms. Was it ever a hot job! Our Portland plant was called upon to bid for the West Coast and our Cleveland plant, was called upon to bid for the Eastern part of the country. Incidentally, there were three manufacturers on the B29 and a great many sub-contractors. One of the requirements of the bid was to have at least two sources for the mechanism. After the bidding, Mr. Gracey called me, and with a chuckle in his voice (I will always remember that voice) told me our Portland plant was the low bidder for the West Coast. Our Cleveland plant was low bidder for the East Coast. My reply was, "That's good, we got the whole ball of wax". He answered, "It's not good. Your plant in Cleveland is more than twice as high as Portland". I answered, "Mr. Gracey, I have always told you that we out West were much cheaper than those guys back East. Now you have proof". He said, "Haskell, come up here and let's work this thing out. We have to have a firm, one price deal".

I promptly went up, and naturally my first approach was, "If you have to have one price, let's take the Cleveland price". We ended up with a compromise price. I must here admit, very few if any of the parts were made in Cleveland. We made them in Portland and stocked them in Cleveland. Perhaps we even assembled some in Cleveland. Again, I have gone into detail with the above transaction, since it represents one of many reasons why we built up a good name with the Boeing Aircraft Company.

I shall now relate quite a change in my work at Iron Fireman Manufacturing Company. I am writing after more than thirtyfive years of deliberation. I am sure that it is not with a great deal of prejudice. I have mentioned before, that Eddie Sammons came to Iron Fireman when the stock went public. I've also mentioned he was an excellent banker, but as for manufacturing, I might use Captain Gray's old expression I gave sometime ago. He just didn't know what it was to be a manufacturer. It is a far cry from the type of committee and staff work used in banking. I was never as tough as Henry Ford, or a great many other manufacturers, who were instrumental in building industry for our country. Nevertheless, I was on top of every phase of our manufacturing. To revise an organization and build a complete new one, during the rush times of war, required fast action and fast decisions. No time for "committee work" or other time consuming methods. I am still proud of the work I did in the early part of the war. Furthermore, Boeing and other aircraft manufacturers, for whom we did business, were very pleased with my results.

Harry Banfield and Eddie Sammons very seldom saw "eye to eye". More of this I shall relate later. Mr. Banfield was not pleased with my setup, for a different reason than Sammons. He saw far too much responsibility and dependability on one man, namely me. I had tried, at his request, to obtain men of manufacturing ability to whom I could delegate a large amount of my work. None of them measured up to Banfield's expectations. I believe I was more or less in the same position as a Manager at the A.O. Smith Corporation, in Milwaukee, Wisconsin. This company was a leader in the manufacturing of automobile frame assemblies for automobile industry. Early in the war, they started the manufacturing of aircraft landing gear assemblies. In fact, the Government built a plant for them in Toledo, Ohio, just for this purpose. They furnished a large percentage of Boeing's landing gear mechanisms. I never met this man, but I am told, what a manager he was! He drove himself and his plant so hard that he wrecked his health and died soon after the war. I don't claim to have gone to this extent, but I do claim that I had to use some of the same methods.

Incidentally, before I forget it, after the war and after I had left Iron Fireman, when Boeing was starting to build the B52, they needed the output of the A.O. Smith Company's Toledo plant, but it was falling down miserably. I was requested to go back and run



HASKELL CARTER TAKEN APPROXIMATELY 1940



SALLY IN FRONT OF AMBASSADOR HOTEL IN LOS ANGELES AT THE AGE OF APPROXIMATELY 40 YEARS

it, but I'm glad to say I turned down the offer. I might add here also, that I had another request from Boeing to run the Kaiser Aircraft Parts plant in Oakland, California, when it was doing a poor job.

Getting back again to the main part of my story, Mr. Banfield and Mr. Sammons attended some of the meetings I held with our foreman and lead men. I realized afterwards they thought I was running, as the navy men would say, "too taut a ship". At any rate, they had the George S. May Company, an Industrial Consulting Company, come in and make a survey of our entire operation. I wish to add here, that they and companies like them, will turn in a report based upon what thev think management wants organizational changes, and not upon their objective findings.

At any rate, I was relieved of my manufacturing duties and given the position of Consulting Engineer. This turned out to be a very broad field. In fact, I had to help correct many manufacturing mistakes, as they were made. It did give me a much freer hand, in

contacting and dealing with airplane companies all over the country. This was primarily Boeing, but it also included Douglas, North American, and others from whom I was able to obtain work. I also had contact with Eastern Manufacturers and obtained work for our Cleveland plant, in keeping with their manufacturing ability, as well as the machining and equipment in the plant. This type of work took me to Los Angeles and San Diego quite often, and many times Sally was to go with me. We stayed often at the Biltmore Hotel and also the Ambassador Hotel. I am enclosing a picture of Sally, taken in front of the latter hotel.

I wish also to relate, that Harry Banfield always had a great regard for my manufacturing ability. I heard about an incident, which occurred at one of the meetings he was holding with the Accounting Department and Manufacturing Supervisors. Somebody made a remark derogatory towards me, and Banfield quickly squelched him by saying, "Haskell has forgotten more about manufacturing than you will ever learn".



CHAPTER 11

IRON FIREMAN — WAR WORK CONTINUED

At one time, I took the train returning from Los Angeles to Portland. On the train was a Major, whose name I have now forgotten. He was in the Ordnance Department, and had charge of purchasing in the Portland area. I had met him sometime previously. Although not close friends, we had more than just a casual acquaintance. He soon told me he had a large contract for the manufacture of bomb fuses. He didn't know any manufacturing facility, except Iron Fireman in the Portland area, who could handle such a contract. He also told me that he had met with Mr. Banfield on some other occasions. and Mr. Banfield did not like him. I am putting this in the simplest terms.

I told the Major, "Let me handle this. I'll talk to Mr. Banfield. It is my opinion that with him, business is business and friendship need not play a part in it". When I got back to Portland, I told Mr. Banfield all about my meeting with the Major, and the exact words I used. He replied, "Haskell, you are right. Business is business, see what you can work out". Making a long story short, I worked out a deal, involving the Division of Iron Fireman which made automatic controls, and they set up production machines and a production assembly line, enabling them to manufacture thousands of these bomb fuses at a handsome profit. It was a good job for Iron Fireman, and took a big load off of the Major.

I wish to tell about another product, in which I was only partially involved. As is well known, Portland was a big manufacturing center for Liberty ships. They had to be turned out in big volume, which Kaiser did. These ships were designed to use power plants of the old steam engine type. The manufacture of steam turbines and all the equipment to go with it was out of the question in war time. Consequently, the power plant was to be a triple expansion steam engine, an old and proven design, but sufficient for these slow moving ships. There was only manufacturer in Portland for these steam engines, that was Willamette Iron and Steel. Curiosity had caused me to go through this plant, and I observed many things that were not very productive.

Some Government Agency approached Iron Fireman, I believe Mr. Sammons had his hand in this more than anyone else, concerning a new facility for manufacturing these engines. Iron Fireman agreed to take on this project. Mr. Sammons was able to hire a superintendant of engine building at Willamette Iron and Steel, a Mr. Jennings. They were able to obtain a large old building down close to the waterfront and immediately started to organize and set up for the manufacture of steam engines.

I got involved to a limited degree. I was asked if I knew where they could obtain some large lathes. As I have said before, I had made numerous trips around the country, and had observed quite a lot of equipment, which did not interest me, but I knew it would be of use in building these engines. I therefore helped them obtain some lathes, which they liked very much. Next, I volunteered some information. I said, "Don't bore the big cylinders like they do at Willamette Iron and Steel". They made special machines and made them with the casting sitting vertically. I had been told they did this because the casting was so big in diameter, by its own weight it would go out of round, if it was held horizontally. I stated, there was no truth in this. I told them that I had seen an old machine in Chicago. gathering dust over in one corner. It had been used for boring the cylinders for Corliss Steam Engines. A power plant which had really gone out of use before I went to college.

I was told to get this machine. I called Chicago and found out I could get it for \$5,000.00. It was almost big enough to cover the bed of a flat car. When it arrived, was everyone surprised. It had bored, big cylinders horizontally. Incidentally, the low pressure cylinder was about five feet in diameter. On each corner of the main bed was mounted a radial drill. As soon as Jennings saw this, he immediately exclaimed, "All I have to do is make bases, and I have four radial drills, which I so badly need". It was not long after the plant got into production. before Jennings came to me and asked, if by any chance, I could get him another machine. I telephoned my source and sure enough, was

able to obtain a second machine. These went a long way to solving the production of these big steam engines.

There was another problem. The engines had six cast iron columns, which supported the cylinder assembly from the cast iron base. They were about ten feet long and set at quite an angle. Willamette Iron and Steel had found an old lathe that had a six-foot swing. They mounted one end of the column on the face plate, and faced the opposite end with a center mounted in the tail stock. What a slow operation! To find enough of these lathes would be impossible.

I was asked how I would do it. Again on my buying trips, I had observed some very special used machines. They were a type of milling machine, or I might better say, milling heads mounted on a track. Being curious, I had found out they were used for milling the bases of building columns. I believe this was used in the days when very little arc welding was being used. Building steel was first bolted up and then riveted. I told Jennings that his best bet was to get two of these machines, mount them the proper distance apart, hold the cast iron column at the proper angle, then mill both ends at the same time. His immediate reply was, "Get me two of these machines". I was able to do so. What a production job, compared to the old lathe method.

I will say again, that the manufacturing of the steam engines was not my job, but the help I gave early was a great aid in manufacturing these engines. This plant was finally able to obtain a production sufficient to meet the needs of the shipyards manufacturing Liberty ships. Before I end this part of my story, I wish to add that the war was drawing to a close, and this plant had a fire, I never did know how it was started, that put an end to this entire operation. Iron Fireman came out without a loss, since they were amply insured.

Somewhat out of sequence, but I wish to tell about a family trip, which was a combination of vacation and business trip. On this occasion, I had need to visit the Douglas Aircraft plant. With our entire family, we drove to Los Angeles. For the first day's lunch, Sally had made up a picnic basket, and someplace over in Central Oregon, we stopped and had a picnic.

We went by way of Mt. Lassen. It was the first time I had driven by this mountain, then

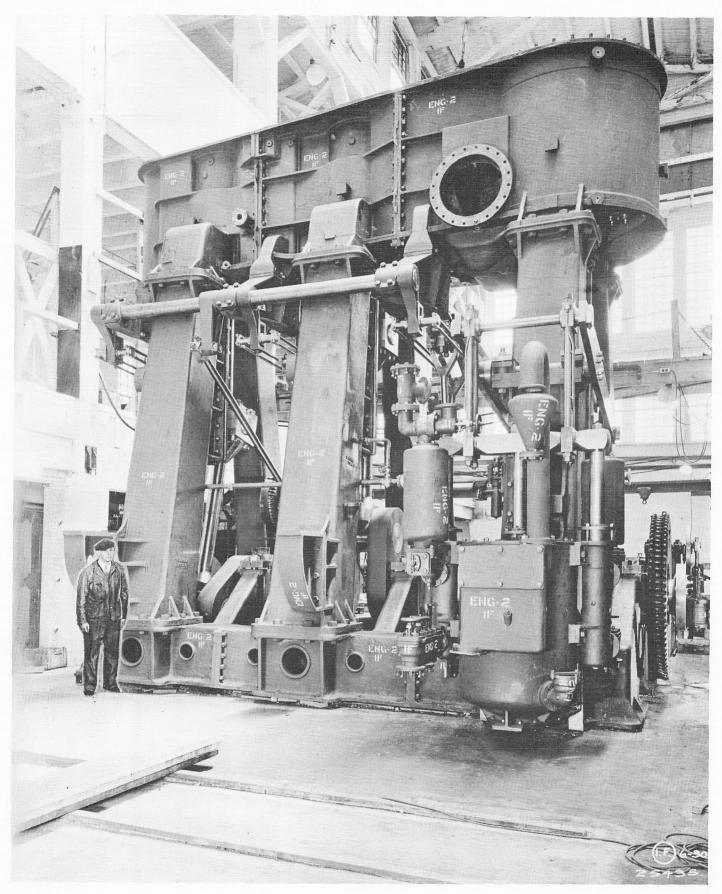
on to Los Angeles. We stopped at motels on the way. What a change has taken place in motels! We finally found one in Los Angeles, a small one compared to today's standards. I wish also to say, that this was before the freeways, so I drove on the ordinary streets. After finishing my visit in Los Angeles, we returned to San Francisco. The World's Fair was on in that city. So we had a nice opportunity to visit a World's Fair. The sons wanted to dash here and there. Sally let everybody know where she would be, so we could all "Home In" on her. We drove up the California Coast Highway for the first time, and then we went inland to Portland.

While on the subject of World Fairs, I had been to the Chicago World's Fair a number of times. Iron Fireman had an exhibit there. I had made a small scale model for the exhibit. We had a pattern maker, Harold Gowing, who was very good at making patterns and consequently could make small scale models. Before we got through, we had a very nice scale model to work from. The exhibit followed this very closely. I had also hired a young man out of college. Incidentally, Mr. Banfield knew his father very well. We all felt he would make a good attendant at the Fair, and he handled this very well.

A sensation at the Fair was Sally Rand and her fan dance. It was really something for those times, but today if you go to any of the beaches, you can see as much, or more, than what Sally Rand ever displayed.

Again on the subject of World Fairs. We attended the Seattle World's Fair, two or three times. To me the exhibits were nothing, compared to Sally and Marie visiting the Belgian restaurant. They featured Belgian waffles and strawberries. I don't know how many times Sally and Marie ate this delicacy, but they sincerely enjoyed it.

As time went on, I became involved more and more in the manufacturing in our Portland and Cleveland plants. I had obtained good men for running these plants, but a man that may be good in a large organization, may not do a good job in a much smaller one. In a large organization his work is highly specialized. He becomes very proficient in his specialty. I have seen a man leave Boeing and try to start a business of his own. Little does he realize how experienced he must be in all phases of business, not just in a specialty.



The triple expansion steam engine—used to propel the war time libery ships



A PICTURE OF THE MODEL FOR THE CHICAGO WORLD'S FAIR. I BELIEVE IT WAS BUILT TO A 1/4 SCALE.

THE MEN IN THE PICTURE ARE FROM LEFT TO RIGHT:

HASKELL CARTER; EDDIE SAMMONS; MAY RICHARDSON; HAROLD GOWING

It is true that at Iron Fireman, the men in manufacturing did not have an all-around experience in business, but even in manufacturing a great many skills are required to properly supervise a manufacturing plant. As I said before, I became more and more involved, and in reality was supervising all of our operations.

Early in the 1940s, I have forgotten the exact year, the voting trust in Iron Fireman expired. Mr. Banfield asked the stockholders for another ten-year term, and he got it. Eddie Sammons did not supersede Mr. Banfield, as he had expected, and he was a very disappointed man. I will also say, that Banfield was a one-man organization. He had a Board of Directors' meeting every year. (I might better say Board of Voting Trustees.) He told them what he had done with the Company, and what he was going to do the next year. They had very little, if any, voice in the operation. Sammons especially, had no liking for this method of operation.

Finally, there came an end to the war and everybody had to re-organize for his regular line of business. By this time, I was in full charge of our Manufacturing and Engineering Design. I put forth every effort to get everything "back on track again". All Government furnished machines were returned to the Government, but we still had more than ample capacity to take care of our regular Iron Fireman manufacturing.

Our plant had become unionized early in the war period. Harold Gowing had become the head of the union. I will say here also, that when the George S. May Company was employed, they talked to union members, who told them that my type of operation was too strict. After the war everybody was glad to be kept on the job, since at this time, jobs were getting scarce.

As time went on, everything became routine: Engineering design, bringing out new models every year, showing them at Sales Conventions, held in four or five places across the United States. I was always involved in these conventions, telling about the new models and the advantages of them, etc.

I wish to tell about an individual, and he was an individual, Joseph R. Gerber, of the Gerber Advertising Company. His company did Iron Fireman advertising and printing. Joe had quite a history in advertising. He developed the name, Iron Fireman, and the

Robot figure, that went with it. He was very good at this kind of work. He developed the name for Hyster, a name that is now very well known for lift trucks, nationally. He also designed the famous Jantzen diving girl, in the swimming suit. Joe Gerber was one of a kind. I spent many pleasant hours with him, both in Portland, and on the train traveling East. Joe was an avid reader. I do not know to what extent, but I do know he was a great admirer of Benjamin Franklin. Perhaps because they were both printers, but I'm sure also because of their life styles.

While on the subject of Sales, I must also mention Cy Berg, the Iron Fireman Sales Manager. I believe I mentioned him much earlier, since he was the Sales Manager from the very beginning. He was very good at sales and sales organizing. My brother, Conway, was under his supervision, and they got along very nicely. Cy and I had our disagreements, especially when it came to sales forecasts. As a good salesman, all too often, he was too visionary. My forecasts had to be based on facts. Otherwise, I would end up with a warehouse full of products, or be completely out at a time when they were badly needed.

While on the subject of Sales, our peak season was in late summer or fall of the year. It seems human nature to put off buying until conditions make it absolutely necessary. This was so true of heating equipment. As a consequence, I would always plan to be close to our Cleveland and Toronto plants in late August and stay until about the middle of October. How well I remember one year, when the sales were booming. We had to double the capacity of our assembly line as soon as possible. I told our superintendent the time was at hand. His answer was, "I don't see how we can do it. I have been increasing as fast as I can". I told him, "Steve. do something for me. Double the number of men on your assembly line. Have each old man divide his work in two. This way, no one man will have to teach too much, after a few days. double the speed of the conveyor". How well this simple solution worked!

There came a time when the Union became more and more insistant, and the organizers in Cleveland were after our Cleveland plant. Mr. Banfield thought we should perhaps look into some other location. There were a great many wartime built, Government owned, plants all over the

country. He asked me to make an extended trip and a survey of numerous plants we knew about. I went to plants in Texas, Oklahoma, Indiana and other places. I finally settled on a plant in Indianapolis, which suited our operation very well. It had manufactured, during the war, armor plate for tanks. It had very simple overhead cranes which covered a large part of the plant, more than ample for our material handling needs. Mr. Banfield and I went to survey this plant, but our union difficulties ended, and we never did buy it.

Eventually, there came a time when Mr. Banfield told me we should consider closing the Portland plant and move all of our operations East, since our Sales were mostly in the East. I told him, before he made any final decision, I wanted to go to Boeing since I knew they were soon going to be manufacturing a big bomber, the B52, and if they needed outside help I would be first on the list. I wish to add also, I had no desire to move East, in fact, I doubt if I would have.

I went up to Boeing, and I couldn't have gone to see them at a more opportune time. They said, "We were just getting ready to contact you". They had a very heavy manufacturing program on the B52. I told them we would have to work out some good solid program, without a whole lot of bidding or Mr. Banfield was going to move all of our Portland operation to the East.

How well I remember Mr. Gracey's comments. He said, "Haskell, we will consider the Iron Fireman plant just like we would another department of Boeing. We will pay you on an hourly basis. There will be no bidding. We will load up your plant to its capacity. He paid me a compliment, the like I have never received before or since. He said, "It's not because of Mr. Banfield, it's not because of your Portland plant's facility, but because we have confidence in you, personally".

We negotiated an hourly rate which, for those times, was very good. In reality, we were paid for our mistakes, as well as good work. There was never any question the number of hours involved. I must say however, that we consciously tried to do a good job.

I told Mr. Gracey that their work was so much milling, and Iron Fireman had very few milling machines. He told me the Air Force had an enormous number of these in stock. "moth-balled"; I could have my choice. The head of the Air Force at Boeing, at that time Colonel Carlson, came from a family which was well acquainted with Sally's family. I had met him a number of times during the war. He offered to fly me to Wright Field, to select the machines I wanted. I was at that time, too busy to fly, and I sent the Portland plant Superintendent back to Wright Field. He selected milling machines, twenty-two of them, all the way from five horsepower to fifty horsepower.

We did not have to pay any rent, as long as I was with the Company. In fact, the Air Force paid the freight and paid for any renovation the machines needed. They told me this was more or less of a trial on their part. They wanted to see what kind of machines they did have in stock. Needless to say, the machines set us up in business in fine style. I wish to add also, that Mr. Banfield was very pleased with the entire setup I had been able to make. I don't believe he ever had a real desire to move East.

During later years, it was very apparent to me, that had I any desire to go on my own, I could have had this entire setup for myself. There were times I have been sorry I didn't. But looking back from this vantage point, I am now very glad I didn't. The setup I made at that time carried on with Boeing for, I believe, a period of ten years.

At this time, we had a manufacturing plant in Portland, Oregon; Cleveland, Ohio, and before the war, we had built our first plant in Toronto, Canada, for the Canadian trade. Supervising these plants required, as I have mentioned before, that I travel East four or five times a year, sometimes by train, sometimes by plane. I frankly admit that my work could become quite strenuous. When the time came for my departure, I was glad to go by train and have the time for rest. Union Pacific had acquired a new fast train. It could leave Chicago and be in Portland after one day and two nights.

Our Canadian manager had been a former employee of the Parker-Banfield Contracting Company. He was quite a character. Born in Canada, he had spent four years in the Canadian Army in World War I, about one-half the time in Infantry and one-half the time in the Air Force. MacKay and I had a lot in common. During the period when I was out of the manufacturing, Mac and most of the other

departments in Iron Fireman, were at odds with each other, especially the sales department. I started going to Toronto quite often and I'm glad to say that I was able to keep Mac in line and get him working with all the other departments. How well I remember on one occasion in Toronto, in MacKay's office, Mr. Banfield telephoned me and Mac could tell by my conversation that Banfield was tearing him apart. When we got through MacKav wanted to resign. I talked him out of it. He was very glad afterwards that I did, since he and Banfield had always been very good friends. Anytime Banfield was in Toronto, he would usually have dinner with Mac and his wife, in their home.

I had heard a few times that Banfield would compare my working arrangements with MacKay, as a good example of how an organization should operate. I'm pleased to note here that Mac and I remained friends until his death. This carried on even after I had left Iron Fireman.

Since my work required that I be away from Portland a considerable amount of time, I had arranged for an Engineer to make contact at Boeing and take care of any problems that arose. This required quite a number of liason trips as could be expected. He handled them very nicely. This man's name was "Tiny" Wright. He was not really a small man, but smaller than his brother, who also worked for Iron Fireman. I presume this was how he got the name "Tiny". He was a capable man, but a greater hunter and fisherman. He was more or less a rough and ready type of individual.

Mr. Banfield called me to task, one day, for appointing a man of this type to make Boeing contacts. I remember his remark in saying that Tiny always looked like he had "egg on his face". I told Banfield that I realized fully what he meant, but the men at Boeing liked him; liked him for his ability and his factual honesty. We let the matter drop at that. But I did get Wright into my office and told him just what had transpired. I asked him to put on a better appearance and in general try to improve himself. He had a certain amount of impediment in his speech. It was not nearly what I once had. I want to say this for Wright, he took my remarks and profited by them. He was a life-long friend. He ended up in charge of the operation of the Portland plant.

As time went by, we became heavily involved with Boeing. More and more they wanted to put loads on us. Mr. Banfield had gone with me to Boeing and again, he wanted to go up and meet with the Boeing people. We first met Mr. Gracey and Mr. Dobbins, and I believe, a few of the buyers, including Joe Miles. I believe through Mr. Gracey, we met the Boeing Sales Manager. After we had met these people, Mr. Banfield said to me. "I would like to meet Mr. Allen, the President of the Company. I conveyed his wish to Clellan Gracey and he immediately said, "Surely, I'll arrange it". We met with Mr. Allen, whom I had met previously. We had a nice interview with him. Mr. Allen expressed his gratitude for the type of work we were doing for them. On the way back to Portland, Mr. Banfield told me how pleased he was with the trip and that it had been a complete success, especially the interview with Mr. Allen.

As I mentioned earlier, Mr. Sammons was very much disappointed when he did not get the Presidency at the end of the ten-year voting trust. His mind therefore, went back to banking. He was asked to take over the Presidency of the United States Bank. He told me and many others, he would not take it over unless he had full charge. The former President would have to move out completely. All this was arranged for him. After he was well installed in the office he had a member of the bank, "promoted" to the Federal Reserve System. This man was a close relative. I believe a nephew, of the original founder of the bank. I believe also that Sammons wanted no competition around. One could never tell where he stood with Eddie Sammons. Around town, in some places, he had the name of "Horatio Alger". He was not a university graduate, but he did pull himself up by the 'boot straps". At one time, he was even on the Board of Higher Education for Oregon State College.

He even indicated to me a few times, that if anything happened to Mr. Banfield, I would be in charge of Iron Fireman. (I took this with a grain of salt. It was a good thing I did.)

Mr. Banfield had a history of heart trouble. I did not, nor anyone else, realize how bad it was. He also developed a cataract in his left eye. He did not want a Portland doctor to take care of it. He had it done in San Francisco, by a well-known specialist of that time. He told everyone about his \$5,000.00 eye. This

was the fee of that specialist. If you translate this into today's dollar value, you can readily understand the high cost.

I am sure that by this time you realize that Harry Banfield and I had very good working relations. I admired him, as the President of the Company, and I'm sure he thought very highly of me, as an Engineer and Manufacturer.

He very much loved his fishing. He belonged to a fishing club which had a lodge on a lake in the Coast Range. In fact, a few times we had company meetings at this lodge. Now I come to his last fishing trip. Some close friends of his and he were going on a fishing trip to some stream in Southern Oregon. He came to me and wanted an Aluminum rod with a pointed end, about six feet long, so he could keep the boat away from the bank by pushing against small trees lining the bank. I had this made to his satisfaction. It was the last I saw of him alive. After the fishing trip, he and his friends had to climb a small hill; his heart stopped on him on this climb.

A short time after the death of Mr. Banfield, I went to Seattle to call on Boeing. I had the opportunity to talk to Mr. Allen. I told him about Mr. Banfield's death. I thanked him very much for the courtesy he had shown us on our previous visit, and that it had pleased

Mr. Banfield very much.

I thought this was a good opportunity to tell him what I thought about his organization. I told him that I had the opportunity to meet the men in materiel in many aircraft plants, and the men he had, I considered far above the average, in ability, loyalty to their company, in fact in all attributes. I meant every word of this and I was glad to have the chance to tell Mr. Allen. His reply was, I'm sure you are right in all counts; however, I'm afraid they are lacking in "putting their best foot forward".

Perhaps after this meeting he was able to help them put their best foot forward. For example, the Wichita plant was having a difficult job in producing the B57. Clellan Gracey was sent back there to ascertain if he could get the plant going. To my knowledge, Mr. Gracey's experience had all been in materiel, not in manufacturing. He did however, a fine job in getting the plant straightened out. At a much later date, I visited him in Wichita. I asked him how he was able to accomplish what he had. His

statement was, "When I arrived here, everybody was so busy arguing with other departments, that they had no time to do their own work. All I had to do was get each man back to his own job and things started running smoothly."

Getting back to my talk with Mr. Allen. When I got ready to leave and thanked him for his courtesy, his parting statement was, "I want very much for you to keep in touch with us". I'm sure it was another occasion for me to have had a good position with the Boeing Aircraft Company, had I so desired.

Mr. Sammons continued to head the United States National Bank, but he was also, in reality, in charge of Iron Fireman. He placed Mr. Hecox, the accountant and comptroller of the company, in charge of daily operations, which really meant that all of us took care of our own work, as we had been.

Since Mr. Sammons had previously been Vice President of Iron Fireman, all the Board of Voting Trustees went along with every decision he would make.

It was not long before Mr. Sammons engaged the services of Booze Allen and Hamilton from San Francisco, a firm whose work was very similar to George S. May Company. They moved in shortly after I had returned from a trip to Cleveland and Toronto. It was very apparent to me very early, that they were going to make decisions based upon the wishes of Mr. Sammons. To make a long story short, this is exactly what happened. I was given the opportunity of resigning or be fired. This was in February, 1951. Others in the Company who had been close to Mr. Banfield got the same choice. After twenty-five years, I was out on my own. I then realized the opportunities I had missed in the past, when I could have resigned and moved into a really advantageous deal.

Mr. Sammons immediately employed Mr. Jennings to run the Cleveland plant. (The man who had control of the steam engine plant during the war). He was completely out of his element and very soon knew it. He either resigned or was discharged, and a young man I had trained was put in charge.

The Portland plant was placed in the charge of Tiny Wright, the man whom I had mentioned before as representing us at

Boeing. Mr. Wright did a good job and had charge of this plant till his death, due to an open heart operation. I had done a good job of organizing the plant on the Boeing work and Boeing continued the same cost-plus

operations for a time of, I believe about ten years.



CHAPTER 12

IRON FIREMAN AND FAMILY AFFAIRS

Here I wish to change the subject. In fact as the reader will note, I have not tried to make this a chronological history. sometimes run a subject far ahead of its time). My son Russell had started to Engineering at Oregon State College. He was under the sponsorship of the Government which, at that time, wanted to train future officers. He had two years of training and all at once the Pentigon decided they wanted all these young men in the Army. He, together with many others, was sent to camp for Infantry training. After basic training the Army sent him to Stanford, presumably to get a commission. But after D-Day the Army decided they needed all the young men they could get. So, many of the University training programs were terminated and Russell was sent to Fort Benning, Georgia, and from there overseas. Sally and I met him in New York just before he was sent overseas. He ended up in Patton's Army and was with Patton at the end in Linz, Austria, the farthest East of all the American Armies.

In the meantime, Roy was going to high school and was getting more or less indifferent grades. I was trying to prod him into doing better. I finally said to Roy, "It is plain to be seen that I am doing you no good. Just do the best you can".

Late in his Junior year, the Navy started a program of Officer training. I believe it was called V12. It was to be college work; applicants had a limited time to register. Roy wanted in this program. With this as an incentive, he really studied and took much more than the required courses. He finished high school in time to enter the V12 program, much to his credit. He was first enrolled at the University of Washington, then the University of California at Berkley and he finished and graduated in three years at Purdue University. I visited him at each of the Universities a number of times. As luck would have it, when he got his degree from Purdue, the war ended just as he received his appointment in the Navy as an Ensign. He was discharged soon afterwards.

He was undecided as to what he should do. He had a chance for employment at Curtiss Wright. I told him, the war was over and he should not go with Curtiss Wright. I told him he had best get employment with some automobile company.

He heard about Chrysler having a graduate course in Engineering. He applied there and was accepted. His work was routine engineering plus studies which eventually gave him a Masters Degree in Automotive Engineering.

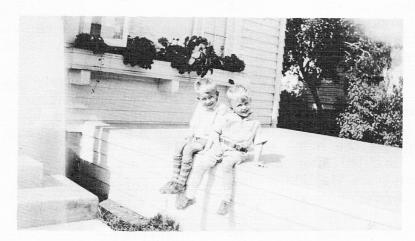
Roy was with Chrysler for a number of years, and had very good Engineering experiences with them. I think however he got tired of Detroit, as I did, and was ready to make a change. It was at a time when Boeing needed Engineers. I advised him to apply there, which he did. He was promptly accepted and has been with Boeing ever since. Considering what has happened to Chrysler, it was a very good move on his part. He has had a very good Engineering experience with Boeing; a large part of his time has been on landing gears. Almost from the very beginning of the MX program he has been occupied on it and still has an important position.

Since I'm on the subject of family affairs, I will carry on. Roy was born shortly before I started with Iron Fireman. Harry was born while we were still in the Senate Street house. This house had now become a little too small for us. Consequently, we bought a house in Eastmoreland, 7156 S.E. Reed College Place. The economy was deep in a depression and we were able to buy this house for \$7500.00. It was a nice roomy English style of house. We made this purchase in 1931. What a change has taken place. Due to inflation, primarily, this house was recently placed on the market at \$170,000.00. I understand they had placed a swimming pool in the small backyard, but this could not have made much difference in a house almost fifty years old. Conway had graduated from Oregon State College and came to live with us and work at Iron Fireman, until he moved East as a Sales Engineer.

As time went on, sometime in the 1930s, again during the depression, we bought a much larger house, a large brick veneer house at 6430 S.E. Reed College Place. This house



OUR FIRST HOME IN PORTLAND, IN LAURELHURST ON SENATE STREET.



AGAIN, OUR FIRST HOUSE IN LAURELHURST AND AFTER I COVERED OVER PART OF THE DRIVEWAY, TO MAKE AN EXTENSION TO THE BASEMENT GARAGE. RUSS AND ROY SITTING ON THE GARAGE.

was really large. It had five bedrooms and three and a half bathrooms. Another feature about it was, it had a finished basement, two stories in heighth and a very large, completely finished attic. I mention all of this room since the sons were growing up, and many times each one of them would have his own "gang" and there was room for everybody.

I wish to also mention an incident that I am sure Sally will remember. With three sons it became quite hard for her to control them. Especially, since my work required that I go East, four or five times a year, and all the way from two weeks to two months. Now for the incident. She said, "I am not going to correct our sons anymore", and she brushed her two hands together. "I am through with that. I'm just going to love them. You will have to do the correcting". As time went on I found what she really meant was, "I don't want you to correct them too much either".

This house had a very large yard, in addition to being big itself. I made sure that the sons, at least, took care of the upkeep. I wish to also add here, that during the war period, my Father died of a heart attack and Mother lived alone with her grandaughter, Nona. We eventually moved them in with us. Nona finished high school and went on to Oregon State College. Russell was also at Oregon State College. Sally and I never had a daughter, so Nona became the closest we had to a daughter.

Mother died of pneumonia while we were living in this house. Nona met a young man at Oregon State College by the name of Bill Schulte. They were married after she had been in college for two years. He did not want her to keep on attending college so she did not attend any longer. I wish to add here, however, that after he finished college, he worked at different places for a number of years. They ended up at Palatka, Florida, where he was and still is an Engineer for a large paper company. The University of Florida was not far away, so Nona got her BS degree at this University. She went on to get her Masters degree, and was not content until she had a Doctorate Degree. For a number of years, she has been a Professor at a private girls college in St. Augustine, Florida. We have visited with them a number of times and they have come to Portland numerous times. They can't have children, so Nona, especially,

has spent most of her vacations traveling all over the world.

I wish to add here, that we bought the large brick home by trading in the small Laurelhurst house and the first house on Reed College Place, as well as the cash difference. I have forgotten just how much. The same house today would be worth a small fortune. We sold it shortly before the end of World War II. I had it appraised by a real estate dealer. He said, "Let's take the curse of \$20,000.00 off of it and make it \$19,500.00". My reply was "I'll take the curse off. We will make it \$21.500.00. He listed it and never had to see it again until the closing. I did the selling to a prospective buyer. It would be in order for me to say here, that the two houses we bought in Eastmoreland on Reed College Place were bought during the big depression and consequently. at a very low price. In fact, I believe in both cases, the builders went bankrupt and we bought from the mortgage company.

We bought and moved to an older house at 3636 S.E. Glenwood. It was an older house with large grounds. It had large overhanging eaves. I had these overhanging eaves cut off and the house and large garage repainted and made it look much more modern. Sally and I drove by it yesterday, June 13, 1982. It had been repainted again and more shrubbery added and frankly looked like a very nice

house.

The war had ended and we decided to buy a lot and build again. Very few lots were available. We were able to get a small corner lot on S.E. 30th and Knapp. I designed it, and we built it, at a time when materials were very scarce. Even nails were hard to get. If the carpenters were to bend some when driving, I would straighten them. We wanted hardwood floors, but all we could get was maple. My brother, Conway, was traveling in Michigan and was able to buy some Oak hardwood flooring. I used this downstairs and we used the maple upstairs.

When we got through we had a very nice home with three big bedrooms, ample for everybody when the sons came home. But, everybody said we had put a large house on a small lot. Nevertheless it worked out very well. Again, Sally and I drove by yesterday, June 13, 1982. Its address is 3024 S.E. Knapp.

A number of the moves we had been making was for our financial betterment. For sometime I had been thinking about going



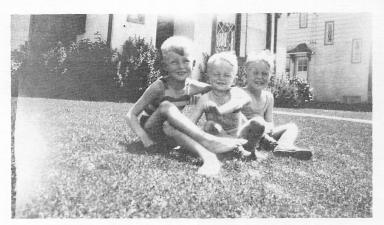
RUSSELL—ROY—HARRY. TAKEN WHILE WE WERE LIVING IN THE HOUSE AT 7156 REED COLLEGE PLACE



SALLY AND THE THREE BOYS IN FRONT OF THE FIRST HOME WE HAD IN EAST MORELAND



FIRST HOUSE—EASTMORELAND, LOCATED AT 7156 REED COLLEGE PLACE



OUR THREE SONS AT A VERY EARLY AGE ON LAWN AT 7156 REED COLLEGE PLACE



MOTHER AND HER GRANDCHILDREN, TAKEN IN FRONT OF THE FIRST HOUSE IN EASTMORELAND. FROM LEFT TO RIGHT: ROY, NONA, MOTHER, GERALD, BUD, HARRY WITH HIS HEAD BANDAGED AFTER A MASTOID OPERATION AND RUSS

into business on my own. All of this was good preparatory work, and the finances did come in handy, when I eventually did go on my own. I wish to add here, that from the time I built the first small house in Detroit, we have never paid any rent. In fact, we owned our own homes and always sold them for much more than we paid for them, even after discounting for inflation.

I have been an organizational "Joiner". In about the middle of the 1930s I joined the Kiwanis Club, at the request of Mr. Sammons of Iron Fireman. As I mentioned before, very early I joined the Masonic Lodge. About the middle of the 1930s, I also joined the Scottish Rite of Masons, then on through the Shrine. Later I was elected a Jester, a fun order in the Shrine. I must admit however, that I've always been more of a dues paying member of all of these organizations than a very active member. Part of my excuse has been that my time was broken up so much by my numerous business trips East every year, for a period of almost twenty-four years.

While on the subject of clubs, I joined the Waverly Country Club. I never was much of a golfer. If I broke 100 I thought it was a good day. I did enjoy sunny days on the golf course in company with men I liked. During the war period, so many things were scarce and the playing on the golf course became less and less, and shortly after the war I resigned. I must say however, that Sally and I enjoyed many dance parties at the Waverly Golf Club. I say dance parties as well as other social functions.

During the depth of the depression, I also joined the Multnomah Club. So many members were dropping out that they made a rule, that if one paid his dues for twenty years, he became a life member without dues. I have been a life member for longer than a dues paying member. Before the depression hit, the Multnomah Club had acquired the land and built a golf course and club house. In fact, Parker Banfield Contracting Company did the work. I played golf on this course and Sally and I attended many functions at the club house. We belonged to the Multnomah Club as well as the Waverly Country Club, at a time when the sons were at a young age, and Sally enjoyed taking them to the Waverly swimming pool in the summertime and they also used the pools at the Multnomah Club in the

wintertime. All three of them became expert swimmers, much to my satisfaction.

The depression became so bad, the Multnomah Club could no longer keep the golf course. So they either sold it or had to turn it back to the finance company. I do not know which. It eventually became a fine residential subdivision.

I failed to mention earlier that when Sally and I met Russell in New York, before he went overseas, she was pregnant. Later when she gave birth, it was unusually hard on the baby and he died a few hours later. I only saw him the one time; he was crying but otherwise seemed to be all right.

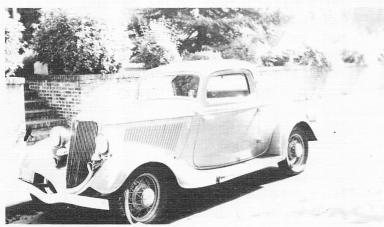
I wish here also to inject a personal matter. I had been requested by the Veterans' Bureau to appear periodically. One time in Detroit, at their request, I went to their office in a downtown office building. I believe it was on the fourth floor of the building. I met a young man in the lobby in front of the elevator and we talked for awhile. I said, it is about time to see the Veterans' Bureau and we headed for the elevator. He remarked, "Are you going up in an elevator?' I replied, "Surely, how are you going?" He said, "I'm going to walk up. I have a heart condition". I thought to myself, that I had better forget any difficulties I might have, if it leads to a state of mind this man is in. After I got back to Portland, I went once or twice and that was the end of it, as far as I was concerned. I've tried always to have a very positive outlook on life. If one starts to imagine he has more troubles than he really has, his outlook will become very negative.

Sally's parents continued to live on the farm near Ellensburg. Ordinarily we made two trips a year to visit with the parents and Sally's brothers and sisters. We almost always went up there on our vacations and ordinarily at Christmas time. All too often, on the Christmas trip, we would have snow almost all the way. A few times we would put on chains before we left Portland. Some of these trips were really quite hazardous. There were times we wouldn't arrive at the farm until after 9 o'clock at night. Such trips were for the young and foolhardy. I shudder to think of them today.

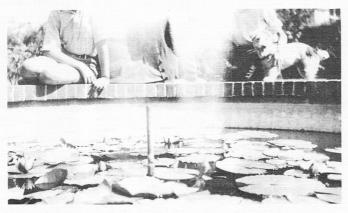
One of our early trips was in a Ford Model T coupe, a car I had acquired along with the Senate Street house. On that trip we only had Russell and Roy; Harry hadn't been born yet.

OUR LARGE BRICK HOUSE IN EASTMORELAND, LOCATED AT 6340 REED COLLEGE PLACE.
TWO STORIES AND A LARGE FINISHED ATTIC AND A FINISHED BASEMENT.
ROOM ENOUGH FOR OUR THREE SONS AND THEIR "GANGS". THEY GREW UP IN THIS HOUSE.





FIRST CAR_ HARRY EVER OWNED, A FORD COUPE.
BOUGHT DURING WORLD WAR II WHEN ONLY
USED CARS WERE AVAILABLE. FRANKLY
IT WAS NOT MUCH OF A CAR.



A LILY POND ON THE SPACIOUS GROUNDS. TWO SONS IN THE BACKGROUND WITH A WIRE HAIRED DOG.



SALLY AND RUSSELL CARTER—WHILE HE WAS IN THE SERVICE

This time we had returned by way of Central Washington and crossed on the ferry. When we got to Hood River everybody was very tired so we stayed overnight at the Columbia Gorge Hotel. This hotel has undergone a lot of change since. A few years ago, it was renovated and then it went bankrupt and some new owners have it. At the time we stayed there, it was just a good old hotel.

When the sons got old enough I bought them a 22 rifle, and each of them would



OUR LAST HOUSE IN EASTMORELAND.
BUILT IMMEDIATELY AFTER WORLD WAR II.
A LARGE HOUSE ON A SMALL LOT.

practice shooting tin cans, floating in the irrigation ditch, that went by the farm. When they got older I took them out into the sage brush country, shooting Jack Rabbits. This was a start of their marksmanship. Later, Russell especially, with their Army training, they became experts. In fact, he was in competition nationally.

I was always very conscious of family protection. Partially due to the fact I had seen husbands and fathers die, leaving almost nothing for the family. A few years before World War II, I set up a trust to make sure that all three sons would have a college education. Ralph Cake, an attorney and head of Equitable Savings and Loan, did the legal work on this trust. He told me he liked to keep his "hand in". Joe Gerber, whom I mentioned earlier, was named as Trustee; he always pronounced it "Trusty". I put 900 shares of Iron Fireman stock, valued then at about \$11.00 a share, into this trust. Its earnings and capitol if necessary were to be used for the sons' education. As it turned out, more than two years of Russell's

education was paid for by the Government, which also included the Veterans' Bureau. Roy's was completely paid for by the Navy. That left only Harry's to be paid for in its entirety. I must admit also, that I paid part of the expenses. As a consequence, when all of them were through college, most of the trust was intact.

At this time, I had started to get involved in a business of my own, including Car Pac. So, we took the residue from the sale of the trust stock, and made the sons equal partners in the small business. When we later incorporated, the shares of the corporation were divided in the same ratio as the partnership. Our Income Tax returns have always shown this type of division, and they have been examined many times by the Internal Revenue Service and there never has been any question about the division. Incidentally, I might add, we formed a sub-chapter S type of corporation. With this type of corporation, which is normally a family type, all earnings are subject to individual income tax, the same as any other individual income. There have been many times I wish we did not have this type of corporation. Even at this late date I may change it.

I have mentioned before that I saw the first dam on the Columbia being built, namely Bonneville. On our trips to Ellensburg, we also had occasion to see construction of some of the other dams. On our early trips, we had driven up the Oregon side to Arlington, then we would take the ferry across to the Washington side. I remember so well the dam



A RECENT PICTURE OF OUR INTERIM HOUSE AT 3636 GLENWOOD STREET. WE DID A LOT OF REMODELING TO THIS HOUSE AND LIVED THERE WHILE WE WERE BUILDING THE ABOVE HOUSE



EIDAL FAMILY, IN-LAWS, AND GRANDCHILDREN TOP ROW—READING LEFT TO RIGHT: GEORGE GRONVOLD; ELMER EIDAL; DAD CHRIS EIDAL; MOTHER SIGRID EIDAL; OTTO EIDAL; HASKELL CARTER; WARREN GILMORE; ROY EIDAL

LOWER ROW—READING LEFT TO RIGHT: MARIE EIDAL GRONVOLD; HENRIETTA EIDAL; EDITH EIDAL; SARAH EIDAL CARTER: ELNA EIDAL GILMORE; DORIS EIDAL

GRANDCHILDREN—READING LEFT TO RIGHT: ROY CARTER; DICK EIDAL; RUSSELL CARTER; HELEN EIDAL; HARRY CARTER; DOROTHY EIDAL

being built at The Dalles, and it ended up with a road across from Oregon to Washington, and this eliminated any ferry at Arlington.

The sons and I, and Dad Eidal, saw the first test holes being dug for the Grand Coulee Dam. We also drove up, almost every summer, to see it under construction. After it was completed, we were able to walk through what they called the bedrock tunnel. This was a tunnel under the dam, and one actually walked on the bedrock. At the time we made this trip, some water was seeping through cracks in the bedrock. Men were sealing off these cracks, by boring into the bedrock and injecting some type of sealant into the cracks. It was somewhat of an eerie feeling, to realize

that about five or six feet away, through the reinforced concrete, was the water under high pressure, backed up by the Coulee Dam.

On these trips, it was also interesting to drive by the enormous Dry Falls over which, late in the ice age, the Columbia River flowed. Geologists tell us that on or about the site of the Grand Coulee Dam, there was an ice dam that caused the Columbia to flow over the dry falls for centuries. When the ice dam melted, the Columbia took its present course. Last night, June 23, 1982, Sally and I were very much interested in seeing on TV quite a story about Soap Lake and the Dry Falls. It brought to mind many trips we had made.

7



CHAPTER 13

CARTER MANUFACTURING COMPANY AND CAR PAC 1951 TO PRESENT

I mentioned once before that I had been considering going into business on my own. Perhaps I would have done this sooner, but it is not easy to leave a position with a company that one has held for twenty-five years. I might also add, it is not easy for one to do his best job when he is under the control of self-made men, like I had been for twenty-five years.

Regardless of all these things, without fully realizing it at the time, I had acquired a manufacturing, engineering and business experience that prepared me for the future, second to none. I not only planned the manufacturing at Iron Fireman, but I also had the opportunity to observe a cross section of manufacturing across the United States.

I have mentioned that my work took me East four or five times a year. When the opportunity arose I not only supervised our own manufacturing, but every chance I had, I visited other types of manufacturing plants. I found out very early that a young man, honestly seeking manufacturing knowledge, would be given permission to go through a plant and observe everything that was going on. As a result some of the following are the industries of which I acquired first hand knowledge. Automobiles: Ford, Chevrolet, Cadillac, Dodge are a few of the plants. Incidentally, the Ford plant is the only one I know of, where one can see an automobile built from the dirty iron ore through all the processes, until it comes off the assembly line.

I visited the New Departure Ball Bearing Plant in Connecticut. I saw household appliances being manufactured all the way from clothes pressing irons to refrigerators. I saw electric motors being built, all types of gear manufacturing plants, diesel engines, last but not least airplanes. I'll say again, I have not covered them all. But, before I leave this subject, I will tell about a trip through the Clarke Equipment plants in Michigan, five in I observed the manufacturing. remember, in one case, one man was running five machines. I was so impressed with these plants and the General Manager, whom I met, that I bought some of their stock. Over the years it has multiplied many times. So much

for the manufacturing end. I was able also to acquire a certain amount of sales experience, business and accounting.

Very early, I started a very heavy life insurance program. I had my Army \$10,000,00 as a start. I converted it to a thirtyyear endowment policy. In about 1928 Sally's oldest brother, Elmer, was selling insurance, during the summertime. I bought from him four \$2,500.00 policies. To make a long story short, I built my insurance program up to \$80,000.000. I saw very early, that if I paid the premiums for twenty years, my cash value would amount to the premiums I had paid. In other words for the use of the money. I would have this protection. Iron Fireman also had a \$100.000.00 worth of life insurance on me. When I was terminated, I could pick up any amount of this I wanted. I did have to pay them for the cash value. As I remember it, I took over \$90,000.00 worth. Again, I want to remind the reader that if you want to compare dollars with today's dollars, these figures should be multiplied by a sum between ten and fifteen times.

I'm covering this life insurance question at this length, since after I had started my own business, I never had a bank loan. I was able to borrow on my life insurance for my business needs. At that time a life insurance loan was at the rate of 6%, very high for that time. Added to this life insurance, as I mentioned previously, I had acquired and sold homes which gave me a great help in funds for my business.

I wish to add here, that when I was terminated at Iron Fireman, Eddie Sammons told me, if I ever needed money to see him at the bank. On one occasion I did go down, and asked him for a loan. He started asking about assets to protect this loan. I immediately thanked him for his time and left his office.

Towards the end of World War II, I started some preparation towards setting up my own business. Sally started looking around for land. There was a considerable amount of city and county owned, acquired for non-payment of taxes. We settled on a piece at S.E. 12th and Division. I wish to add

here also, Sally has always been very good at "bird dogging" and acquiring houses and land.

This land at S.E. 12th and Division was adjacent to Abernathy School, but what a site it was when we bought it, overgrown with weeds and shrubbery; also varying height from two to three feet above the sidewalk. The first thing I did was to have it graded to building site level.

The war ended and Columbia Aircraft, a wartime operation for building sub assemblies for Douglas, went out of business and was selling off its equipment. I bought a large punch press. I had to locate this press, so I had the foundation built on the lot and covered it over with a tarp until the building could be built. Incidentally, I used this press for a few years, then sold it. Carpenters were readily available and I built the original building. It was covered completely with corrugated aluminum, roof and walls. The aluminum I obtained from war surplus. This was the start of Carter Manufacturing Company.

There was a small machine shop owner in Mollala, Oregon, with whom I had had some contacts. He wanted to move to Portland, so we moved him into our building. He had a lot of equipment, most of it old, some he had built himself.

About this time, I designed Car Pac and we had a home for it. I wish to add here also, that the making of the molds and other tooling for Car Pac gave the partnership some work to do when work was slack. I had designed Car Pac based upon the various types of luggage carrying equipment I had observed all over the country. Perhaps I had better say, what not to do. We ended up with a product which any car owner was proud to have on his car, even the most expensive ones. Our maximum sales for any one year was something under \$100,000.00. For those times this was a nice sales volume.

At this time, Sally entered into the business and has been a very important part of the organization ever since. While I was still at Iron Fireman, she operated the Car Pac end of the business, the manufacturing and the sales. Since the sons were grown, she had been busy in various clubs, including bridge club. She liked them very much, but she liked business much better.

I can still see her supervising dip var-

nishing, as well as the assembly of Car Pacs and how much she enjoyed it.

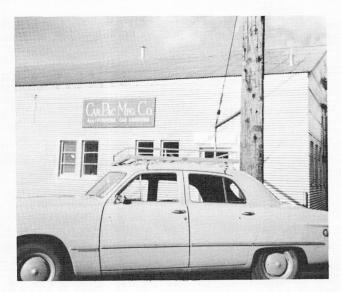
Harry Harvey had a brother who was a bookkeeper. He had designed for Harry a very simple set of bookkeeping records. Sally, who had no such training in her school work, soon carried this method over into Car Pac and later into Carter Manufacturing. She really became the Office Manager for our operation.

Perhaps I mentioned earlier, that after we were married and I had my first pay check on the job, I turned it over to her and told her it was her job from that time on, to take care of it and take care of the check book, and I would try to make it. In reality, it was good experience for her. She took care of the check book and the banking, even in our business, until she had a stroke in 1977. She really enjoyed the banking end. When a company offered gifts for new accounts, she enjoyed these gifts. Among other things, she acquired nice sets of dishes for all the grandchildren. In fact, she had so many accounts that I had to close most of them out when I took over the work. Work which I will admit, I dislike very much. To this day, I dislike writing checks.

Sally became really quite a business woman, and enjoyed knowing all phases of the business. She never once regretted giving up bridge club. In fact, I think she felt sorry for those women who had nothing else to do. I might add here also, that she came to know many of the buyers on the telephone, and if Boeing asked for concessions of any kind, she would be inclined to grant one. How well I remember when I was at Boeing, the buyers, half in jest, half in earnest, would say to each other, "Haskell is up here now, go call Sally".

A few times I took her with me to Boeing, and she would personally meet the buyers. I remember a few times when it was known that Sally and I were in the Boeing lobby, buyers would come rushing down to greet her. This really worked out very well. She was good for Public Relations and I was the "hard nosed" businessman. I wish to add here also, that Sally and I had the opportunity to have dinner with many Boeing people, from the head of the materiel department to individual buyers. They always enjoyed these dinners very much.

About 1951, I knew that the Iron Fireman Voting Trust would be expiring. I also knew that Eddie Sammons would be trying for



A CARPAC PICTURE, IN FRONT OF OUR ORIGINAL BUILDING, ON DIVISION STREET



SALLY IN FRONT OF ORIGINAL BUILDING OF CARTER MFG. CO. S.E. 12TH & DIVISION



THE FIRST ADDITION—S.E. 12TH AND DIVISION BLDG. A CAR PAC DISPLAY ROOM AND OFFICE

another ten-vear term. I decided to put a stop to this. Incidentally, I had acquired a considerable amount of Iron Fireman stock. which gave me an added reason. Furthermore, as you might surmise, I had no great liking for Eddie Sammons. I knew a number of the stockholders, and I acquired the names and addresses of many more. I had Harry contact a number of the local stockholders; some of the bigger ones. I contacted. I also went to New York and Cleveland and contacted some of the larger stockholders there. They were all of the opinion that the Voting Trust should not be continued, and were pleased to know that some of us were working against it. One large stockholder used the phrase, I didn't vote for this originally "for it to be in perpetuity". I soon knew there would be enough votes against the Voting Trust. I was advised by influential friends to go tell Eddie Sammons what the results would be, and he might see me in a different light, than he had been.

I did go to see him and tell him what was going on, and the mood of the stockholders. All this information did was to cause him to change his plans, and get the votes for one year. To make a long story short, since he couldn't have the ten-year period, he sold it or merged it with a Los Angeles company called Electronic Specialties. This Company, a few years later, was taken over by International Controls, which in turn was controlled by the famous Vesco, who is still on the run, and probably will always remain so. Incidentally, Sally and I attended a meeting in Pasadena, California, at which Vesco presided after he had obtained control of Electronic Specialties.

I shall end this discussion by saying that as soon as the Voting Trust of Iron Fireman was terminated, the stock multiplied in value by three or four times. I'm sorry to say that I had not sold all of mine, in fact, what I still had became worthless. I wish to also add here. that long ago I gave up any great dislike for Eddie Sammons; in fact, we have met a few times and the greetings were always cordial. Today, I feel sorry for him. He had two sons. The younger was killed in a private airplane accident, in San Francisco Bay, a number of years ago. I don't know the details of the accident. The wife died about ten years ago, and recently the older son died. Eddie is now an old man and alone, retired from the bank

many years ago. Insofar as I know, playing golf with old cronies is his chief activity.

After I had left Iron Fireman, I started getting some Boeing work for the partnership. I did not go for the airplane parts, but for ground handling equipment. This was best suited for the type of machines the partnership had, and also for my partner, Mr. Harry Harvey. He was a very good machinist, but of an extremely independant nature. He wanted to make things in his own way and to his own specifications, and not to Boeing's.

In the meantime, I acquired some more used equipment. Lathes, turrett lathes, milling machine, etc. As a result we had a fair machine shop, but not very big. During the next four or five years, there was a period of "finding myself". A local truck dealer had been approached by an inventor of a compactor type of garbage truck. He thought we should go in together in manufacturing it. I redesigned the thing and we did manufacture and sell some of them. I soon saw however, that this was not my future.

In the meantime, I was getting a little more of the Boeing work, and Harry Harvey was liking it even less, so we decided to dissolve the partnership. I bought most of his machines at a fair price to him, and we each went our separate ways. By this time, we had really gotten out of the Boeing business and more and more dependant on Car Pac.

I didn't know what Boeing was doing, and thought I would go up and renew acquaintanceship, purely a friendly call. I went to Boeing, and I was greeted with open arms by all my old friends. They soon told me that they were starting on a new program: Building the new 707 airplane and they wanted me into it. I remember, I told them, "I merely came up for a friendly visit, instead of that you want to put me to work". Ernie Bakken, at that time, was a buyer and surveyor for Boeing. They sent him down to survey our plant. He immediately gave his approval, I'm sure based on my history rather than the equipment we had, and here I was, back in Boeing business again. This was about the beginning of 1956; at an age when most men were thinking about retiring, I was just getting started.

I soon became quite busy on Boeing work. It was no easy task, practically starting from "scratch": Building an organization, tooling the new work and producing. I was able to obtain some good men, so my organizing

worked out very well. In addition to regular employees, I was able to get some Iron Fireman machinists on a "moonlighting basis". In addition to all this, I personally worked over the weekends. Many times I ran four and five machines, which I thoroughly enjoyed. It also enabled us to meet our commitments with Boeing. I well remember when Monday morning came around, some of the men would ask, "What crew did you have over the weekend?" I would reply, "You're looking at him".

It is interesting to note that it is in 1956, and I am fifty-eight years old and really starting a new business. This is at an age when most men are thinking about retiring. For me it was just another zest for living. I'm really lost if I can't be doing things. It was very apparent that the future would hold a lot of work for me, and I was looking forward to it. However, had I known how much work the future would hold, I might have hesitated. However, I must admit that there was never a time when I felt like I was overburdened.

As time went by, I believe in the early '60s, Mr. Bentall (everybody called him Ben) came around and he was promptly hired. Ben had been with me at Iron Fireman. In fact, I had hired him. I believe soon after he graduated from the University of Montana. He was a good engineer and had charge of the Design Engineering Department for many years. Ben and I redesigned an entire line of products, as well as designed new ones. I remember so well when we designed the reduction gear transmissions for the stokers. Ben had been dismissed from Iron Fireman at the same time I was. I am sure they felt he was too close to me. At any rate, Ben fitted very well into our new organization, and helped me a lot in building for the future.

On one of my trips to Boeing, I had met a new supervisor by the name of Ken Arnold. The Iron Fireman work had come under his supervision. Soon after I got home, he telephoned me and said, "Iron Fireman is more than 100,000 man-hours schedule. You know that place. Go over and take out as much of their work as you want to take out, material, tooling and everything. How well I remember my reply, "Mr. Arnold, I have no connection with that Company, whatever. If you really want me to do any of that work, you come down and pull it out".

Ken Arnold did come down, and he and I

both went over to Iron Fireman. Tiny Wright was very cooperative. In fact, he always had liked me for what I had done for him. I took as much work as I thought we could properly handle. That certainly gave my new organization a big boost.

When I saw I could take on more work, I was able to get it. It finally came to a point when I told Mr. Arnold. "I want no more of the B52 work. That program is getting old. I want to confine my efforts from here on to the new commercial airplanes, which will have a long future". All the B52 work was handed to me without any bidding. Just tell us the price, when you get through. I found out from Tiny Wright what he had been charging, and I charged about the same amount and came out very well.

Among the machinist moonlighters was a young man I appreciated very much. His name was Joe Dobson. I don't believe his work was being appreciated enough at Iron Fireman. At any rate, he applied for full time work and left Iron Fireman. I promptly put him on full time, and made him foreman. Joe was quick to learn my methods and what I expected. One day he told me, "I'm a young man and I have a lot in me. I will be glad to do any overtime you might have". Joe became my right-hand man, and although he was a good foreman, I still kept in close touch with all the work. In fact, building an organization of this type requires a large amount of experience and effort, even with all the help one can get. I put to work thirty years of manufacturing experience and knowledge and was able to compete with any and all of the Boeing vendors. I had finally found my place in this manufacturing and business world.

Our son Harry, after finishing college, had been in the Air Force Reserve. I believe he served about two years. After which, he went with Burroughs as a salesman. I believe he did a very good job for Burroughs. There came a time however, when I thought I ought to have one of the sons in the business, so I asked Harry to come in and learn the business.

Harry was good on salesmanship and public relations. He did a good job, contacting the buyers at Boeing. He also did a good job selling Car Pacs. However, he had no liking for manufacturing. Harry went with me to numerous auction sales, including more than one trip to Los Angeles, where we bought







VIEWS OF THE ORIGINAL PLANT AT S.E. 12TH AND DIVISION, AFTER ALL ADDITIONS HAD TAKEN PLACE AND SOLD TO WAREHOUSE FLOORS. ALSO OUR HOME BUILT AT ABOUT THE SAME TIME, LOCATED AT 4430 S.E. CRYSTAL SPRINGS BLVD.

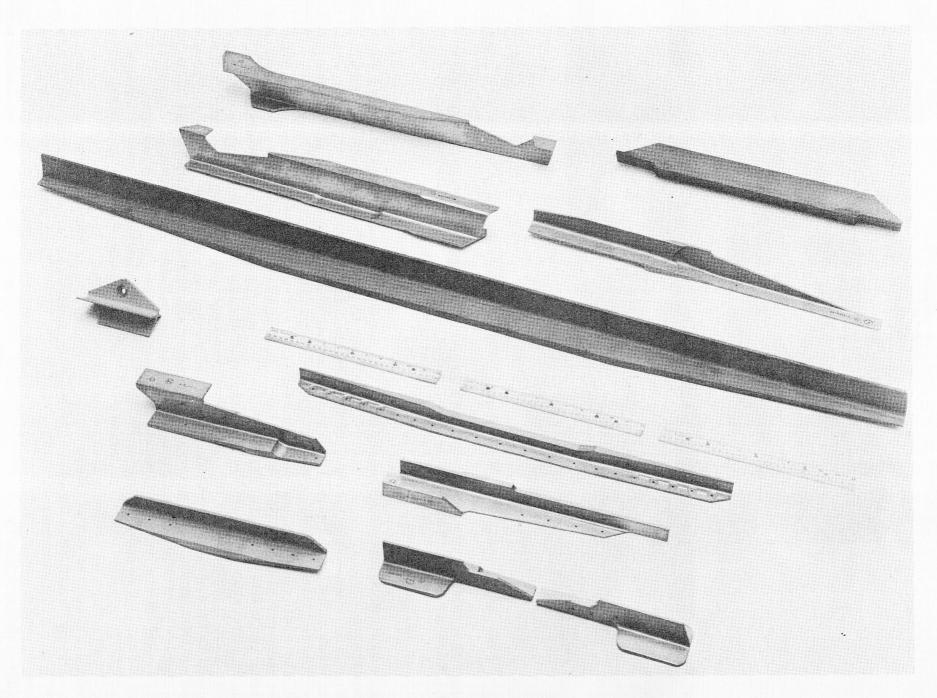
machine tools. Harry also compiled and kept our cost records.

How well I remember, the time of the Columbus Day Storm. Sally and I had gone home early and Harry was doing some office work. The storm started in, and was getting worse and worse. I believe Sally said, "You had better get back to the plant and see what is going on". We were then living on Crystal Springs Blvd. I started to go through Eastmoreland, but the streets were covered with limbs from trees, as well as fallen trees. I then drove down 39th to Division, and down to the plant. I went to the back, and Harry was trying to hold a big swinging door from flying open. It was too much of a job. I told him to let it go. The first thing we did the next day was to make a sliding door out of this swinging door, so that we would never have this trouble again. Harry and I closed up everything as well as we could, and went home. By this time, the storm was subsiding somewhat, so the worst was over.

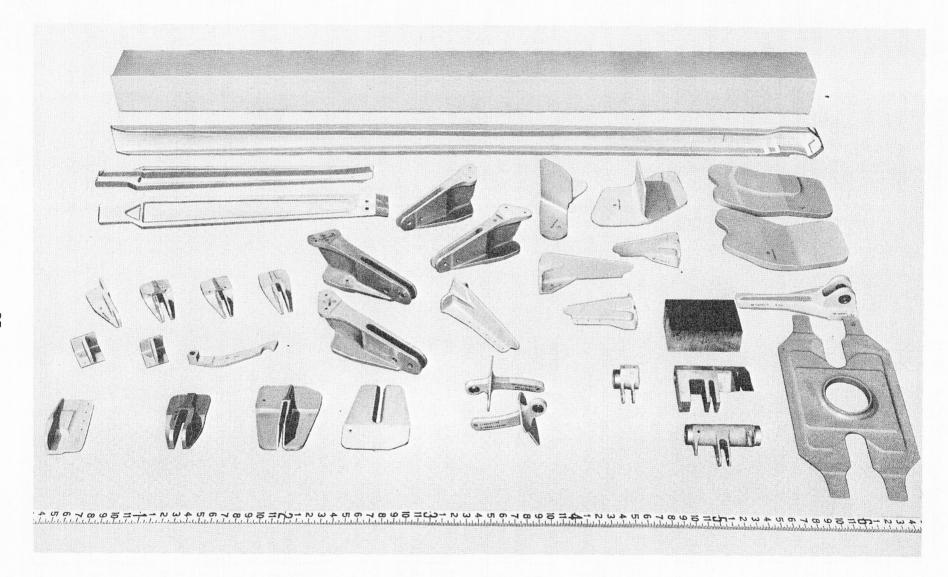
It was necessary for us to expand. From time to time, I bought machines, many of them bought at auction sales, at good prices, some of them new. I kept adding new additions on the building, until I eventually had most of the land covered. We expanded to the point where we had about sixty shop employees. It became necessary for us to add to the office force. Bert Winter applied in answer to an ad I put in the paper. It wasn't just his previous experience that I liked, but I thought I saw talents that I could use in the future, and I hired him. My judgement proved correct, he is still with me. More about Bert later.

I kept on adding to the office force. In fact, I put on too many. Later on, we reduced to our actual needs.

The Boeing work is of such a nature that one doesn't know what he may be called upon to do in the time ahead. Based upon past experience, I did start to specialize in the type of work I took on. As time went on I became even more specialized, until I reached the



TYPICAL ANGLES AND STRINGERS



PARTS MADE FROM FORGED BLOCK, HEAVY EXTRUSION, AND PLATE. THE LONGEST FORGED BLOCK IS 7 FT. LONG

point where I was almost entirely on parts using aluminum extrusions and aluminum plate, and only a few parts made from steel. A decision which many small Boeing vendors could well follow. All too often they don't.

Very early I learned that many times the extrusion Boeing specified for many parts caused a waste of material and labor. I started the practice of ordering my own dies and thereby greatly cut my cost. While on the subject of innovation, again, I'll say I drew upon a long past experience of manufacturing including original ideas of my own such as using gear hobbers as rotary tables vertical mills, as one man could readily run three of these and cut the time very much from doing the same job on a turret lathe. At various times I made a survey of the operations in the plant and found that more than half of the operations were unconventional and time saving, all of which gave me a big edge on bidding.

I have reviewed this period in the Carter Manufacturing history, and also have discussed it with Bert. I don't feel I have done justice to the ten-year period from 1956 to 1966, a very important period in the history of our Company. We greatly increased our machine and building capacity. While inserting this additional history, I may repeat myself, but it will be regarding items which will bear repeating.

The biggest addition to this history was the building of an organization from two or three people, to our maximum capacity, a capacity which we have increased but very little since that time. I wish to add here again, that even when we were at our maximum, we were a small company compared to many of the Boeing vendors. But because of the way we operated and met our commitments, we were considered by Boeing to be at a level equal to the larger companies.

Again I'll repeat, we were able to get good men and we were able to train those that might be considered not so good, which aided greatly in our organization. I will say also, that perhaps without fully realizing it, I used my own very long manufacturing experience. This applied not only to the major things, but also seeing to it that the large number of minor details got taken care of. I will add here also that manufacturing in its entirety consists of a great many details. Many companies fail

because management thinks only in terms of the major things.

I mentioned previously about establishing our own dies in the place of Boeing Aircraft Company dies, thereby saving a great deal of material and labor. Very early in our history we also established dies for those parts for which the drawing specified extruded bar. Again great savings in material and labor. We started this procedure when we bid on a series of parts, previously purchased by the Wichita Division of Boeing. Up to that time, solid bar had been used. Since that time we have followed the same procedure on many other parts much to our advantage.

As most everyone knows, an airplane consists of right and left sections. Many parts therefore, are identical except being right or left hand. Most everyone makes these parts separately. We devised a method, very early, in making a part containing both the right and left hand. We carried the machining as far as we could as a composite part, and then divided it at the proper time. This again made a great deal of savings in labor.

I would like to say here also we tried, whenever possible, to improve the sources of our material. How well I remember some extrusion dies which Boeing had placed with Bridgeport Brass in one of their Michigan plants. They seemed indifferent about making deliveries, deliveries which meant everything to us. We established dies elsewhere, and were probably instrumental in getting Bridgeport Brass out of the aircraft business. I mention this one company but we followed the same practice with at least two other companies.

Especially during the "building" time, I kept in close touch with Boeing. I mean even a personal touch. Sometimes I went up there every month. I am sure I averaged at least eight trips a year. I had long ago established a good name with Boeing, and I again established it with a company of my own. I have been able to hold this reputation since that time, a reputation of meeting my commitments and only taking on orders for that type of work for which we could properly produce. This meant making parts all the way from a postage stamp size up to twenty feet long.

Although we specialized in certain types of work, we were able to take on jobs which many vendors would refuse. This applied especially to parts requiring machining, then forming and final machining. We were able to do this because we very early found sources in California to do our bending and heat treating. I personally visited such plants a number of times. Because of our proven ability to manufacture such parts, we obtained numerous "families" of such parts. By families, I mean four dash numbers, up to as many as eight dash numbers, using the same material. This capability has produced a considerable percentage of our manufacturing output.

I have personally kept in close touch with manufacturing planning and also the tooling of our aircraft parts. Again we have taken advantage of the type of tooling I had seen and I am pleased to say I originated some of our own. This has carried on up to the present time. It gives me a great deal of pleasure to be able to design tools of such a nature that they are unprecedented.

Our Carter Car Pac had taken, at one time, most of our endeavors and even during this period we had a fair volume of sales. But I am sorry to say that it had to take a back seat because aircraft work required most of our activities. We had stopped advertising Car Pac but even today we get some requests for this product. Long ago we heard about prospective customers seeing Car Pacs in a great many places outside the United States.

Most of our work has been with Boeing for the Boeing Airplane Company. However I do wish to add that we have done some work for the Lockheed Company for their Martin Marietta plant. We also machined quite a few castings for Precision Cast Parts. These were hold-down fittings for the famous Lockheed C5A cargo plane. We have made several parts for the McDonnell Douglas Company. Added to all this we have made parts for other airplane companies. However, since we are located in the Northwest we will always be known as a Boeing vendor. Added to this is the fact that we have not tried very hard to obtain work for other companies. We have found that if we tried to deal with too many, it was easy to have a time conflict with our main source of work, Boeing Aircraft Company.

Referring again to equipment, I always had more machine tools than were actually needed on a one shift basis. Due to the nature of producing aircraft parts, it is very easy to overload one group of machines, while others are idle. This requires an excess of machine tools. Added to this I tried never to have only one machine of any kind, since if you only have one machine and it becomes inoperative, you are "dead in the water".

In 1965 I bought one Japanese machine from West Coast Machinery. Jay Krom was the owner of West Coast. Jay organized a group of Boeing vendors for a trip to Japan, to see Japanese manufacturing and especially machine tools. We made the trip, I believe about twenty of us in all. During a total time of ten days, going by air gave us a lot of time for inspection. Most of the men had their wives along. Sally was with me, and the trip became not only an inspection trip but also a pleasure. Most of the wives wanted to go shopping in Tokyo and other places, but Sally wanted to see the manufacturing plant. She was finally assigned a girl guide who could speak English. Among the plants we visited was the Hitachi plant, which among other things built milling machines. By this time I had ordered more mills from West Coast and eventually ended up with nine Hitachi milling machines. I was told that this was more than any other manufacturer had ever bought. They added greatly to our machine capacity. We finally ended up at Osaka, Japan, going and returning in the famous Japanese fast train. Returning, for some reason, it was behind schedule. I believe up to that time it had never been behind before. I won't cover in detail any more of the Japanese trip, except to say we all enjoyed it very much. It was a nice departure from our regular routine. I believe the trip to Japan got us started on more traveling. Afterwards we made four trips to Europe, which I will tell about at a later date.

There eventually came a time, namely about 1966, when it was very apparent that we were outgrowing our location at S.E. 12th and Division. Added to this, Boeing was asking its vendors to expand as they were doing. We started looking for an available plant site, and settled on one at S.E. 55th and Johnson Creek Blvd. This site had been the place of an ancient deposit of sand and gravel, probably after the ice age when Johnson Creek was an enormous river. Most of the sand and gravel had been removed. The first thing I did was remove thousands of yards of dirt and sand to make a plant site. In 1966, we built our first building, 6,000 square feet which since has become a warehouse building. We then had a very high retaining wall built and it eventually became the wall of our main building. We built this main building in 1967 and then moved into it in 1968.

For a comparatively small company, all of this was a lot of work in addition to carrying on the manufacturing of Boeing parts at the old plant. I'm glad that I was still young enough and had the constitution to take on all of the added volume of work. It did require a great deal of personal effort, since the organization I had was kept busy on routine manufacturing. The building of new buildings and moving was not included in its experience.

In those days in the warm sunshine, I liked nothing better than to strip to the waist

and be out in the hot sunshine. In fact many of us played golf in this manner. During the entire construction of the main building day after day, I was doing this and drinking orange juice by the quart. I started losing weight. At first I thought it was good for me, but I also started getting weaker. After losing about twenty pounds, I called my doctor. He said, "Come to my office at once". He immediately gave me tests and found out I had a very high blood sugar, 480 where a normal is around 100. He told me "You're headed for diabetes; you must change your life style at once." I went on a diet, took medication and within three or four months I was getting back to normal. I've had to watch my blood sugar and diet to a certain degree ever since.



OUR TOUR GROUP IN JAPAN WITH SOME OF THE JAPANESE ACQUAINTANCES— SALLY AND I IN APPROX. CENTER

VIEWS OF OUR PLANT AT 5505 S.E. JOHNSON CREEK BLVD., PORTLAND, OREGON 97206







In 1967 I thought it would be a good idea to have Russell come into the Company and learn its operation. Since graduating from the University he had worked for an Iron Works and later for Oregon Saw Chain. He had gained a considerable amount of experience in this kind of work. At this time we were planning a new plant. He and Mr. Bentall drew up the plans under my supervision. We wanted to incorporate a great many things into this building. It was an odd shaped piece of land. We were using the previously built retaining wall as a wall for the building. We wanted the electrical work to be underground. Naturally all plumbing was underground. We even went further and had pipes put underground, so that at some future date, if we wanted to, we could dig a well in front and have water flow through separate coils in the heater units, for cooling the plant. All together this required quite a lot of design work.

After the main structure of the building was complete, we used our own men to do a great deal of the inside work, the mezzanine floor, all the downstairs and upstairs office part of the building, all of the painting and insulating. I wish to add here that in all of our construction work, at 12th and Division as well as our new plant, we used our own men whenever possible, especially during the time the Boeing work was very slow, and Boeing was always having its ups and downs. In so doing we kept many men on the payroll during slack periods, whom, otherwise we would have had to lay off. Many times these men were inexperienced in construction, but under good supervision they performed very nicely. I have been told that I was born to be a builder; this is not quite true. But I am glad that I did have the opportunity to have a number of buildings erected.

During the construction period, Russell did a lot of supervising. He even ran the lift truck if need be. I can still see him hoisting up beams for the mezzanine floor. In 1968 we moved into the new building. This was a major accomplishment in itself. We had movers move all the major equipment, but the biggest part of the move was minor equipment and furniture for the office. We have always been a great believer in do it yourself and we certainly needed all our ingenuity in making this move.

Russell was with us until sometime in

1970. After we had completed our move into the plant, Russell helped on the bidding and cost accounting. He also did a good job of calling on the Boeing buyers. There came a time in the early 1970s when the Boeing work was slower than the usual slow period and lasted longer. We made plans for a four-plex on the street above our plant and employed many of our people in this construction. I can still see Russell and Bert driving nails like veteran carpenters. This four-plex, including the foundation work, was done by our own men with the only exception being the plumbing, electrical and brick work on the fireplaces.

I won't mention the exact year, but again in the early 1970s we really had a slow period. We had to lay off a number of the office force; in fact I believe Bert Winter was the only one left in the office and Joe Dobson was the only one taking care of the shop. I'm glad to say that this period did not last too long. It seemed like we always had a few orders that carried us through and enabled us to keep the doors open. I do know that by 1973 or 1974, we were going strong again.

I wish to mention a few words concerning the labor union. They had tried to organize our men when we had the 12th and Division plant. They used a peculiar method. They couldn't strike our plant because they didn't have the union in it. They put on what was called an "organizing picket". As far as we were concerned, it just became nuisance. I finally had a letter from the head of the machinist union, telling me to come down to his office and sign up. Frankly, from the days I was in the Army I never liked anybody to order me around in this manner. I replied to his letter saying, "If you want to see me, come out to my office". I also told him, I believe his name was Carlson, I had done more for the machinists in this city than any man in the area. The picket was soon removed.

Not many months later, Carlson was superseded by another man, I have forgotten his name, and the pickets were back. Two or three men around town asked me to accompany them to a hearing in Salem regarding labor. It was to be held at night time. When the meeting started I soon saw the committee was "stacked" with Democrats. The head of the machinist union who had superseded Carlson, had been elected to the State Legislature and was on the platform.

After the rest of the audience had their say, I got on my feet and gave a "Patrick Henry" talk. The chairman tried to shush me up, but I wouldn't be stopped. I told them the experiences I had with organizational picketing. I told them about my letter to Carlson and that he had called his pickets off. Then I pointed to the member of the committee who had superseded Carlson and I said, "When you came into the office you put the pickets back on again". I did not sit down until I had spoken my thoughts. I wish to add here that not long afterwards organizational picketing was eliminated.

In 1968 when we moved to the new plant they tried again to organize us. As I look back I remember that I hired a machinist whom I had casually known in Iron Fireman. I am sure he was sent in by the union as a spy and organizer. During this time I was sure it was he who went together with others who threw packs of beer through our glass door. Making a long story short, there came a time when they threw on pickets and said they had a majority of our men enrolled in the union and again asked me to sign. We called in the National Labor Relations Board and they held a vote and we won. We haven't heard from any union since. I'm sure they decided we were "too tough a nut to crack" and it wasn't worthwhile, considering the number of employees we had.

As I mentioned before Boeing has always had a cycle of ups and downs. Their vendors must necessarily follow the same cycle. Not long after we had moved into our new plant, Boeing had one of its down cycles, starting in late 1969 and carrying on for a little more than two years. In fact the upturn did not start until late in 1972 and we had a gradual increase after that. I must say here that we had overbuilt our new plant. Boeing had requested their vendors to increase, but perhaps we went too far, since we have never really utilized all of our equipment or all of our floor space.

During this low period of 1970 and 1971, we found it necessary to not only lay off shop men, but we found it necessary to greatly reduce the office force. In reality, we ended up with only Bert Winter in the office besides Sally and me. This meant laying off Vince Baker, Bud Schwerin, Thelma Tussell, Jack Lutes, and Bentall. I wish to add here however, that Bentall has come back at various times for any design work that I might have and periodically he comes in for a visit. Our acquaintanceship has been more than fifty years in duration.

We had land, almost a wilderness, on the back of our plant. I decided to build on this property and have a future home as well as greatly improve the area back of the plant. In 1969 I designed a four-plex, then I had the land properly excavated and late that year started a foundation. We did not get very far before wintertime, but as soon as spring came we really started building. It was very fortunate I had these plans, since the Boeing work was so low, almost everyone could work on the construction. So, as I have mentioned earlier, we kept people employed who would otherwise been laid-off.

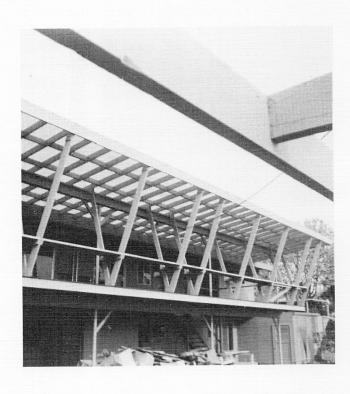
During 1970 we did the major part of the work on the four-plex. I recall so well, prefabricating much of the framing in the parking lot below, then hauling it up to the site and nailing it in place. Some of our men had some previous carpentry experience, but no one claimed to be an expert. Nevertheless, during 1970 and 1971 we finished the four-plex, and did most of the work except for the plumbing, electrical and the brick work for the fireplaces.

I'll say again, how nicely it worked out having this construction work, but I was very pleased to have the Boeing orders coming in again, so that we could get on with our main job again, which is making airplane parts. We started again, to calling men back to work and building up our organization.



VIEWS OF OUR FOUR-PLEX ON THE STREET IMMEDIATELY IN BACK OF OUR PLANT









In the year 1969, Sally and I sold our last home on Crystal Springs Blvd. It was easy to arrange for an apartment on the second floor of our plant. We already had the kitchen and toilet. We would take over unused office space for living room, dining room and bedroom. This was our entire home for the next two or three years. Then as soon as our four-plex was finished, we took over one apartment and have lived there in the summertime ever since. We still live in our plant apartment about five months out of the year. In the wintertime it is so easy to "go to work" without going out into the weather.

Since 1972 the Boeing work increased quite rapidly and again I specialized more and more in the work we took. We only have one turrett lathe and good turrett lathe operators are too hard to find. As a consequence, we turned down nearly all turning jobs. What little we did have, we "farmed out". We had a few orders that required forgings, but we took on no new orders of this nature. What I'm saying is that we had become very highly specialized in parts made from extrusion and aluminum plate. At one time we were the biggest user of extrusion in the whole of the Northwest, except for Boeing itself. In fact, I dare say we bought as many extrusions as all the other vendors put together.

I've heard it said that some of the buyers at Boeing have made the statement, that if you want any other of your vendors to have parts made from extrusion, don't send the bid request to Carter Manufacturing Company, because in most cases Carter will take it.

As you have read my production history, you must realize that my experience has been much greater than the average Boeing vendor. In fact, in most cases, many times more. I should be able to compete better than most. Not only have I done and seen many types of manufacturing but I'm undoubtedly the oldest Boeing vendor in this type of work and I have been with them almost continuously from the time they started using outside sources. In fact, I believe that at Iron Fireman, I was the first major outside source for machining.

After the middle of 1970s, Boeing kept getting an increasing number of orders. They also started ordering materials and finished parts from vendors, over and beyond their orders on hand, and they were not alone in this. It got to a point in the 1970s where it took a lead time of one and a half years to get ex-

trusion from the mill. We were constantly being pushed by Boeing to get orders placed with the mill, in order to be sure of making commitments of parts to Boeing on schedule. The fact of the matter is, this procedure was in line with our own thinking, and at times we were ahead of Boeing in placing material orders.

Looking back a few years, we remember so well when Alcoa started producing hard alloy extrusions in their Vancouver plant. In fact, Sally and I were present at the opening. This carried on for a number of years, and how fortunate we were in having this source so close by. Many times we have received extrusion three weeks after placing the order. The service was also quite personalized. There came a time when there wasn't enough business to warrant the Vancouver operation. and our orders had to go to Vernon, California. Eventually, Vancouver opened up again, but I'm sorry to say they only lasted a few years and again we had to depend upon Alcoa at Vernon for hard alloy extrusion.

Now I must come to the year 1977. A very sad year for Carter Manufacturing Company and me personally. One morning in early 1977, we received the sad news that our general foreman, Joe Dobson, had died during the night of a heart attack. Joe undoubtedly knew he had high blood pressure. He never wanted to be examined for it. I'm afraid this is true of many people. Ordinarily, it can be cured or greatly reduced in severity. You just can't "sweep it under the rug". Joe was a comparatively young man, only forty-seven years old. As I mentioned earlier, Joe had told me numerous times, after he came with us. "Give me lots of work. I'm young and I can handle it". As you might surmise, Joe's death left a big hole in our organization. I thought I had two men, as "back-up men", Bud Schwerin and Glen Gillett. However, Bud Schwerin decided to take early retirement, so I was given the choice of my second "back-up" man.

I realized that with Joe's death, I should reduce the load in the plant and especially those parts that required more than the usual skills in manufacturing. I therefore had Russ take a trip to Seattle, and see how many items he could farm out. We were very fortunate in being able to "off load" most of those items we did not want. We off loaded all of our aluminum forgings and many other parts. We

were very fortunate inasmuch as the other vendors could use the work in 1977. A year later, it would have been an entirely different story.

Eventually there came another round of bid requests from Boeing. Again we reduced the number of parts that we wanted to manufacture. I was told afterwards, by Boeing buyers, that to place many of our parts elsewhere, they had a cost increase from thirty to three hundred percent higher than that which we had charged.

In Carter Manufacturing Company, I have never had a plant superintendant. I have been my own Superintendant, General Manager, Tool Designer and Engineer. We have been fortunate in having good men in the plant. Added to this, using my own long experience has enabled us to be second to none in this work.

This really followed my experience in Iron Fireman Manufacturing Company, all of which I have related earlier. There, I had to build a manufacturing organization, redesign the product as well as many other duties. At one time I told Mr. Banfield I was doing the work of three men. He replied, "I know it". He appreciated what I was doing, but would much rather have had the responsibility divided among more men and less dependant upon me. Because of all this past history, I was really equipped to run my own small organization. I wish to say, however, that as time went on, Bert Winter had gained a lot of experience in our type of work. He was able to relieve me of a great deal of the load of operating the plant.

The most important part of a Boeing vendor's work is in the bidding. Bert and I really enjoy accumulating our facts together, and submitting a price. The bidding has a great many aspects. I won't endeavor to recite them all here, but I will say, if you disregard too many of them, you can't do justice to your business. As I have often times said, regardless of how good you are, you are going to come up with a "bad one" once in a while.

As I said before, 1977 brought me more than the usual amount of trouble and sorrow. In September of that year, Sally had a stroke, which I will cover more fully in "Family Affairs". Again I was glad that I had reduced the Boeing load as much as I had already done.

Now we come up to the year, I believe

1980, when a recession all over the country was taking place. In fact it is still called a recession, but as nearly as I can analyze, it is closest to the "depression" of the 1930s as anything we have had since that time.

From the time when Boeing was pushing their vendors to deliver, and many of them were behind schedule, Boeing started canceling orders, and telling their vendors to cancel material orders. What a change! We had two hundred fifty sets of 727 airplane parts canceled on us. We had other orders stretched out into the future. What a job of termination we had to go through. How glad I was that only a few years before we had greatly reduced the number of Boeing parts we were making. This also hurt all the Boeing vendors in the Northwest, but it also did them a lot of good. Many of them had been far behind on their schedules, and practically overnight they became current on their schedules.

It was quite a drastic change for us here at Carter Manufacturing Company. Almost overnight we had to change our thinking from "all-out" pushing for deliveries to cutting down. We did not have a very large crew, but we had been working for a number of years, overtime including practically every Saturday. From that all-out overtime, to regular time, and now four days a week.

It was not easy to let men go who had been with us quite awhile. Very naturally we laid-off men who had been with us the shortest length of time, and in a few cases had been less productive than most.

We had built up quite a heavy inventory for a company our size. This inventory was mostly in parts for the older airplanes, especially for the 727 airplane. In fact, we had refused to bid on the parts for the new series of airplanes, the 757 and 767. It was our thought that we had enough load without adding parts for the new airplanes. This was a case of being penalized for sticking to our motto, "meet our schedule at any cost". At times it had made me wonder if the vendors who take on as many orders as they can get are not following the proper course, since overnight their old orders are canceled, and they have the new ones to work on. We were able to get some orders for 757 parts. They were for parts which came to purchasing very late and had very early delivery requirements. We obtained these orders, I'm sure, because

Boeing knew that we would meet delivery if we received the orders. We have never received an order for the 767 airplane. It is one of very few Boeing planes that I have not made parts for since the B17.

As I mentioned before, we really had a reduced crew in the plant. Also in the office we had only Bert Winter and Dolores Carscallen. I wish to add here, Dolores came with us in 1973 and Sally was able to teach her many things which was a big help to us, when Sally became incapacitated. She also has been much help to Sally in other ways.

It was a big thankless job of taking care of all the paper work, for the terminations and some of these are still carrying on. Bert has spent many extra hours. Time for which we can never be reimbursed, but we are glad to get this behind us.

The AWACS program for the Air Force came along just at the right time. As most people know, this is a surveillance airplane which the Air Force likes very much. The basic airplane is the Boeing 707, in the 720 mode. We were the vendor for a great many of the parts for this airplane. We were fortunate in having the tooling and in many cases, the raw materials. We have received numerous small orders for these parts. Today we are even making parts in advance of orders if we have material on hand. I will say again, that this work has greatly helped us in keeping our small crew together.

There came a time in early 1981 when it was very evident that we did not have enough work for the employees we had left on the payrolls. We decided therefore to do as much plant renovation as possible.

First thing on the program was painting the outside of all our buildings. We were already equipped better than many professional painters. We had a large fork lift truck and a removable platform to mount on the forks. We had two types of spraying equipment, air and airless. We painted the four-plex, then all over our manufacturing building. We put additional coverings on our skylights. I wish to add here that our men did a very thorough and professional job.

During the year, we cleaned all of our machine tool equipment and then repainted most of it. It was amazing how nice the machines looked after removing years of accumulated grime. All of this is not a "make work" program. It was very much needed,

and we were pleased to be able to do it. At a much smaller scale, this work is continuing in 1982.

Very early in the history of Carter Manufacturing, I decided we should have a separate organization to take care of investments and extra funds we might have. We therefore formed a family partnership, called Carter Enterprises. All of our real estate, including our Manufacturing buildings, are owned in the name of Carter Enterprises. We also invested in a number of older type homes and held them for rent. I was fortunate in obtaining the services of Charles Feike, a retired friend. He handled all of my rental units until his death by cancer.

I am sorry to say that most rental tenants, in fact almost nine out of ten, are young people who have never learned housekeeping or sense of responsibility. After I no longer had the benefit of Mr. Feike's services, I proceeded to sell off the homes and other real estate, in order to simplify my own personal work. Carter Enterprises continues to serve a very useful purpose in all of our operations.

During one of Boeing comparatively low periods, I believe about 1975, I had the idea that we had a facility much too large for any future needs and that it was a good idea if we reduced our plant and equipment size, and sold or leased our larger building. In line with this reasoning, Bentall and I designed a new plant around our warehouse building, which is a 6,000 square foot floor space. The addition would have more than doubled the size. We also showed an addition on the front, which would have been the office space. This new plant would have been adequate for our needs, in fact larger than the plant size of most of our competitors.

Little did we dream what we were going to encounter. The new laws giving birth to LCDC with all of its ramifications stopped us "dead in our tracks". Laws which were passed under the leadership of Governor Tom McCall, an unrealistic dreamer, along with a legislature of the same temperament. Normally a small company could have designed or had designed a building, get it approved by the proper planning departments and everybody was happy to have property added to the tax rolls and more payroll in the county.

Under the present laws we had to appear before a local community group. People who, for the most part, knew nothing about business, payrolls, or manufacturing. Nevertheless, they thought they could pass judgment on such an undertaking. We had to go through the usual steps of getting approval from the building bureau, and according to the new laws, 15% of our land had to be used for landscaping, rose bushes, trees, etc. In other words we would have to tear up parking lot pavement and use it for landscaping, an idea that was absurd and which we refused to do. After appearing before the Board of County Commissioners, and being refused, I gave up the fight.

I wish to add here also, that with the smaller facility, I had in mind setting up an organization, in which our basic employee organization would participate in ownership and earnings. In other words this was a plan far beyond that of making a new facility. Never again will I start a project that can be turned down by outside "dreamers" and "busybodies". A mild designation of my actual thoughts.

During one of my meetings with the Clackamas Board of Commissioners, there was a hearing regarding the location of a post office in a small town beyond Oregon City. The committee was being told where to locate the post office and the citizens of this town were being disregarded. I was so pleased to hear some of the very independent citizens telling the Commissioners they knew where they wanted the post office located and they were going to have it in that place. They finally won out. It's too bad we don't have more of such uprisings all over the state. Although we do hear more and more people expressing themselves regarding unnecessary laws.

There is now publicity in the newspapers regarding Oregon's very restrictive laws and keeping new industries from locating here. It is said that it takes all of two years to get a permit to build. This added to the higher tax costs in Oregon is keeping out much needed industry. I must add also, it adds a burden to local industries. Someday when it is no longer of help to me, we are going to see a more practical viewpoint taken regarding these matters and perhaps undo the work that Governor McCall did, and have a different viewpoint than his, when he said, "We don't want more people in Oregon. Come and visit with us, then go home".

It is now late July, 1982, and we have a

plant that is almost idle. We have built more than we have ever needed. In a way however, this is a good thing. Due to inflation, our plant is worth in present dollars much more than it cost us to build, in effect therefore, we have a "tax shelter". This can however be a "mixed blessing". The tax assessor has been very zealous about increasing the assessed value, with a consequence of increased taxes each year. It makes me wonder, in a period of deflation and lower selling price for real estate, if the assessor will follow the same rule and decrease the value. I know in advance the probable answer, which is "no". But, as time goes on, I may follow this rule and hope to, at least, eliminate any increase in assessed value.

I have mentioned a number of times, about my long history with the Boeing Aircraft Company, also during my days with Iron Fireman Manufacturing Company. I was told by Mr. Clennan Gracey, the Materiel Manager, that we would be treated as a Department of Boeing. We were so treated. I assure you, I considered it no small compliment and from the beginning I have always tried to do a job that would merit such distinction. I'm sorry to say that Mr. Gracey died a few years ago.

As I told earlier, my first contact with Boeing was Mr. Norval Grigg. We always had a very fine relationship. During his last years with Boeing, his position was of such a nature that I had very little contact with him. But I am pleased to say that he was one of my guests at a dinner Sally and I had, eight or ten years ago, for many "old timers" meaning myself and my early acquaintances at Boeing. I will mention here, that Frank and Doris Dobbins were present as well as Joe Miles and his wife.

I had a long working arrangement with Mr. Frank Dobbins. Before he retired he was Vice-President in charge of Materiel at the headquarters level. He and Doris usually go south in the winter, and going and returning we usually have the opportunity to visit and have dinner with them.

Mr. Joe Miles and I had the opportunity to compare our time one day, and ascertained that he started to work for Boeing after graduating from the University of Washington, about the same time I started contacting Boeing for Iron Fireman. I recall when Joe had a very unique opportunity. The Company wanted him to get acquainted with

all departments; this he did very thoroughly at an early stage with Boeing. His last position was Materiel Manager at the Renton plant. Joe and I had many opportunities to have a short visit together.

I wish to also mention a Boeing Supervisor by the name of Ed Brownell. I had a very early contact with him, when I was with Iron Fireman and started to make airplane parts. He was also instrumental in my starting airplane work at Carter Manufacturing Company. I will never forget meeting him in the lobby at Boeing, when I was up there for just a visit, and his remark, "Haskell, we are starting a big new program on commercial airplane work. We need you in it". I did get with it. I'm sorry to say that at some later date, for some reason, (I don't know the exact cause) Brownell and Boeing had a parting of the ways.

Very early in the Carter Manufacturing history, I mentioned Ken Arnold, and how he got us very occupied with B52 work. I'm pleased to note than Ken and I have always had a cordial relationship, and I believe that he is now retired from Boeing.

Very early, I believe it was in the 727 program, I met Dick Naud. He was then a buyer, now a supervisor. Sally and I always enjoyed getting together with Dick and June, his wife. Now in approximate sequence, I had a considerable amount of dealings with Barney Estabrook. Barney is now retired and Sally and I enjoy visiting with him and Mercedes.

Early in the 747 program, I had a number of contacts with Hal Michels. I had briefly met him earlier in the 727 program. I'm sorry to say that I recently learned that Hal has died of heart failure.

I have had good relations with Joe Corvey, Assistant Materiel Manager for the Renton Division of Boeing. He is still very active.

I must not forget Len Levack, a long time buyer and I believe now a supervisor in Renton Materiel. During one of the Boeing slow periods, he was one of the few retained. When Boeing had to rapidly build a new organization, new buyers lined up at Len's desk for information. I always remember him saying that he was about to hand out cards with numbers on them, so that he could get the people to come to him in proper sequence.

I come now to Ross Jacobson, who is the Supervisor for a large portion of our work.

Ross has had a long history with Boeing, and we have had a very agreeable relationship.

I have mentioned a great many names and I won't try to bring all the names of Boeing people I have dealt with. If I did, this would become endless. I will say that there have been a very few that I did not get along with, but to be very honest, there were some.

In my long history with Boeing, I believe that my relationship has been mutually agreeable and perhaps second to none. I've always tried to meet their requirements, meet their schedules and be competitive. In so doing I have gained respect and friendships, which I value very highly.

As Boeing became loaded with work in the Boeing Renton plant, they shifted a considerable amount of work to the Boeing Wichita plant. This was especially true on the 737 airplane. Large sub assemblies are made in Wichita and sent to Renton for final assembly. Many of our orders for 737 parts went to Wichita and we have been working with this plant since that time.

We are now in late July, 1982. It is hard to predict how long the "recession" (depression) is going to last. It is very apparent that Boeing will not get very many new orders until there is a big improvement in the national economy, therefore our forecasting is very difficult.

I have mentioned before, that Boeing AWACS program has given us a considerable amount of business. It is the most promising program we see for the immediate future. Boeing is talking about the possibility of twenty more of these airplanes; eleven more seem to be quite assured. We are looking forward to receiving orders for this quantity.

We now have orders for various airplane parts, into 1985. The biggest volume naturally is in 1983, and although it is not a heavy volume, it is still enough to keep our "Doors Open".

We are now looking at an uncertain future, which is so dependent upon the general economy. Even the experts are not in accord on what will happen to our economy. The airlines are dependent upon the improvement of business. As a consequence, future Boeing orders from the airlines will follow the general improvement in the entire United States economy. Our own orders must follow the same course.

I am now looking back over a time span of forty-three years, with a very few interruptions, of dealing with The Boeing Aircraft Company. I will say that it has been a very pleasant and rewarding work and I personally dealt with a great many buyers and supervisors; it has been a very pleasant association with very few exceptions. I must also add that, that relation has been mutual. We have helped Boeing many times when

they were in very urgent need. We have made deliveries beyond their expectation. I am sure that, on the average, our prices have been lower than any of our competition. With an industry such as the airplane industry, price and a high regard for commitments are very essential. Again I say it has been very enjoyable.





CERTIFICATE OF OUTSTANDING PERFORMANCE PRESENTED TO

CARTER MANUFACTURING CO.
PORTLAND, OREGON

MR. HASKELL C. CARTER, PRESIDENT

THIS CERTIFICATE IS PRESENTED TO THE PEOPLE OF CARTER MANUFACTURING COMPANY FOR THEIR OUTSTANDING PERFORMANCE IN SUPPORT OF THE BOEING COMMERCIAL AIRPLANE COMPANY

CARTER MANUFACTURING'S QUALITY AND SCHEDULE PERFORMANCE HAS BEEN SUPERIOR SINCE ITS FOUNDING. THE AVERAGE OF SHIPMENTS DELINQUENT OVER THIRTY DAYS DURING THE LAST TWELVE MONTHS IS 0.2 PERCENT AND WAS ZERO FOR MARCH 1980. YOUR ACHIEVEMENT IS EVEN MORE OUTSTANDING IN VIEW OF ACCELERATED SCHEDULES AND EXTENDED RAW MATERIAL LEAD TIMES WE HAVE ALL EXPERIENCED THE LAST TWO YEARS.

CARTER MANUFACTURING COMPANY'S OUTSTANDING PERFORMANCE IS TYPICAL OF MR. HASKELL CARTER WHO HAS BEEN A CONTRIBUTOR TO THE BOEING COMMERCIAL AIRPLANE COMPANY'S SUCCESS SINCE 1939.

J. E. MILES DIRECTOR OF MATERIEL 101/121/131 DIVISION

23122211465

WICHITA DIVISION

SMALL BUSINESS SUPPLIER OF THE MONTH MARCH 1977

CARTER MANUFACTURING CO. 5505 S.E. JOHNSON CREEK BLVD. PORTLAND, OREGON 97206

Dear Mr. Carter:

This is to advise you that Carter Mfg. Co. has been selected by the Boeing Wichita Company, Division of The Boeing Company, as the "Small Business Supplier of the Month."

This citation is in recognition of your outstanding performance in the fulfillment of contractual responsibilities.

Therefore, we offer our congratulations to you as the "Supplier of the Month" for the effort you and your Company expended in supplying this division with a quality product and on-time delivery.

Very truly yours,

BOEING WICHITA COMPANY Division of The Boeing Company

K. J. Hill

Procurement Group Supervisor

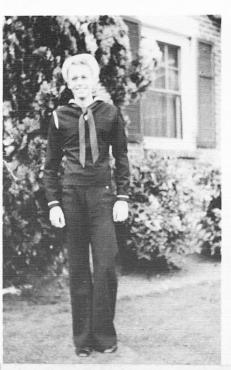
Director of Materiel



HARRY IN AIR FORCE FOR 3 YEARS, AFTER GRADUATING FROM UNIVERSITY



SALLY AND I ON MY FIRST VISIT TO THE FARM, AFTER MY RETURN FROM OVERSEAS.



ROY, WHILE IN THE NAVY V12 PROGRAM, DURING WORLD WAR II



RUSSELL CARTER, DURING WORLD WAR I

CHAPTER 14

FAMILY AFFAIRS— ARMED FORCES SERVICE

In a separate section of these Memoirs, I've given a history of my own and my brother Russell's military service in World War I. The three sons have also had military service during or after World War II. I made some mention earlier about Russell's service, however I want to mention now that he ended up in Patton's Army, sometime during the drive through France, and he was with this Army till the end of the war and they had driven to Linz, Austria. He also had the unpleasant task of helping to round up Russians who had defected to the German Army. They were sent back to Russia, and it is easy to

guess what their fate was. I'm pleased to note that Russell came through the war unscratched and served for a long period of time in the Army Reserve.

Roy's service has been outlined in other sections in these Memoirs and I will not comment further.

Harry at Oregon State University was in the R.O.T.C. and served three years in the Air Force. He has mentioned numerous times, that he regrets the fact that he did not make a career with the Air Force. I believe he did enjoy his active service in this military department.



RUSSELL IN U.S. INFANTRY, WORLD WAR II

CHAPTER 15

VETERANS AND CIVIC ORGANIZATIONS

As I have mentioned earlier, I was instrumental in organizing one of the first American Legion Posts in Oregon, namely American Legion Post No. 6 in Hillsboro, Oregon. I have belonged almost continuously since that time, but in different Posts. In the early 1970s Verne McKinney, owner and publisher of the Hillsboro Argus, reminded me that my name was on the original application for the Hillsboro Post and I should belong out there. I agreed with him and promptly became a member again. They treat me as if I had had a continuous membership.

Also I mentioned earlier, I had enlisted with many others in Company B, 3rd Oregon Infantry, later 162nd United States Infantry. Since World War I, the surviving members have held an annual dinner. Most of the time, here in Portland, but a few times in Hillsboro, Oregon. For many years Verne McKinney, Dr. Archie Pitman and Odell Brandaw have been the surviving members from Hillsboro and always attend. I'm sorry to say that Verne McKinney is no longer with us.

The surviving members of our Regimental group, the 162nd Infantry also hold an annual dinner (for sometime it has been a luncheon). I'm sorry to say that we are now very few

compared to the large group we had at one time. The same men I have mentioned from Hillsboro usually attended this luncheon.

I have been a member of the Kiwanis Club for more than forty-five years. I must admit I have never been too regular in my attendance in my early years as a member. My travels East four or five times a year interrupted my attendance. After being a member for twenty-five years, I became with many others a so-called privileged member and I can attend as often as I want to.

Even though I have never been regular in attendance, I have enjoyed these meetings, and I still try to keep in touch.

There was a time when the downtown Kiwanis Club was the only one in the area; members came to luncheon all the way from Tigard, Oregon. At the present time, we have numerous clubs within the Portland city limits. I have been a continuous member of Kiwanis from July, 1938 to present. My club has recently started a practice of once a month featuring an old time member, in addition to the "Kiwanian of the Week". I have been invited to be the old timer of the month, next Wednesday, August 11th, 1982. Sally has been invited also. We are looking forward to this occasion.



AN EARLY COMPANY B DINNER AT HENRY THIELE'S RESTAURANT ON 10TH STREET. IN THE LOWER CENTER OF THE PICTURE ARE DR. ARCHIE PITMAN, VERNE MCKINNEY AND MYSELF

CONTINUOUS MEMBER CERTIFICATE





CELEGION OF HONOR SO

BE IT KNOWN THAT HASKELL C. CARTER

has been a Kiwanian for the period of



as shown by the official organization records.

AND BE IT FURTHER KNOWN: that he is hereby accorded distinctive recognition and the admiration and gratitude of his club, district and Kiwanis International.

Kiwanis Glub

of

PORTLAND, OREGON

8607 Number



IN RECOGNITION OF



44 Exemplary Years Community Service

This Award is Presented to

haskell c. carter

by The Kiwanis Club of

Portland, Oregon

August 11, 1982

Date

Club President



Club Secretary

CHAPTER 16

FAMILY AFFAIRS EIDAL FAMILY

I have already briefly mentioned the Eidal family in my chapter regarding the trip to Norway. In this chapter I will cover in more detail the history as I know it and whatever Sally can add to it. Dad Christen Eidal came from near Eidal, Norway. Apparently the village was named after his ancestors. Very probably he walked from the farm and down to the railroad station where we left the train and took the train back to Oslo. Undoubtedly the railroads were running in those days. I would guess, without knowing the exact date, that he left Norway in the early 1880s. He undoubtedly also took a sailing schooner to America. He would have landed on Ellis Island, where all immigrants landed.

We don't know too much about his early history, but we do know he was a Cadet in a Norwegian Military school for some length of time. This undoubtedly helped shape his future, and probably influenced him in coming to America where there were greater opportunities. He first stayed with relatives in North Dakota, undoubtedly relatives who had written to him in Norway and were an influence in his coming to this country. Very early he went to Ellensburg, Washington, as a young man, and worked for a living. He must have saved his money because the story is that at an early age he had a fine carriage and a very fine team of horses to pull it. I'm sure that Dad Eidal "cut a handsome figure" in those days.

Now about Sally's mother, Sigrid Digene. She came from a different fjord down to Oslo and from a family very well off. Undoubtedly she went by some kind of stage coach to Oslo, since there is no train to that area. She had an older sister already in America, who as I understand it was working as a maid for a wealthy family somewhere in America. By the time Sally's mother arrived her sister was married to Peter Wold near Ellensburg, for whom the school district was named, Woldale. Therefore Sally's mother had a place to "land" when she got to America.

As I have heard however, her mother had an awful trip, especially crossing the ocean since she came steerage on a Windjammer. She also had a hard time crossing the United States without knowing the language. Because of her hard time coming to this country, she didn't have the least desire, almost a fear, of returning to Norway for a visit.

Chris Eidal and Sigrid Digene met at some period in Ellensburg. Chris was about ten years older than Sigrid, but in some manner they met and married. They were married in 1893. Peter Wold had a great deal of land in that area. He sold Dad Eidal a nice farm approximately one hundred acres. They had a nice farm home built on it. There were born in succession six children: Elmer, Otto, Elna, Sarah, Marie and Roy. (Christen was born May, 1864 and died, April, 1949. Sigrid was born January, 1874 and died June, 1938).

When the Milwaukie Railroad was built it was to cut the farm in two parts. Naturally Dad Eidal was paid for it. Nevertheless, it did divide the farm. The farm house was moved to the present location, near the main road and across the right of way of the Milwaukie Railroad. Apparently the farm house had originally been built near a natural spring for water. I do know that when they moved the house, they piped the spring water down to the new location. It was used for many purposes, including watering the lawn.

The Cascade irrigation ditch, which was the first irrigation canal from the Yakima river through the Kittitas Valley, went very close to the new home site. Incidentally, this ditch went on through Ellensburg, Washington. This water was available for irrigating most of the land of the Eidal family, so it was a very important asset.

I'll try not to cover too much history of the family on the farm, since I didn't become acquainted with Sally until she was 17. During my stay in Ellensburg in the early days, I didn't meet anybody else in the family, until I returned home from France.

I do know that Dad Eidal was a good farmer. He would get up at daylight and take care of irrigating. But, he liked better to be doing other work. He became assistant Road Master for the district. I believe he enjoyed this work better than farming. At any rate, he did both, but hired help to do a lot of the farm work. For a long time they had an old Nor-



THE COMPLETE EIDAL FAMILY (THERE IS A NEIGHBOR WOMAN IN THE PICTURE, THE ONE ON THE EXTREME LEFT). SARAH IS IN ABOUT THE MIDDLE OF THE PICTURE IN BACK OF ROY, WHOSE HAND DAD EIDAL IS HOLDING. IN THE BACKGROUND IS THE EIDAL HOME REFERRED TO.

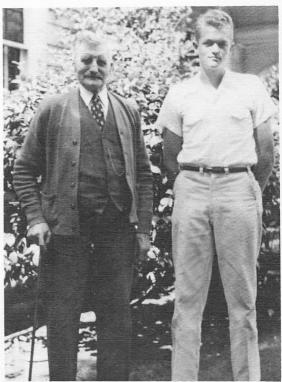


THE EIDAL FARM HOUSE AS IT WAS ON OUR LAST VISIT



DAD EIDAL AND HIS SONS AND TWO SONS-IN-LAW FROM LEFT TO RIGHT: OTTO; WARREN GILMORE; DR. MAXSON; ROY; ELMER;

DAD EIDAL IN THE CENTER



DAD EIDAL AND HARRY



THE THREE EIDAL SISTERS, SALLY; MARIE; ELNA

wegian retainer, who drifted by and stayed. I might also add that Elmer and Otto, the two oldest members of the family, very early did a lot of the farm work in addition to going to school. They eventually graduated from the Teachers Normal School located in Ellensburg. They later became school superintendents in various places.

In another section of this Autobiography, I have already mentioned visiting with Sarah after I returned home from France and was in college. I also told about how and why Sarah became Sally to me. I have also related how Marie went with us to Oregon State College. I mentioned how and why brother Roy was in business in Albuquerque, New Mexico.

Incidentally, Roy attended our 50th wedding anniversary, December 27, 1972. It would not be out of place if I mentioned again that Sally and I were married on December 27, 1922.

In many ways, Roy was a genius. He never even finished high school but he became a very good manufacturer and a business man up to a certain point. At various times, he was worth over a million dollars, starting with only a few thousand borrowed from his father. One of Roy's main difficulties was that he was also a gambler. He gambled in his busines to his profit, but in Las Vegas, to the casino's profit. Taken as a whole, Roy was quite a man. He made friends everywhere he went. Roy could even talk the Internal Revenue Service out of more than one half of what they wanted.

I can't help but feel that Roy's more or less easy way of looking at life, eventually caused his death. He had high blood pressure and didn't realize fully what high blood pressure can do. Sally and I visited him in the hospital in Albuquerque when he was comatose. I'm sorry to say he didn't know we were there. He died shortly afterwards.

Now I wish to get back to something of a comparison between the Eidal parents and my parents. They were both of a very adventuresome nature. As mentioned early, my parents moved from Tennessee to Oregon with seven children, the oldest one about eleven years old, the youngest a babe in arms. Sally's parents came from a much greater distance with the hardships aboard a windjammer, but they were not encumbered by children. I will say again, that it really takes something to make such drastic moves as this. I greatly admire both sets of parents for making such moves.

I wish to add a few comments regarding the Eidal family. Elmer, the oldest, and his wife, Henrietta, only had one child, a son, who now is a very successful doctor in Auburn, Washington. Otto, the next to the eldest and Edith, his wife, had two daughters, Helen and Dorothy, who still reside in Central Washington: Elna had no children. Sally, my darling, and I have three sons. Marie had one daughter. Roy had one daughter. I am making these comments for one reason, to show the size of our families, compared to the original Eidal family, with six children and the Carter family, with seven. What a change in different generations! I have a concern because so many of the "minorities" are having so many children, we hear about ten and eleven, that they may overpopulate the country.



FAMILY AFFAIRS

Getting back to Portland and the period from 1951 to 1956. We were living in the Knapp Street house. As mentioned before, Roy and his wife, Amelia, were living in Detroit. They had their first baby, a son, and named him Alan. Many times on my trips East, I went by way of Detroit and visited with them. As Alan got beyond the baby stage, it was apparent that he was a retarded child, which was a very hard blow for all of us. We told Roy, on his next vacation, for him and Amelia to come West and bring Alan with them, and leave him with us. At that time, I believe Alan was about three years old.

This they did, and we had him with us for a considerable length of time. We had him tested by competent doctors, with always the same answer. In those days, all they did with people of that kind, old or young, was to put them into institutions. This we were advised to do, but we could never see it that way. Alan did learn to talk, while he was with us. Roy said later he not only learned to talk, he learned my grammatical errors as well. After a certain length of time, we realized his real home should be with his parents. I was no longer with Iron Fireman and we took the train to Detroit. How well I remember how Alan liked to operate a portable record player, which we took with us on the train. We delivered Alan to his parents in Detroit. At a later date, I will talk again about Alan.

We then bought a Dodge automobile and drove West. It was late in the year, I believe about November. We were afraid of encountering snow in the Northern states, consequently we went South, I believe through St. Louis. I know we drove through the Ozarks in Oklahoma; we stayed one night in a motel there. At breakfast the next morning, Sally and I enjoyed listening to the mountain people talking in their mountain dialect. This was not unusual, since all over this country, as well as Canada, England and Australia, in fact all the English speaking countries, almost every region has its own dialect. It has always been interesting to me to listen to the different pronunciations.

We finally arrived at Albuquerque, New Mexico, where Sally's youngest brother was located. We stayed at a Hilton Hotel. By the way, this is the original Hilton; all others have grown out of this. At that time, Roy Eidal was manufacturing rigs, for hauling oil well drilling towers, for Saudi Arabia. This was the year 1951. Roy and his Sales Manager had been to Saudi Arabia a number of times and we enjoyed hearing about that country. It is amazing how much prominence in the oil world it has gained since that time.

I must be careful or I will try to record too much history of all the family and this would become too lengthy. I wish to state here however, that Roy had started in Albuquerque, because during World War II, Army Ordnance wanted him to build certain vehicles, and they wanted to get away from the coast where labor was scarce and start in Albuquerque. I wish to add here also that Roy got his initial experience in building heavy truck equipment, in Seattle, Washington manufacturing logging trailers.

We traveled on through Arizona, saw the Grand Canyon in a number of places. Went by way of the famous resort of Palm Springs, on to Los Angeles. After Los Angeles we returned to Portland, Oregon. We had driven across the country a number of times, but this was perhaps the most picturesque and therefore the most interesting.

After we arrived home, I decided again to stop smoking. As the old saying is, "It is easy to stop smoking, I've done it many times". This time I was going to make it permanent. I had become allergic to cigarettes. I found also, that it was not the nicotine, but the oil in the tobacco. I ascertained this because I had tried a cigarette very low in nicotine, but very high in oil, and I was worse off than ever. I found my own cure. I had learned that when I had a sour taste in my mouth, like after eating a pickle. I had less desire for a cigarette. For three days I lay on the davenport, sipping dill pickle juice. At the end of three days I had it made. I don't mean to say that I did not crave cigarettes again, but I could hold it in check. Many times, however, I dreamed I was smoking again, but it was only a dream.

In case I haven't mentioned it before, I started smoking during the war in the trenches in France. I had seen others enjoying it, and I wanted to find any enjoyment that was

available. Reflecting back now, I had stopped two of the most difficult things for a man to overcome. One was stuttering, the other was smoking. Enough on that subject.

I mentioned earlier some of the work I had been doing after leaving Iron Fireman: I shall now add more to this. Harry and Russell needed homes of their own. There were not many sites to be had in Southeast Portland at a reasonable price. We found a site on Crystal Springs Blvd. This site was quite a hillside site, and required a lot of land filling. I found out also that the city owned a considerable amount of land on the next street back. namely Tenino. I bought this land initially, to make sure that any fill I made would not spill over onto land I did not own. The city of Portland was paving a number of streets in the area, consequently there was a lot of dirt available for fill. To make a long story short. there was something over four hundred feet of land I bought at various locations, which I filled. I helped to greatly improve that part of Crystal Springs Blvd.

After filling, I designed and supervised the building of two comparatively small homes, but they also had nicely finished daylight basements. I made sure that the foundations were resting on good solid ground, by extending the basement foundation on one house especially, to six feet below grade. It was a good thing I did, because one or two winters later, part of the fill slid away from the one house, necessitating additional fill.

At a later date, I had built a home for Sally and me, about a block and a half away from the sons' houses, at 4430 S.E. Crystal Springs Blvd. The sons' houses were located at 4300 and 4236 S.E. Crystal Springs Blvd.

After Roy and Amelia had moved from Detroit to Seattle and Roy was employed by Boeing, we had Alan back with us again. We were then living in the house at 4430 S.E. Crystal Springs Blvd. and we had our operation going at 12th and Division. One summer we had a woman tutor for Alan, a school teacher we were able to employ on her vacation. She did a good job and Alan learned a lot. The next summer we were fortunate in getting a man teacher who taught the 4th grade in Abernathy school. He and Alan got along fine together. In fact this teacher a few times took him to his home on the Willamette River and they both enjoyed these occasions.

When the summer was over the teacher said Alan had really learned enough that he could be in the 4th grade in school. We had met the woman who was the 4th grade teacher at Abernathy. The following school year we enrolled him in the 4th grade. Alan did very well, but his attention span was not very long, and he distracted the other students too much. However, Sally and I did enjoy hearing him, each evening after dinner, make the statement, "Now I must go to my room and study".

Much as we liked to have Alan around, in fact we had begun to think of him as a 4th son, we realized his home should be with his parents. We had hoped that he could carry on with his school work in Bellevue. On one occasion, I visited his classroom; it was a class for retarded or slow learners. I got the very firm impression that the teacher, himself had taken on this class because he was too lazy and was just doing a job of baby-sitting. I hope I am not doing him an injustice.

Roy tried other schools, but with more or less indifferent results. By this time Alan was becoming a grown up young man, so we brought him back to Portland again. I've often wondered if we would have been wise if we had had a tutor for him as we had started, but there is no use of thinking backwards. We had become acquainted with a retired State employee, Charles Feike. He helped us a lot in getting Alan in various places. I won't enumerate them all, but including a training work shop in Corvallis, Oregon. I must say we tried everything we could think of. Perhaps all of them helped. I wish to say here that Alan, at a very young age, when he saw me running the power lawn mower, wanted to run it, which he did fairly well. At our plant he wanted to load and start up a small automatic screw machine. At our new plant on Johnson Creek he would run a fork lift in the parking lot.

We finally bought him a small automobile, which he ran for many miles (this is after he had returned to Seattle). He would become too frustrated with traffic and got too many citations, so his license was taken away from him. For the time being at least, I shall stop talking about Alan.

Harry had come with us at our plant on 12th and Division. He and Carol had three children, two daughters and one son. When David, the son, was about three or four years



THE TWO HOUSES BUILT FOR RUSS AND HARRY AT 4236 & 4300 S.E. CRYSTAL SPRINGS BLVD.

old, Carol died of heart failure. What a tragedy for a young family. Since they lived only a short distance away, Sally cooked dinner for all of us until such time as Harry could get a housekeeper. He eventually married again. I had formed the opinion for some time that I was probably doing him an injustice by keeping him employed at Carter Manufacturing Company. I hoped he would be more motivated working for someone outside the family.

As a consequence, when our Boeing work slowed down, as it often did, I advised Harry to try employment elsewhere. He was employed by a steel fabricating company, King Brothers. He did a good selling job for them. In fact, in a way too good since for a period of about two years, he made too much money. He put a big addition to his house in Eastmoreland. The house was already big but he made it much bigger. It is true, the widow he married had a son and a daughter, so there was a large family to take care of.

At different times, I have had Harry and Russell in Carter Manufacturing and neither one of them fitted into the organization. I might better say that perhaps this type of work did not fit them. This is not unusual since very few men really belong in it. This is evidenced in the fact that there are so many failures. As I have mentioned before, one Boeing Supervisor told me that eighty percent of his vendors can't pay their bills at the end of the month.

I will also say that from my vantage point of many years of manufacturing, I expect a great deal of results. Added to all this, as is so often the case, a man in my position can teach others, but all too often he can't teach his own sons. I'm proud of the fact that in my long history of manufacturing, I have been able to "make men out of boys".

Be all that as it may, sometime in the

1970s, I had Russ and Harry go into business for themselves, a Sub Chapter S type of Corporation. Harry had already started a small business on the side, when he was otherwise employed by others, as a Sales Representative. From this small business, they tried to increase the output, which they did. I am sorry to say that over a period of years, they showed very little profit. Again it is a case of two brothers trying to work together. All too often this type of arrangement does not prove successful. To a certain degree they were both at fault, but I will not state here, wherein the greatest fault lay.

I bought the garage building and land at S.E. 12th and Division, with the hope that owning their own place of business would greatly improve their business and relationship. It was very evident, before they moved into it, that they had no future together. As a consequence, I had them separate and each of them go his own way.

Russ has been able to operate a very successful business of selling machinery and tools. During the winter of 1981 and '82, he erected a nice new building.

Harry has tried a number of things, but I am sorry to say he is not a businessman. He does have a very pleasant personality and is a good salesman. He is at his best as a Sales Representative for other companies and has been for a number of years, and is now so employed.

Now I come to Roy. I believe I mentioned earlier about him moving from Detroit to Seattle and being employed by Boeing Airplane Company. This has proved to be a very fortunate move. We have all heard what happened to Chrysler, where he was employed in Detroit. Boeing has given him great opportunity for advancement. I won't try to recite all of his Engineering at Boeing, except to say that for sometime now, he has been on studies for the deployment of the MX Missile, and even though the program has been held in abeyance and many ideas canceled, the studies continue. Roy is considered very essential to this program. I firmly believe that he will have a good position at Boeing until he chooses to retire.

I wish to also add that Alan lives in Seattle, and has been there for quite a few years. He has an apartment of his own, and although he is not self supporting, he has learned very well to take care of himself, with



A VIEW OF RUSSELL CARTER'S PLACE OF BUSINESS SHOWING THE ADDITION ALMOST FINISHED.

only periodic visits by his father. In turn he visits with his father and often goes to the store which Roy has established, as a side business. I don't pretend to know everything Roy sells, but among other things, he has quite a line of TVs and small computers. Roy enjoys very much having this business on the side. He says, for him it takes the place of golf and other types of recreation.

1977 was destined to be a bad year for all of us. As mentioned in another section of these memoirs, our General Foreman, Joe Dobson, died in the early part of the year. Then came September, and Sally had a stroke. The arteries in her neck leading to the brain became filled with, I believe, cholesterol.

On our last trip to Seattle, she had complained about a headache and we both had a complete physical, shortly after we returned to Portland. I am sorry to say, the Doctor did not discover the impending stroke. She had told him about the headache and he questioned her at length about it. I suppose headaches are so common that they cannot give too much importance to this malady. At any rate, since we had both had this physical examination, I did not personally watch her close enough to see the signs of the impending stroke. Frankly, I had been mislead because we both so recently had this medical examination. There were signs which should have alerted me. She knew something was wrong, and I believe she would have said more about it, had we not been so busy setting up brokerage accounts with Dean Witter for each of the grandchildren.

The physical examination was in the latter part of August, and about a month later, we called the Doctor and he immediately had her in Good Samaritan Hospital. They ascertained at once that she needed a pacemaker. In fact, this should have been implanted much earlier. Perhaps I can't blame the doctors too much, but she had had frequent examinations for her heart and a pacemaker had been under discussion.

Just by chance, I happened to be visiting with Sally at the hospital after the pacemaker operation, which was on a Monday, and her neurologist came in. He told me that Sally was badly in need of an operation to clean her artery in the neck and normally they would wait ten days after the pacemaker operation, before performing the second operation. But, he saw signs of memory failure and that perhaps, it should be done earlier. I told him, by all means and the operation was performed on Friday.

There was a time when a husband was consulted before major steps were taken by Doctors in the hospitals. But today the Doctors in the hospital can do about as they please. I'm surely not in favor of such procedures.

I wish to say a few words about preventative medicine. I make no claim about being a Doctor, but I do say that I have the ability to analyze and reason as much as any Doctor I have ever met. Someday much more attention will be paid to preventative medicine and just not to try to cure an illness after it happens.

I would like now to make some observations. I have heard medical experts on television, telling about foods that can cause cholesterol and blockage to the blood vessels. Animal fats and eggs are some of the worst offenders. My father died at a comparatively early age, and I remember that he liked so much to eat the fatty parts of meats. Sally's mother had the same appetite. She tells me that from a very early age, she had the same liking, especially the cream off the milk. I won't go into this subject any further, since the subject of diet is a broad field in itself and I make no pretense of being an expert in this field.

From September to January, Sally was in the hospital three times. During her first stay, they inserted a catheter in her urinary tract and stirred up a lot of infection, including a cyst on her lung. Then they gave her antibiotics and she was allergic to these. At any rate, she was discharged from the hospital and I brought her home. I soon saw that she was coughing too much. I'll always have the feeling that the hospital should have observed this condition. I called the Doctor and he immediately had her put back in the hospital. They gave her massive doses of another kind of antibiotic.

Hospitals are necessary in our modern life, but I can't help feel that they don't give the personal attention they once did. It would probably be best if I didn't go any further on this subject. Come January, Sally was due for another visit to the hospital. I believe that due to her weakened condition, she became ill again with a type of influenza. This necessitated another stay in the hospital, but I'm glad to say that she could stay free of the hospital for some time to come.

After this last trip to the hospital in 1978, Sally gradually improved although she had a visiting nurse calling twice a week for a few weeks. In fact, as the months went by, we went out for a drive more and more, which was good for both of us, since neither of us likes to sit around too much. Sometime during that year, as I related in "trips" we went to Vancouver, B.C., and had a nice visit with Midshipman Didier. This trip we enjoyed very much.

Then Sally had another misfortune. Coming down the stairway at the plant, she had too many things on her arm and missed the last step and fell. As a consequence, she sprained one ankle very badly. This took many months to heal properly. Needless to say, I have endeavored to keep her from carrying anything down the stairs again.

In the Spring of 1981, we had word from Brigette, the daughter of our friends in Saint Nazaire, that she and four other people were going to tour the West Coast of the United States, and would be in Portland in the latter part of June. We told them to continue from Seattle to Portland and we would see that they got on their way properly. They arrived in Seattle via Pan Am; the plane was four hours late. Roy and Lynn met them in Seattle and saw to it they made their connection to Portland. They arrived here just before midnight and Bert, Russ, Sally and I got them to the hotel. At that late hour we were all tired.

The party consisted of Brigette, her boyfriend, a man, his wife and daughter. This man had a high position in the service of the National French Railroad. I never did ascertain just what it was. They arrived on a Saturday night and we entertained them over the weekend, and had them on their way after lunch on Monday. I'm sure they all enjoyed their visit in Portland.

In the early part of January, 1982, Sally had another misfortune. She lost her balance and fell against the hard wooden arm of our davenport. I took her to Dwver Hospital, but they could find nothing unusual. It turned out however, that she was due for a lot of suffering before she could recover from this accident. When she was in pain and it was hard for her to breathe, I got in touch with Dr. Stack. He had X-rays taken and ascertained she had two broken ribs and fluid in the lung cavity. This meant another trip to the hospital. The cavity was drained two or three times. removing most of the fluid. After this she went through a number of tests and I won't go into detail about these tests. But I feel very strongly, that many were unnecessary. I hear more and more about Doctors at the hospitals giving too many tests and I quite agree.

At any rate, they delayed her recovery. But, I was finally able to bring her home again. Needless to say, I removed the old davenport and had Bert go on a "hunting trip", for a new davenport, much more suitable. We finally selected one which proved to be very satisfactory.

I hesitate to mention another disagreeable event for Sally. She had had so many troubles that she had become overly concerned about anything unusual. One day she thought she was suffocating, and couldn't breathe. Instead of that, she was "hyperventilating" and she couldn't stop. We called the fire department. An emergency crew arrived and started giving her oxygen. Soon the ambulance arrived and we headed for the hospital. I'm glad to say that we only needed to go to the emergency room. On the way to the hospital. the paramedic had gotten Sally quieted down to almost normal. There was a very fine understanding Doctor in the emergency room. and he helped her complete her recovery. I'm glad to say that Bert, who had followed us in a car, and I were soon able to take Sally home.

I'm very glad to note here, that Sally has been slowly recovering from troubles that would have laid most people low. She couldn't have taken it except she had such a will and determination to keep going. The fact is, she can put on a very good front and make some people think she is perfectly well, but both of us know better.

We both try to walk a mile a day, as we say "holding each other up". We have a nice walkway on the mezzanine floor of our plant. The back porch of our four-plex is sixty feet long, so between the two places, we are able to get in a good walk. Not only do we walk, but we go out for a drive on various types of errands, sometimes twice a day. All of this activity is good for both of us.

At this point I should relate some matters concerning myself. For many years I had cataracts increasing in cloudiness, especially in the left eye. There came a time when I decided I should have an operation. As usual when I make a decision, I move on it. In this case I moved too fast. I should have obtained a second opinion. I relied too much upon the ophthalmologist whose services I had been using for a number of years.

Mr. Frank Dobbins, a friend of long standing, had had a very successful operation by a Doctor in Bellevue, Washington. He sent me information regarding the ophthalmologist in Portland who used the same lens and much to my surprise, he was the son of a Doctor I had known for many years. Making a long story short, my operation was only partially successful. I can see much better but the lens has to be held in place by contracting the Iris and to keep it contracted, I have to have a drop of medicine in the eye each day.

The right eye shows no sign of needing an operation, probably for some time to come. The aftereffects of my operation, I'll add here. There is a continuous small ache from it, that makes it difficult for me to sleep at night. This together with probably my work and concern with Sally caused me to lose weight, from an overweight of two hundred twenty pounds to an underweight of about one hundred seventy pounds. Added to this, the Doctors tell me, my cerebellum has deteriorated so that I am not very well balanced, when I walk. This is the reason I say that when Sally and I walk, we support each other.

Added to these difficulties, I had auto accidents, three in a period of less than a year, starting in early 1980 to August, 1980. I realize that in every accident, all parties are somewhat at fault. Including me. They were however very odd accidents. The first was from a young woman, who came driving fast

down a narrow side street from my left. I tried my best to stop, but she did not, until she had brushed off much of my front end. A few days ago, I got a check from the insurance company, on my deductible portion. They told me they had collected fully on this accident and were paying me my deductible.

I won't go into details on the other two accidents, except to say that they were all reported to the State, and I received my notice about a year ago, that I would have to take a driver's test. I made the foolish mistake of going to the Glisan Street office of the Oregon State Motor Vehicles Division, and I flunked out on three tests. Their apparent aim is to disqualify as many as they can.

I got in touch with a professional driving instructor, who coached me on the fine points that the test drivers of the state require. We finally went to another Oregon State Motor Vehicles office and I passed the test. I must admit that all this difficulty did not add to my peace of mind. I will also add, that my professional instructor told me of any number of older prominent men who had gone through the same course I had taken at the Glisan Street office with the same results. I'm glad to say that I have been driving now for more than a year without an accident. I expect to be extra careful from here on. In the meantime, my insurance premium has been much reduced.

RELIGION

My Father and Mother, having been raised in the South, belonged to the Southern Baptist Church, as did a number of their ancestors. Sally's Mother and Father, coming from Norway, had a heritage of the Lutheran faith.

I was baptized in the Baptist Church at a very early age. But I am sorry to say, that for many years I was not a very good church member. Sally, at a comparatively young age, joined the Christian Church in Ellensburg.

When our sons were very young, she took them to Sunday School at the First Christian Church in Portland. We attended there periodically for many years and about eight or ten years ago, we joined this church and have been in regular attendance since.

WEDDING ANNIVERSARIES

On December 27, 1972, Sally and I had our Golden Wedding Anniversary. We had a dinner at the Multnomah Club and invited about fifty guests to our dinner party. These guests were mostly relatives and Roy Eidal came from Albuquerque, New Mexico, to attend the party. We had numerous relatives from the State of Washington. We did have a few close friends who were not relatives.

On December 27, 1982 we will have our 60th Anniversary and again we're going to have a dinner at the Multnomah Club. I don't know yet whether we'll have sixty guests, but it will be more than fifty. We're looking forward to this event which now, July 22, is only a little over five months away. We will not hold this dinner exactly on our Anniversary. We tried to get reservations before Christmas, but were informed that on Fridays and Saturdays all private dining rooms were reserved for the entire month of December, a vear in advance.

Sally and I are looking forward very much to this dinner, an event in which very few couples ever have the pleasure of participating. Many don't attain it because they don't live to this age, and far many more can't get along with each other this length of time. I have told a number of people, including our own grandchildren, how much they will miss, in the latter part of their life, if they don't live it with a lifelong companion.

After again reading my chapter on Family Affairs, I find that I have talked a lot about troubles, including ill health. Therefore, it is very much in order to say a few words about the good things in life. Sally and I have discussed many times how well life has treated us. Beginning with our life in Detroit, it was filled with a lot of work and hard work, but we were both young and enjoyed it. Furthermore, it gave me a very fine foundation for manufacturing.

Comes then all the years with Iron Fireman Manufacturing Company; again these years were very full. It is true we both worked very hard, but again we both enjoyed it. We enjoyed raising our three sons. We enjoyed living in the fine houses we were able to own. It was with a lot of satisfaction that we were able to travel as much as we did. Travel in the United States. In the twenty-five years

that I am talking about, we made many trips together, including New York and Toronto, Canada.

We were fortunate in belonging to clubs for social activities. These included the Multnomah Athletic Club and Waverly Country Club. I never was much of a golf player, but we both enjoyed social activities of the club, including many New Year's Eve dancing parties. Sally also enjoyed taking the sons to the outdoor swimming pool in the summertime.

Coming now to the early 1950s and Carter Manufacturing Company. We haven't had much time for social activities, but we have both enjoyed building a manufacturing organization and designing and building the plants that were needed for plant expansion. In general, doing a good job for Boeing, our customer. We both have a lot of satisfaction in the work we have done, and the reputation we have built. Which I will say again, is second to none.

We are also very thankful that we have been able to travel as much as we have. It is true that we traveled some with my employment with Iron Fireman, but such travels were very restricive. During the past thirty years, we can make our own plans about travel. We can choose our time and the places to go. This is shown by the section in these Memoirs, regarding "Trips". I'm not saying now that we are through with traveling. Very naturally it will be limited compared to the past. It is true we lack the energy we once had, but compared to many people of our age, we are really very active. Ordinarily we are out driving on errands or otherwise, twice a day. We have a measured path on the mezzanine floor of our plant where we try to walk each day. Between that and our sixty-foot back porch on our fourplex, we usually are able to walk a total of one mile a day, over and above our usual walking in the course of living.

All in all, we are both very thankful we are able to live as we do, during this latter part of July, 1982. We are both looking forward to more years of the same type of living. We both feel that a determined positive outlook on life is a great aid in living well.

Again, I wish to say that Sally and I are

very thankful that she has improved to where she is now. We have seen and heard about a number of people after they have had strokes and for the most part even the job of living is a hardship if not worse. Sally says she has

constant pain and this is enough of a hardship. We are hoping that as time goes by this can lessen or perhaps medical science will be improved to help her.



GOLDEN WEDDING ANNIVERSARY



SALLY, HARRY, MARIE



SALLY AND HASKELL WITH HIS HEAD CUT OFF WEDDING CAKE



A FAMILY GROUP AT ONE TABLE



HARRY; DOROTHY; SUE EIDAL; EDITH EIDAL; DR. DICK EIDAL; ROY; RUSSELL; ANN

GOLDEN WEDDING ANNIVERSARY



SALLY, ELVA FEIKE; VERNE McKINNEY; CHARLES FEIKE



RUSS, ROY EIDAL, DR. DICK EIDAL



HASKELL, SALLY, RUSS



OUR THREE SONS—RUSS, ROY, HARRY

FAMILY AFFAIRS TRIP TO EUROPE 1966

Sally and I had gotten a taste of traveling, going to Japan. So we decided in 1966 to take a trip to Europe. It was to be the first of four trips we would make. I believe this trip was made in the spring of the year. We flew to New York and there boarded the Queen Elizabeth the First, the old Queen, for Southampton, England. She was quite old. The plywood paneling all over the ship was creaking all the time when the ship would encounter waves. It was quite an uneventful trip. Sally stubbed her toe on a piece of furniture and broke a toe. The ship's doctor tried to bandage it, but she could not stand the bandage and wear a shoe, so she had to "hobble" around all over Europe. I'm sorry to say that I did not realize how much discomfort it was causing her.

She entered into all the contests, one of them being the weight of an anchor. I knew her answer was wrong when she brought it to me. I made some rough calculations and gave her a new answer. She won the prize. I have forgotten what it was. After the first day aboard ship, I am bored to death but Sally enjoyed the whole thing. I must admit the five days was far short of the two weeks I had had

during my Army crossing.

We landed at Southampton and took the "Boat train" to London. My good old friend, Walter Charles, met us at the station and I'm surely glad he did. All of our luggage was thrown into a big pile and it took some doing to find it all. Walter helped me. I always did think it was a poor way to end a trip. The steamship line could have organized it better.

I believe on this trip the hotels were very full and for some reason our reservations didn't work out. We were able to get a room at the Mayflower Hotel, which proved to be very comfortable. Incidentally, the lobby was very similar to that of the Benson Hotel here in Portland. I've often wondered if old Hiram Benson, who built the hotel bearing his name, copied his lobby from the Mayflower.

I'll try not to make this story too lengthy for before I get through I have too many trips to cover. We did take a sightseeing tour. Among other things on this tour was the famous Tower Bridge where a number of famous historical figures had been confined and even executed and also where the Crown jewels are on display.

Walter Charles guided us through Ashland-Nesbitt and we saw the Iron Fireman stokers being manufactured for England. It was quite a familiar sight. We also met a young man by the name of Carter who took us to a plant making airplane parts for the famous Concorde. That was my first of many trips in both England and France where I saw this airplane being fabricated.

I remember asking this young man if he knew when the Carters originated in England. His answer was, "We were here before the Anglo-Saxons". I remember my reply, "That makes us Aborigines". I really don't believe his answer was correct. I think Carter came from a man who drove carts. All over the world I have seen that so many family names are derived from simple things of life.

From London we went to Paris, a city we have visited a number of times taking sightseeing tours. I don't know which one on this trip, so I won't try to cover it. We took a train from Paris to Saint Nazaire. How well I remember this ride. I was having trouble with an unstable heart. My Dr. Rush had given me all kinds of medicine to take on the trip, including instructions. Among other things Quinaglute, but it was ineffective. (Incidentally, I take it now twice a day and it does seem effective).

We had been told in England that I would not recognize Saint Nazaire and how true this was. The Germans had built submarine pens near the docks at Saint Nazaire. They had built them so heavy and strong, that no amount of bombing could knock them out. As a consequence, the Allies bombed the city and there was hardly a building left standing that one could recognize. The church in the town had been left intact as well as part of the depot.

The town itself had been completely rebuilt; it was modernized. Even the streets had been relocated. The city hall, "L'Hotel de Ville", was something to behold. In fact the entire city was now a beautiful modern city. I was told that during World War II, there were so few cities destroyed, that the entire country paid for rebuilding one like St. Nazaire.



HASKELL CARTER STANDING IN FRONT OF L'HOTEL De VILLE, SAINT NAZAIRE



DR. MAURICE PAIN AND ME IN ST. NAZAIRE



A VIEW OF THE GERMAN SUBMARINE PENS IN SAINT NAZAIRE, TAKEN FROM THE DOCK ON WHICH I LANDED JANUARY 1, 1918

I hired a taxi for a sightseeing tour. I remember we drove down to the dock and there was the same old dock on which I had disembarked from the ship in World War I. Across the bay not too far distant were the German submarine pens.

I told the driver to take us to the La Place. He immediately took us to the main street of the town, a double street with a nice park, way down the center. I told the driver, "No. La Place", he said, "Oh, La Place Ancient". Then he took us to the place with which I was familiar. This was changed but very little from what I remembered, except the cafes and stores were different. I located the exact corner where I had stood guard. However, the first street back of La Place which had contained the "red light" district, was now the location of a large grammar school!

We staved at a small downtown hotel, in fact all the hotels were very small. One has to go to Le Baule, a summer resort about ten miles away, to get a decent hotel. I must admit I was feeling miserable all the time. Nevertheless, I was determined to see the factory where the airplane parts for the Concorde were being made. So after breakfast the next morning, I took a taxicab to this plant. In the meantime, Sally said she was going down to city hall and try to locate Louisette. Did she have herself a good time! Before she got through, she had the mayor, the chief of Police and everyone free, helping her locate Louisette. In France they keep quite accurate records of all their citizens. They finally located her son, who was a Doctor, Dr. Maurice Pain. They gave an address where Louisette, whose married name was Pain, lived. By this time I had returned from my factory visit. So Sally and I drove to Louisette's address, which proved to be wrong.

We had the hotel clerk call the Doctor and got his mother's real address. We promptly drove there and I knocked on the door while Sally stayed in the cab. Who should appear but Louisette! She immediately exclaimed "Haskell Carter". They don't pronounce the H's. Please remember this was after fifty years. We went inside and had a short visit. We had a ticket returning to Paris on the 4 o'clock train, so it could not be a long visit. Louisette wanted us to stay longer, but we told her we would be back next year. I remember how she exclaimed in French, "I may be dead

next year". Incidentally, she is still living, fifteen years later. We did return the next year, but that is another story. Before we leave St. Nazaire, I wish to add that I had a nice trip through the Concorde factory and the management was very courteous. It was one of a number of trips I made to this plant. We went back to Paris, then we flew to Oslo. We had already written to Sally's relatives in Oslo, so we were met at the airport by Kari Digene, the wife of her cousin, Einar, who spoke English. She guided us to our hotel and we met Einar and the whole family.

relatives Ellensburg Sallv's in previously met the relatives of Sally's mother, but none had visited with the father's relatives. This was up another fjord out of Oslo. We were determined to visit both sets of relations. So the next day we took the train as far as we could go. I believe we had to change trains twice, ending up at a depot way up the fiord. I could see no town or village. But I understand that out of sight a short distance away, there was one. I went up to the station agent and tried to ask him to call a taxicab for me. He didn't understand English, but as soon as I had spoken two young girls in the corner of the room started listening. I went over to them and asked them to interpret for me. They told the station agent what I wanted and he called a taxicab. Sally and I asked them where they were going. They said, "Part way up the road you are going". I said, "Fine, we'll all go together". It was really a good thing we found such interpreters. I don't know how we would have made out. As it was, they were able to tell the taxi driver where we wanted to go and who we wanted to find.

About mid-way in the trip, they arrived at their destination. They asked to pay part of the cab fare. I told them to forget it, in fact Sally had a few Kennedy half dollars and she gave them some for souvenirs. Before I leave the question of those two girls, I wish to add that so many young people in Europe, during vacation time, travel around and get acquainted with other countries. These two girls, I believe, were from Denmark. They had been to England and were visiting a relative in Norway.

The cab driver found the little town of Eidal and there he inquired as to the whereabouts of her cousin, Lars Eidal. We arrived there and were we a surprise to everyone. The only trouble was we couldn't understand each other's language. On the wall in the living room was a picture of Sally's family which her sister had sent to Norway.

A granddaughter on her way home from school stopped by. As usual, she had learned English. Many more girls and women learn foreign languages, whereas so few men do. Now with an interpreter we could communicate. I soon saw that Lars wanted to tell me something and the granddaughter would shake her head. She wouldn't give me the words. I told her what she could tell her grandfather and again she would shake her head. She would only convey nice things. I must admit this was after Lars had pulled out a jar of Aqua Vite and we had had a little of this.

Soon relatives began to come in from all over. I don't know how the word got out. An older lady arrived, an aunt which Sally didn't remember every hearing about. Finally her son arrived. We found out he was an English teacher in a Norwegian school and he was more than anxious to talk English.

To our amazement, food started coming out. Sally said she doesn't even remember her cousin going into the kitchen. I'm sure that anyone would gather that a grand time we had. All too early the time came for us to meet our train. The son, Knue, along with the father, drove us back to the railroad station we had left early in the morning. Knut was driving like a demon possessed, down a winding road down the fjord and talking English to us over his shoulder all the time.

I am thankful to say, we made the railroad station a few minutes ahead of time and said our goodbyes. We did say we would return, which we did two more times. The next day we took a bus up to Sally's mother's relatives. Again, it was about the same distance from Oslo as it had been to Eidal. Sally and I often imagined her father coming down one fjord to Oslo, her mother at an entirely different time, and finally meeting in Ellensburg, Washington.

I estimate the trip was something under 100 miles from Oslo to Valdres, a small town near which a family farm is located. Kari went with us and acted as interpreter. We were expected here, consequently the family was awaiting us. This is the home of Melvin Digene. It was the ancestral home and Melvin was the youngest member of the family. They had four children, three girls and one boy. At that time they were very young children, in fact the youngest, the boy, was barely walking. The brother who lived a short distance away and wife came to visit us. He had been the head of the Telephone Company before the state had taken it over.

On our first trip, Eric Digene, Sally's uncle, was still living. He and his wife had built what amounts to a small museum. He enjoyed showing us their collection; incidentally, his wife had died some time before. They had collected paintings, statues and other works of art from Norway as well as Europe.

A little more of history. Eric had quite a large place. They had housed and boarded a number of retarded people. Norway was far ahead of us in time about taking care of their retarded. I had heard that all over Norway, they were taken care of in more or less private homes, instead of large institutions.

Needless to say, we had a very nice visit. We stayed overnight. The next day we went back to Oslo. We visited with Einar, Sally's cousin and his family and then we returned to England. I must mention here the airplane was an English Trident, an aircraft that looks almost exactly like the Boeing 727. I'm sure Boeing must have copied this design but greatly improved on the airplane. I believe England only built fifty of these airplanes, whereas Boeing will have built a sum close to two thousand when they finish the program.

Sally and I enjoyed the airplane trip from Oslo to London. We had such a view of mountains and fjords. In fact the whole country is made up of these beautiful objects. A very small percentage is under cultivation and every possible square foot is used.

A short stay in London at the Hilton Hotel, then we flew back to Portland.



FAMILY AFFAIRS—TWO TRIPS TO EUROPE 1967 AND 1968

For brevity's sake, I am combining two trips in this chapter. Especially since they were very much alike in many respects. On both of these trips we flew Fan American on 747 airplanes. On the trip of 1968, I have a memory of the plane being on the ground in London before it continued on to Paris. By the time we arrived in Paris, it was at least the middle of the morning (remember, there is a nine-hour difference in time between Portland and Paris). We were really tired by the time we got to a hotel room in Paris. I think both times we stayed at the Hilton Hotel. How well I remember the airport bus with the "Gare Invildes" on the front of it. This meant the airport station, closest to the Hilton Hotel and the Invildes was a big national museum near by. We would then take a cab from the station to the hotel. The hotel in those days was a very nice hotel and had a very courteous staff. I must admit on another trip it had changed completely, and I have no desire to stay there again.

In 1967 we arrived in London and I will tell about our visits in England later. After visiting in England we flew to Norway. Our trip there is described later in this narration.

On these various trips we took a number of sightseeing tours in Paris. We visited the Invildes, which had model displays of a great many of the French wars, as well as ancient chateaux. There were also in the courtyard the graves of a number of French heros. Napolean and Napoleanic wars were depicted; he was buried in the courtyard. We saw the Versailles, the home of many of the early Kings of France, as well as the place of a great many international meetings.

We visited the Louvre and I must admit that we didn't do it justice. One could spend not only a day but weeks if he were an artistic person. One of these trips was late in the year and I still remember going through Notre Dame. A lot of the pleasure of visiting this famous cathedral was taken away because it was so cold.

We also went up Montmartre and we saw the famous cathedral on top of the mountain.

We never did really see Paris, it has so many sights to offer. We did not once take a ride in the subway. Russ tells me that after World War II he rode practically all the subway trains.

On one trip we took the train to St. Nazaire, on another of these trips, we flew to Nantes and rented a Hertz, a Renault automobile and drove to St. Nazaire. After our first trip to St. Nazaire, we did not stay in a downtown hotel. We stayed at a much nicer hotel in LeBaule. We made these trips either in the Spring or Fall so that we would not be involved in the holiday traffic, when all hotels are full. I am afraid this is not a full truth because I have a vague memory of being involved in traffic (We always rented a Hertz car) in the month of August. This is the month when all of France shuts down and they take a full month vacation.

Made our usual nice visits with our friends in St. Nazaire and at least on one of these trips, I again visited the factory making Concorde airplane parts. There was manager there who spoke good English. From him and a good map, I ascertained how to drive by way of Cantres, the last village in France where our Regiment trained before it was broken up and used as replacements for all the other Divisions already in France. I related this story in my two years in the Army. We found this little village and went to the little town square. The French people looked at us with a great deal of curiosity. There was one lady looking out of her doorway, and I went to her and told her in French, that I had been there in the Spring of 1918 in the Army. She said she remembered very well, since she was about seven years old.

I soon learned that it was comparatively easy driving in France, except in the big cities. All one had to do was obtain the proper maps and practically every village and town has a town square. In reality, a circle and all streets radiate from the circle. Each road was designated by a standard arrow type of concrete sign, giving the name of the nearest town on that road. All one did was to drive around the circle, until he came to the name he wanted and take the road indicated. It is my opinion that this layout of the towns was derived from ancient days and the fortified walls of the ancient cities were around the circle I have mentioned. I wish to add here



THE DR. MAURICE PAIN FAMILY TAKEN IN 1967
LEFT TO RIGHT: BRIGETTE; MRS. AUDRIE PAIN; SALLY; DIDIER; GRANDMOTHER LOUISETTE;
FLORENCE; DR. MAURICE; HASKELL. THERE IS ANOTHER DAUGHTER, CATHERINE.
I BELIEVE SHE TOOK THE PICTURE. ALSO NOT IN PICTURE, DAUGHTER ELISABETH.

also, that in these smaller towns very few English speaking people were found. So it was good to have a little knowledge of the French language. I wish to add here also, that in the bigger towns and cities, the same layout of circles is used, but in a city like Paris there are a great many circles, so that it is difficult for a stranger to find his way. I found it to my advantage to drive into an airport and take a bus the rest of the way, or if I were to leave Paris by way of a rented car, I would take a bus to the airport and rent a car there. Incidentally I will add here, that our own original town of Washington, D.C., was laid out by a Frenchman, and it has these same circles. It is therefore different from most of our American cities.

We went by way of LeMans on our way to Paris. We had a little extra time and I went out to see the LeMans racetrack. We did not try to see it all, but at least we saw some of it.

We also drove up to Chartres; we stayed overnight there. Sally wanted to see the famous ancient "Chartres Cathedral". It would have been a real memory since it is a cathedral told about in so many ancient stories. It has a real history. I am sorry to say that I was tired and did not follow Sally's request. The next day we drove on to Paris, and left the car at the Hertz at Orly airport.

Again on one of these trips we wanted to drive by the old battlefields I had been on. We took a bus to the Breuget airport. We rented a Hertz car and we drove to Cantigney. We took our time and did a little visiting around this town. I may not have mentioned this, but on our first trip we had rented a car and driver and hurriedly visited this little town, but this time we were in no hurry. We saw the American Monument as a memory to the first real battle the Americans had fought. All of which is related in my book of Two years in the Army. I looked across the little valley to the woods I was in, and was tempted to walk across to the exact location, but did not do so.

We then drove on to the Forest of Compiegne and we visited the memorial railroad cars and museum in the center of the forest where the World War I Armistice was signed between the Germans and the Allies. Incidentally, I have read that in World War II, the Germans wrecked this site because they hated it so much but afterwards it was restored again.

From this area, and approximately the tip

of the Forest from which I marched in World War I, we drove down the same road that I had marched to the Soissons battlefield. I told Sally what we would see as we approached the jumping off place, from high ground down a very steep hill. But I had to take strange roads, since very naturally we could not go across country like we had during the battle. On one lane through a wheat field, I asked some farmers if we were on the right road to a certain little town. In their guttural French, they advised me we were on the correct road. Incidentally, as in countries all over the world, the pronunciation and dialects vary more than we have in this country. In this little town I found out where the First Division Association had erected another monument. Not far away was a much larger monument erected in memory of the French 10th Army, to which we were attached.

I'm truly sorry that I have never been very much of a camera enthusiast. I wish we had pictures of many interesting things we have seen on our travels. On one of these trips in this area, we drove down the Paris-Soissons road to Paris. I tried to find the exact spot where I had crossed this road during battle, but it has been changed so much I never did find it.

On another trip we drove on to Rheims. This is in about the center of the champagne country. We visited the famous champagne caves. We were told that these caves were dug in ancient times by the monks. They had always been used for the making and storing of wine. In World War II I understand they were used for bomb shelters. I have no first hand knowledge of the extent of the caves, but they are very long.

Our guide told us about the making of champagne. It starts off as white wine and is stored with the bottle neck downward, so all the sediment would collect in the neck of the bottle. I think too, the bottles are turned periodically. I don't claim to be an expert, but I seem to remember that after a certain length of time, the wine is removed from the bottle, the sediment drained away, the wine is rebottled along with a certain amount of sugar and this forms the gas in the champagne.

Enough of that story. We did buy a few bottles of champagne and on one trip, took them to St. Nazaire and give them to Doctor Pain. Of course being polite, he had to say it was the best champagne in all France.

On one of these two trips we went to Norway and again had a nice visit with our relatives. We rented a car in Oslo. A Mercedes, nothing like the export. A small Mercedes, I remember it had five speeds forward, so it took a little bit of doing to get used to it. We got ready to drive to the fiords. By this time we had guides and interpreters. the daughter of Einar and Kari, had married a voung engineer, and they both spoke English. We first drove up the fjord to Eidal. The young man knew how to read the maps but he had never driven a car. So, I drove all the way. We had a nice visit with Cousin Lars and his family, including Knute. It was the first time any of the Digene family had met any of the Eidal family. Lars didn't have a very large house. There wasn't room for all of us to stay overnight and we hadn't planned on it. Consequently about the middle of the afternoon, we took off for the mountain top. What a road! It turned into country lanes. Crossing the railroad we had to open and close gates as we went though. We ended up at some type of Inn at the top of the mountain. I believe it had been the site of downhill skiing at some Olympic skiing event. We stayed overnight at the Inn. I might add, getting up to the inn at times, I needed the 5th gear on this car. The next morning we drove on to 3528 Hedalen i Valdres. As I think back it was quite a picturesque ride. It I were to make the trip again, which I doubt, I would have gone about halfway down to Oslo and crossed from one fjord to another.

We all stayed overnight at Melvin Digene's. Very naturally our guides were very much more at home since they were among close relatives. The next morning we again drove down to Oslo and after one night in Oslo we flew back to London.

On our trip in 1967, before we left the United States, we obtained Eurail passes. This is really very cheap railroad fare. You can travel almost anywhere in Europe on these passes for a limited length of time, I believe 90 days. However one does not get first class reservations on this ticket. It behooves one to get such reservations early, since these trains are quite crowded in the Spring and Summer.

We had a very picturesque railroad ride from Oslo down through Sweden. I might add here that I am sorry that we didn't go to Stockholm for at least one day. From the tip of Sweden the train was taken by ferry to

Copenhagen. We stayed in Copenhagen one or two days and then took the train again down through part of Germany, then on to Brussels. On the trip from Copenhagen to Brussels we had a Swedish couple and mother-in-law in the same daytime compartment. We couldn't speak each other's language, but we did manage, in one way or another, to enjoy their companionship. Entering Germany we had a customs officer come aboard and I really think from his manner, he expected some kind of hand out. which he did not get. World War I was still too fresh in my mind and I spoke some derogatory words in German about what I thought of them. The young Swedish man knew what I had said, and held his fingers to his lips as if to say, "Don't say such things".

We did not do so well at the beginning of our stay in Brussels. I did not know it but there were six railroad stops. When we went to look for our luggage, checked on the train. we did not know where it had been taken off. It took the help of the hotel staff to locate our luggage. The next day we had a chance to go through the famous "flea-market" in Brussels. It was an interesting sight, but I won't try to describe it here. From Brussels we went on to Paris, and I won't describe it again since I have covered it earlier. On the 1968 trip, we returned to the United States on the famous liner, United States. We boarded her in LeHavre. She then sailed to Southampton. picked up more passengers, then on to New York.

The ship was manned by a Navy crew. In reality it was in reserve as a troop ship, but kept active as a passenger ship. She was as fast as a cruiser, but did not have the Gyro stabilizing equipment to keep her from rolling as did the Cunard Lines. Consequently, she "rolled and pitched". One had to be a pretty good sailor to keep from getting seasick.

Sally and I had both requested visits to the engine room on the 2 Queens. It was always a nice sightseeing trip. I made the same request on the United States. I was told I could go but that Sally could not go. I was escorted on the trip and I soon saw why Sally could not go. There was an elevator, only big enough for the escort and me. Down below, every cubic foot of space was utilized like they do in Navy vessels. The passage ways were only wide enough for one man to wind and twist his way through. I must admit, I cut my trip short and



SALLY AND HASKEL COMING HOME FROM FRANCE ABOARD THE SUPER LINER UNITED STATES

was glad to get back on deck again.

As I mentioned before, the crew was a Navy crew. The Captain was a tall man and looked "Navy" at all times. We had a boat drill as is usual on all of the passenger ships. One is supposed to put on his life jacket and go to his boat station, which Sally did, but I must admit I did not. As usual I did not like to be "regimented". With it all, we had a very nice trip to New York.

I must here admit to an unpleasant experience. In the dining room we were seated at a table with a man and a couple. After introducing ourselves, we ascertained that the man was, I believe, a buyer of art treasures and made many trips to Europe. The married couple was from Boston. He was a professor in some University. A very pompous type. From the very beginning he and I, to say the least, didn't get along. I soon got the impression he had married a rich widow. For some reason or other, the subject of taxpavers and the cost of Universities arose. I will never forget a remark he made that really "turned me on". His remark was "the supine tax pavers" and he carried on in this manner and I called him on it.

We landed in New York, took a cab to the Newark airport where, after a few hot hours we boarded a plane to Portland. Returning again to the trip in 1968, I have already related how we landed in London and went on to Paris. On this trip after we visited St. Nazaire. we flew from there to London and after having a nice visit with Walter Charles we went to a machine tool show, which was quite interesting. It was announced there, that those who wanted to, could go over to Bristol and see the Concorde parts being built and see where the final assembly of the English Concorde would be made. Apparently Sally and I were the only ones who made the trip. We were greeted by the plant manager and his wife. We had a very nice lunch with them at a cottage on the grounds. I still remember the nice rack of lamb they served. We went through the plant and even saw the "mock up" of their Concorde. I'm sorry to say that this is the only time we have seen the inside of a Concorde. We were, in other words, given the red carpet treatment. I never regretted making this trip.

We took the train to Edinburgh, the famous Flying Scotsman. In Edinburgh we stayed at the very famous Palace hotel; it had a

large rambling lobby. We soon saw the reason for it. In the middle of the morning, as well as the middle of the afternoon, tables were set up throughout the lobby, and tea was served. They always had a big crowd. Come nighttime we had dinner in one of the very nice restaurants in the hotel and were served some of the famous Hagis (an animal's intestines) a Scottish dish.

The next day we went to the famous Scottish war memorial. What an impressive sight. All of the battle flags of all the Scottish Regiments. I was reminded of the time when a Scottish Regiment relieved us in the battle of Soissons. Sally also had an opportunity to go to an Edinburgh department store. She bought two dresses, both of which she cherishes to this day. I did not accompany her, I merely walked through the adjacent parks.

The next day we took a train to Glasgow. We wanted to at least get a sight of the famous shipyards, which had built most of the famous Cunard Liners. We took a taxicab and drove by the vards. They were, at that time, idle. Nevertheless, we had seen the yards. The next night we took the train for London and how lucky we were the railroad strike was on. We were to board the Queen Elizabeth II in Southampton. The Boat train was not running so buses took us to Southampton, where we boarded the ship, then on to New York. As the reader may well know, Queen II still is in service as a cruise ship, and she recently in this year, 1982, took a full load of troops to the Falklands.

I recall that on one of these trips home by a ship, probably the one mentioned above, I heard some very interesting statements from a man who had toured part of Russia by automobile. On his way out of the country, he took a route which skirted the Northern border of Czechoslavakia. This was at a time when Russia was getting ready to take over this country. He said that on every road leading into Czechoslavakia, there were Russian tanks lined up ready to move when given the word. He wondered at the time why he was allowed to take this road and he was very glad when he got out of the country. I recall also that he stated he was seventy-five vears old. I don't know now just why that statement was made, but I thought he was old to be traveling on a trip of that nature. In 1974, I was seventy-six years old, so I suppose that one's judgment is based upon his "vantage

point".

On one of these trips, we decided we wanted to see Berlin and perhaps East Berlin. We flew to Frankfurt, the main airport in West Germany, then took a plane to the Berlin airport, Templehof. It is easier and perhaps the only way to get into Berlin.

We stayed at the Hilton Hotel; there seems to be a Hilton Hotel everyplace. We took a sightseeing tour of Berlin and about the only evidence of the bombing during World War II was the wreckage of the cathedral, which had been left standing, I suppose as a reminder. We saw the "infamous" Berlin Wall.

We took a tour which carried us through a gate in the wall to East Berlin. We were checked and re-checked going in. We were able to see, at a short distance, one of the Kaiser's palaces.

One of the most scenic places was the enormous stadium where the Olympic games were held. It was also the famous place where Hitler made a speech at the opening of these games.

Frankly, I was very glad to return to West

Berlin and get out of the country entirely.

I wish to add here, that at different times, we first met Nona in London, and on a later trip we met Sally's niece, Anne, in London. Nona had joined a sightseeing excursion trip and just happened to be in London when we were. She is a very energetic sightseer. She had taken the normal trips with the party and then added some side trips of her own. Since that time Nona has become almost a world traveler, Europe a number of times, I believe Egypt, the Caribbean, China, Alaska and just recently Mexico (I may also have missed a few). We were all sorry to have our parting. She went one direction and we went another.

On another trip we met Anne in London. At that time, she was employed by Pan Am in Honolulu and she used her vacation time for travel. We were having dinner with Walter and Doris Charles at the Hilton Hotel and we invited Anne to be with us. She became ill during dinner time and we took her to her hotel. Whatever it was, she was all right the next day and continued on her way.





MELVIN DIGENE AND FAMILY
KNUTE ERIK—19 YRS; INGER HELENE—21 YRS;
ODDVIG; MELVIN; HILDE MARIE—16 YRS;
MERIT ELIZABETH—23 YRS.
THE MOTHER AND DAUGHTERS ARE WEARING
A VERY DISTINCTIVE DRESS. IT IS FOR
THEIR CHRISTENING AND LIFE LONG
SPECIAL EVENTS USAGE.

TRIP TO EUROPE 1974

This was our last trip to Europe and a very enjoyable one. On our previous trips, we ended up by taking too much luggage. Sally, like most women travelers, would always throw in too many things at the last minute that she thought she might need. I told her in advance, we were going to plan this trip differently. We will carefully pack everything we need, then go downtown and stay overnight at the hotel and if during the evening she thought of anything she would need, we would take a cab back and get it.

As you might suspect, there was nothing more she needed. As a result we traveled lighter than any trip we'd ever made. I will add also, in advance of my story, when we returned and Russ and Margaret and his two daughters met us at the airport, and saw the small amount of luggage we had, he asked "Where's the rest of your luggage?" I replied, "That's all we needed for three weeks of travel".

We flew to Chicago, which we hadn't visited for many years. We went to a very large machine tool show, in fact it was too big. We also saw part of the famous Field museum.

From Chicago, we flew via Air France to Montreal. We had always wanted to see a little bit of this famous city. The people have become very zealous about speaking French instead of English, although most everybody is bilingual. We took a sightseeing tour and for the first time, I learned that Montreal should really be Mont Real, two words really, meaning REAL MOUNTAIN, for which the city is named.

We enjoyed the one-day stay in Montreal and once more to the airport for a night flight for Paris, via Air France again. At the airport we received the "red carpet" treatment. I don't know if because of our age, or first class status, but some official escorted us to their "red carpet" waiting room and we were told we'd be notified in ample time to board the plane. Again we were escorted and we soon saw all the passengers below first class boarded first, and the last aboard was first class and it made it easy to be seated, compared to boarding U.S. planes.

The crew, especially the stewardesses, gave us very nice attention. I don't mean just we, in first class, since the same attention was

given to all passengers aboard. One could have wine or champagne at anytime. In fact it was very often brought to our attention. We were given small samples of bottles to take with us. I want to also add that the meals were delicious and more than ample. If the reader thinks I'm being very partial to Air France, he is correct, since it was one of the nicest airplane rides I've ever had.

The trip to Paris was naturally a very much shorter trip than we'd had previously. since on previous trips we'd flown from Portland to London and Paris non-stop. Again, we stayed at the Paris Hilton Hotel. Incidentally, I will add here, that this hotel is very near the Eiffel Tower. On previous trips we had visited this tower and had dinner in one of its famous restaurants. I'll never forget the sign in the elevator, "Attention Pick Pockets". The French have taken Pick Pockets from our own language and we have taken Attention from the French language. The spelling is the same in each language, but if I pronounced it in French, you would not know what I'm saying.

We took a young couple we knew to dinner. Both of them had been exchange students at Washington State University and the young man was the son of a friend we knew in St. Nazaire. While he was attending Washington State, he had driven to Portland to visit us, I'm sure at his mother's request. We had dinner at a very famous French restaurant, and I'm sorry to say that I've forgotten its name.

On this trip, we had planned on seeing a little of Italy. So we flew to Milan, a very famous city in Northern Italy. We took a sightseeing tour and we saw the original painting, a very large mural, through a glass window of The Last Supper. It was faded, but very discernible. We also went through a very famous cemetery. It is famous because of the monuments and also most of the graves have a lifetime picture of the dead, and I understand they are kept renewed.

I had bought a multi-spindle drill press of Italian make from West Coast Machinery. Sally and I visited this plant. I must relate that we were assigned an English speaking girl as a guide. At first I thought she was Italian. I told her, "You speak with an English accent".

She said, "I am English, I'm working here for the summer". I asked her, "What's your name?" She said, "Carter". I told her, "You are kiss'n kin" and she promptly got "bussed", much to Sally's amusement.

The next day we decided to see the factory where our Rambaudi's were built. It was some distance from Milan, in a city named Turin. In the same city, the famous automobiles are built, the Fiat. I'm sorry we didn't have time to go through the Fiat factory. Incidentally, this manufacturer built many miles off the freeway that we travled on. We had a nice visit through the Rambaudi factory and learned a lot more about our machines than we knew before, and now when I pass by these machines, it reminds me of our trip.

We returned to Paris and didn't have too much time to connect with our airplane to Nantes. I had checked most of our luggage, in the basement checkroom of the airport. When I went to claim my luggage, the room was crowded and very hot. I got my luggage just in time to board the plane and I recall I was sweating almost all the way to Nantes.

On arriving at the airport, while awaiting the bus to downtown, we had an amusing incident. A young lady speaking with an English accent came to me and I don't know if she thought I was French or English, but she was very distracted. She said that a French family, with whom she was going to stay for the summer and whom she'd never met, was supposed to have met her at the airport. I told her to calm down and go talk to the information desk. The French woman attendant could speak English and I was sure she could help her. It so happened, I saw a French family hurriedly coming into the airport and they took charge of the girl. I might mention here, that the French aren't renown for being punctual.

We finally arrived downtown and found the Hertz office. Got into my automobile and the French guide took us to the edge of the city and pointed the way. We drove to St. Nazaire without any unusual incidents, and again we stayed in Hotel Hermitage in Le Baule.

This is quite a resort hotel. It's practically on the seashore. In fact it faces the main boulevard, which borders the shore, as do almost all the main hotels in this resort. Incidentally, when I say seashore, it is not the ocean shore but the estuary to the Loire River; at this point the estuary is very wide. We had always been treated very nicely at the hotel, but after this stay, I swore I would never go back there again. We had made reservations for dinner for all of our French friends. At the last minute the manager told me he would have to cancel our reservations because he had a big group coming in for the weekend. I'm afraid he considered me just another American. We managed to get dinner reservations at a hotel nearby and had a very delightful dinner. On this trip, we flew from the St. Nazaire airport (they call it the Le Baule airport since this sounds more important to the French people) to Oslo.

We took the train to Eidal and had our last visit with the Eidal family.

On the last evening of our visit we entertained all of the Oslo relatives at a dinner. Melvin and his wife drove down for the dinner. I recall so well that Melvin's wife did not take a drink. She was going to drive back. In Norway, you don't drive if you drink. We had a dinner with reindeer steaks. They had a fine flavor, but they are really tough. I might add here, that the hotel and all other expenses were very high priced. Oslo's prices were higher than other European cities.

Since our visit, Einar Digene has died of cancer. In fact, I believe not more than one year afterwards. Sometime during the dinner period, he and Melvin, his younger brother, embraced each other and I believe Melvin had tears in his eyes. I'm sure now that he knew about Einar's malady.

The next day we were taken to a very famous park. We saw a statue depicting many generations, each one being supported by the previous one. This was the work of a world famous Norwegian sculptor.

We flew from Oslo to London. Then we took the train to Leichester, England, where our friends, Walter and Doris Charles, resided. The next day they drove us to Stratford-on-Avon, the Shakespeare country. We had a very nice time touring this small town and even seeing where Shakespeare lived. We had lunch in this same town.

Returning, we visited the famous Worcester Castle. It is now a museum, but it still has a high wall around it. It was very interesting to walk through it, and see the armor as well as the old weapons. After this visit, we drove back to Leichester.

The next day, Walter picked us up and drove us to his home and then for a visit to a



FROM THE LEFT: MISS CARTER; SALLY; PLANT MANAGER IN FRONT OF TRAPANI ROSA PLANT— MILAN, ITALY

new community hall for older retired people. They could come there for their tea and other events. Walter had raised the funds for building this hall. The day before, I had gone to the bank and changed all my remaining foreign funds into English pounds. I gave this to Walter, as a donation. At this visit he announced to everybody that we distinguished visitors and could have permanent membership in this club. They asked that I say a few words. I told them that I found Carters everytime I turned around, and all my ancestors had English names. I also mentioned that we had just come from Norway, and all of Sally's ancestors were from Norway, and this was only a short distance across the water, so that in reality, we should consider this area to be our home, (I may have mentioned some of this earlier; if so please excuse).

During one of our visits with Walter Charles, he and Doris took us to Coventry, which was not very far away. This, as everyone knows, is the city so thoroughly bombed by the Germans in World War II. It had been almost completely rebuilt, but they left standing the famous cathedral as a memorial.

I was very much interested in Walter telling me, that during the heighth of the bombing, he drove to the area and watched the bombing from a nearby hillside. It must have been an awesome sight.

All together, we had a very nice visit on this our last trip to England. Much to our regret, about a year later Mrs. Charles died. I believe the doctors said just old age. A few years ago, Walter passed away. We are surely glad we had this last visit with both of them. I want to also add that Walter, even though he had retired years before, was extremely active in civic and other affairs, such as the community hall I mentioned. He never knew what it was to be idle. From London, we took the Pan Am route on a Boeing 747 to Seattle. This is a very unusual trip. One leaves London in the evening and then "follows the sun", west. Consequently, there are daylight hours for a long time. We flew over Hudson Bay, and it was still daylight enough to see the shoreline.

There is a dining room, "on the hump" of this airplane. It only seats a limited number of people. There had been a cancellation, and we were able to get into this dining room. We enjoyed our dinner very much.

We arrived in Seattle during the morning hours and we had to go through customs which I did not enjoy very much since we had not had much sleep during the night. Marie, Sally's sister, was down at the airport to meet us. She even came down to the customs level and saw us going through customs. We eventually got a flight to Portland. As I mentioned earlier, Russell and his family met us at the airport and took us home. How well I recall on arriving home, looking down to our parking lot and waving to Walter Cook. Walt had been the "night watchman" for our plant in our absence. He had actually stayed in our apartment, so that the whole plant was well secured. I'm sorry to say that Walt had a heart difficulty, and retired a few years later.

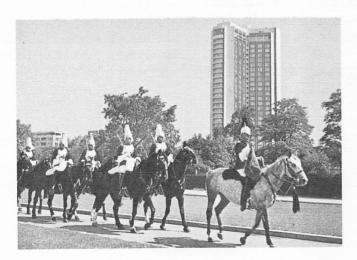




WALTER AND DORIS CHARLES



MR. & MRS. WALTER CHARLES IN LEICHESTER, ENGLAND



HILTON HOTEL IN LONDON, WHERE SALLY AND I HAVE STAYED A NUMBER OF TIMES.

TRAVEL ACROSS CANADA

Sally and I traveled across the United States many times. We decided one time we were going across Canada. Sometime, I believe in the early 1970s, we flew to Vancouver, B.C., and took the Canadian Pacific from Vancouver to Toronto, Ontario. This proved to be a very delightful train trip. The scenery was different from that of the United States. We went by Jasper National Park. It was very evident that this famous resort was not being occupied as it once was.

We eventually arrived in Toronto and we stayed at one of the new hotels. We did visit the old Royal York Hotel, where I stayed many times when I was in Toronto on Iron Fireman business. The city brought back many memories, but it certainly was not the same. My old friend MacKay was no longer living and the city was not the same without him.

We flew down to Washington, D.C., and we did some sightseeing, including a visit to Arlington Cemetery. One evening, I was very anxious to have a lobster dinner. We made inquiries and found the best seafood place in town. The headwaiter was a black man and was very nice. I told him about a lobster dinner I once had in Philadelphia, when I had lobster at the famous Book Binder restaurant.

A group of us at Iron Fireman had met in Philadelphia and we had been very busy until about 8 o'clock in the evening, and we were all hungry. The waitress was told to "Take our orders first, since we all know what Haskell wants, he always wants lobster". This gave me an opportunity to look around the room. There were many lobsters mounted on the walls, some of them more than two feet long. When the waitress was finally ready to take my order, I told her, "I usually ask for the largest lobster you have, but looking at these mounted ones on the wall, I'm afraid to ask. Just bring, for my inspection, two live ones".

She soon appeared carrying one in each hand and I selected the smallest one. It turned out to be almost five pounds. Incidentally, in those days the price was \$1.00 per pound. I had had three-pound lobsters many times, but I must say that I had quite a job finishing this one. Many times, I have wondered if Book Binder even has lobster today.

After reciting this story to the headwaiter, I'm sure he brought the biggest one he had, which I judged to be somewhat less than three pounds.

After this visit in Washington, D.C., we flew home to Portland.



TRIP TO RELATIVES IN KNOXVILLE

While on our trip to Europe in 1968, the French newspapers had very prominent articles regarding the 50th anniversary of the signing of the Armistice of World War I. When I got back to Portland, I wrote a short note to the Oregonian and told them about it. They wanted to interview me regarding my trip and the signing of the Armistice. They wanted this article to appear in the Sunday Oregonian, as near to November 11 as they could get. This was finally accomplished and they had about three fourths page pertaining to it.

A cousin of mine, Mrs. Jessie Line, residing in Knoxville, Tennessee, read the article. Apparently some relative who had been to Oregon continued to get the Oregonian. Jessie wrote to me. I remember that she was the very favorite niece of my

mother. At any rate, Sally and I decided at the first opportunity, we were going to go to Knoxville. We made the trip and had a very nice visit with cousins I had not seen for a great many years. I hired a car with a driver and we went to New Market, where Jessie spent her early years. Then on to Piedmont, where I was born, and we visited another cousin, Maude Hodges. Sometime earlier in these memoirs, I told about Cousin Luke Hodges and his waterpowered grist mill.

Driving back to Knoxville, we had the opportunity to meet Jessie's son, Felix Line; as I mentioned earlier both he and his wife are doctors. It was very nice to renew acquaintances with relatives, and for Sally to see the place of my birth, as well as the surrounding country. We are both very glad that we were able to make this trip.



TRIP FOR UNITED NATIONS DINNER 1975

In the year 1975, Boeing was asked to sponsor the annual United Nations dinner in Washington, D.C. Mr. Wilson, the Chairman of the Board at Boeing, wrote a letter to all vendors, big and little, asking them to participate. Sally and I wanted to see one of these functions, and we agreed to participate. We found out later there was only one other vendor in the Northwest who attended.

We flew to Washington, D.C., a day or two early, and we took one day out to take a trip to Richmond, Virginia, to visit another son of Jessie Line, Lloyd Line. At that time he was head chemist for an oil company; I have forgotten the name of the company. He had received a Doctors Degree, I believe from the University of Virginia. We had a very enjoyable visit with this "cousin" and his wife. Incidentally, he is now a professor at the University of Virginia.

Lloyd and Marion Line wanted to take us on a trip to famous Jamestown, which, as everyone now knows, has been restored. I now wish we had had another day, since our time was limited, and we would have taken this trip to Jamestown. As it was, we spent the time we had touring Richmond and visiting with our cousins. We certainty enjoyed it very much. Now we had met with two of the three sons of Jessie Line. I'm sure that she made sure that her sons had a complete education. Undoubtedly they were so inspired. I'm sorry to say we have not yet met the youngest of the three sons.

As sponsors for a table, I believe it was a table for ten, we had invited Senator Packwood and his wife; Congressman Duncan and his wife; our cousins Felix and Mary Lee Line from Knoxville; and we were assigned a guest and his wife, a black Ambassador from some little country in Africa. We were concerned about this black man, but what a "charmer" he turned out to be. He was a well educated gentleman and had been an Ambassador to a number of other nations before he came to the United States. I'm getting a bit ahead of my story, and will cover more of this later.

The first night Mr. Wilson had arranged dinner for the sponsors in the main dining room of the State Department Building. A trip through this building is worthwhile in itself; a fine view of so many old paintings hanging on the wall. The dinner turned out to be a sumptuous affair. Mr. Wilson had had flown in West Coast seafood, including crab. There was one corner of the dining room where large amounts of Chesapeake Bay raw oysters were being served. Long ago I had developed a taste for these oysters. I went to this bar four or five times. I recall that the President of Alaska Airlines came by and asked where he could get such oysters as these. I pointed out the bar to him, and I think he went as often as I did.

All together we had a very enjoyable dinner. Sally and I had taken a cab, but at our table was a man and his wife who had a large catering service in the East. They had hired a limousine and took us back to the hotel. Incidentally, we were staying at the Washington Hilton Hotel where the big dinner was to be held.

One night we were invited to visit the Kennedy Art Center. This was a very worthwhile visit in itself. We had the pleasure of attending a very nice musical performance.

The last night was the big dinner. The Washington Hilton has a very large banquet room. We had been assigned a table at a very choice location. We were fortunate in having guests who did not require much attention. In fact, Senator Packwood was very much interested in the black Ambassador from Africa. So he took care of him very nicely. Dr. Mary Lee Line was sitting next to Congressman Duncan and they kept up a lively debate. I believe much of it was on women's rights. Sally and I were more or less interested spectators.

I wish to add here that Senator Packwood and his wife drove us back to our hotel on the evening we went to the Kennedy Art Center. In fact, the Senator's wife did the driving. I wondered at the time why he did not drive. I have learned since that it was because he had cataracts. His operation has received publicity since that time.

The next day, we flew to Knoxville with the Doctors Line and had another enjoyable visit with Cousin Jessie, who was now in a retirement home. I'm also sorry to say, she has passed away since. Mary Lee invited us to dinner on our last night in Knoxville. She said she had some nice steaks awaiting us. How well I remember that I told her, I did not want steak, I wanted a Southern dinner. So we had corn bread, black eyed peas and turnip greens. This was in the winter time; she had announced at a bridge party what I wanted for dinner. Some lady volunteered to give Mary Lee some frozen turnip greens. On this visit, I asked Mary Lee about the old expression "Kiss'n Kin" and who they might be. She replied in true Southern fashion, "I reckon it is any kin you want to kiss". We flew back to Portland the next day and both Sally and I were very glad we had made the trip.



SOME PICTURES TAKEN IN WASHINGTON, D.C.



1ST. DIVISION MONUMENT BACK OF WHITE HOUSE



SALLY IN FRONT OF IWO JIMA STATUE



HASKELL IN FRONT OF CAPITOL BUILDING



SALLY AND HASKELL

MISCELLANEOUS TRIPS AND COMMENTS

Up to now I have only tried to briefly outline our major trips. It would become too tedious and unnecessary to outline all of our trips. So I will endeavor to "bunch" them together. I may have recited earlier about our trip to Nassau, Bahamas. This again was another Boeing vendor trip, organized by Jay Krom of West Coast Machinery Company. It was an enjoyable trip. We included a visit to Nona and Bill on this trip, I believe upon returning. Incidentally, I will add here that Sally and I made at least one more trip to visit Nona and Bill in Palatka. Also I made at least one trip alone to visit them.

I personally made three or four trips alone to Akron, Ohio, to visit with my brother Conway, who was suffering from emphysema. I wish to add here also that Conway represented Carter Manufacturing Company and called at the Lockheed plant in Marietta, Georgia, as well as the Douglas plant in St. Louis, Missouri, and Boeing Wichita. I am sorry to add here, that the emphysema eventually caused his death. I also visited with his son, George and family in Dayton, Ohio.

Sally and I made many trips to Los Angeles. Some of them pleasure trips, but most were to attend auction sales. I bought quite a percentage of our seventy-five machine tools at auction sales. This enabled us to have a large manufacturing capability with a minimum of investment. This does not mean we did not buy any new machines, since most of our profiling equipment was purchased new.

Since Sally and I have been in business on our own, which means more than thirty years, there have been very few days when we were apart. In fact, most everybody seeing one of us expects to see the other. Some of our trips to Los Angeles were to machine tool shows. On one trip I either went alone or Sally was occupied at some other booth. At any rate when I approached the Japanese booth the Japanese in charge, I have forgotten his name, saw me alone and asked, "Where Carter wife?" This is an expression that Sally and I have mentioned to each other many times. I should add here also, that Harry and I flew to Los Angeles one time to an auction sale and we both enjoyed this trip.

I perhaps should mention a trip long ago when Sally and I went to Seattle and met with her sisters, Marie and Elna. All of us drove to Vancouver, B.C. We also visited the very "English" city of Victoria. This proved to be a very enjoyable trip. We took the ferry back to Seattle.

Needless to say, we have made many trips to Seattle. I would call on the Boeing buyers. We would usually join some Boeing man and his wife for dinner. This together with visiting relatives always made a very enjoyable trip.

On one other trip Sally and I made to Vancouver, B.C., we had had a letter from Didier Pain, the son of friends in St. Nazaire. Didier had attended the French equivalent of our Naval Academy at Annapolis. He was on his "Graduation Cruise", practically around the world. He was on a helicopter carrier, with escort vessels. They were stopping at major seaports around the world. A good exercise for them and also, as we would say in English, "To show the flag". The French say "Montre Le Pavillon". They were to be in Vancouver, B.C., and also San Franciso. We decided to meet him in Vancouver. This was in 1978, not long after Sally's last stay in the hospital due to the results of her stroke.

They really "showed the flag". The people of Vancouver went all out for them. The entire crew was invited to dinners and private homes all over the city. Didier gave us his entire time for two days. We visited the ship and what a long line there was at the dock. I am surely glad that Didier was able to by-pass this line.

Sally was content to remain seated in an assembly room but Didier and I inspected the entire ship. I even met a number of his fellow "midshipmen".

Our latest information is that Didier is in the regular French Navy. I believe now that he has a small ship of his own. It is his intention to make a career out of the Navy, and I'm sure that with his interests, he will succeed.

Unless something unusual occurs to me later, this for the time being will end the story of our travels. The reader may think that we have traveled a great deal and we have. But, it must be remembered that we have lived a long life and have had plenty of time to travel.

I must now tell about a trip which Sally took and I did not. She had a niece in Hawaii, working for Pam Am at the ticket office. Ann wanted her mother to come visit her. Marie wanted us to go with her. I was not inclined to go on this trip. In fact, I believe at the time I had too much work to do. I told Sally that she and Marie should go alone, which they finally decided to do. They had a nice visit with Ann and saw some of the sights and the area, including the memorial of the attack on Pearl Harbor. Sally enjoyed the trip, but it was very evident she would have enjoyed it more, had I been along.

To this day, when we see on television a movie which I have seen and she has not, I always comment, "I must have seen it when you were in Hawaii". I wish to also say here, that anytime I went to the Club or anyplace I

went to, where Sally and I had gone, everybody would ask "Where's Sally?" (As the Japanese would say, "Where Carter Wife?"). This is a result of being seen together so often, for such a long length of time.

I have enumerated a great many trips but I have not endeavored to cover all of them. We have made a great many trips to Seattle on business and to visit with relatives and friends. We have also traveled to California, especially to Los Angeles. It would serve no real purpose to enumerate them all. We realize that we will not be traveling as much in the future but we hope that our traveling has not ended. In fact, we have now scheduled a trip to Seattle on August 19, 1982. This, again, will be for both business and pleasure.

